
THE
B E A U T I E S
OF
E N G L I S H P R O S E.



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THE
B E A U T I E S
O F
E N G L I S H P R O S E :
B E I N G A
S E L E C T C O L L E C T I O N
O F

Moral, Critical, and Entertaining Passages,

Dispos'd by Way of

E S S A Y S ;

And extracted from

ADDISON,	FRANKLYN,	PARNEL,
BEACKSTONE,	GOLDSMITH,	SEED,
BOLINGBROKE,	GREGORY,	SHENSTONE,
BOURKE,	HERVEY,	SMOLLETT,
BROOKES,	HUME,	SOUTH,
BROWNE,	JOHNSON,	STEELE,
CLARKE,	LYTTTELTON,	STERNE,
DRYDEN,	MACAULAY,	SWIFT,
FELTON,	ORRERY,	TILLOTSON,
FORDYCE,	POPE,	WARBURTON;

Also from the

SPECTATOR, TATLER, GUARDIAN, CONNOISSEUR,
WORLD, ADVENTURER, RAMBLER, and IDLER.

The Whole tending to cultivate the Mind, and promote
the Practice of Virtue.

V O L. IV.

— This opens Wisdom's ray,
And gives access, tho' secret she retire. MILTON.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *Harves Clark and Collins, S. Crowder, B. Law,*
and *G. Robinson*, in *Pater-noster Row*.

MDCCLXXII.



THE
BEAUTIES
OF
ENGLISH PROSE.



BOOK XVIII.

CHAP. I.

SATIRE.

SECT. I.

Advantages of well directed Satire pointed out.

A SATIRIST of true genius, who is warmed by a generous indignation of vice, and whose censures are conducted by candour and truth, merits the applause of every friend to virtue. He may be considered as a sort of supplement to the legislative authority of his country; as assisting the unavoidable defects of all legal institutions for regulating of manners, and striking terror even where the divine prohibitions themselves are held in contempt. The strongest defence, perhaps, against the inroads of vice, among the more cultivated part of our species, is well directed ridicule: they who fear nothing else dread to be

marked out to the contempt and indignation of the world. There is no succeeding in the secret purposes of dishonesty, without preserving some sort of credit among mankind; as there cannot exist a more impotent creature than a knave convict. To expose, therefore, the false pretensions of counterfeit virtue, is to disarm it at once of all power of mischief, and to perform a public service of the most advantageous kind, in which any man can employ his time and his talents. The voice, indeed, of an honest satirist is not only beneficial to the world, as giving an alarm against the designs of an enemy so dangerous to all social intercourse; but as proving likewise the most efficacious preventive to others, of assuming the same character of distinguished infamy. Few are so totally vitiated, as to have abandoned all sentiments of shame; and when every other principle of integrity is surrendered, we generally find the conflict is still maintained in this last post of retreating virtue. In this view, therefore, it should seem, the function of a satirist may be justified, notwithstanding it should be true (what an excellent moralist has asserted) that his chastisements rather exasperate, than reclaim those on whom they fall. Perhaps no human penalties are of any moral advantage to the criminal himself: and the principal benefit that seems to be derived from civil punishments of any kind, is their restraining influence upon the conduct of others.

It is not every man, however, that is qualified to manage this formidable bow. The arrows of satire, when they are pointed by virtue, as well as wit, recoil upon the hand that directs them,

them, and wound none but him from whom they proceed. Accordingly, Horace refts the whole fuccefs of writings of this fort upon the poet's being *integer ipfe*; free himfelf from thofe immoral ftains which he points out in others. There cannot, indeed, be a more odious, nor at the fame time a more contemptible character, than that of a vicious fatirift :

*Quis cælum terris non mifceat & mare cælo.
Si fur displiceat Verri, homicida Miloni?* Juv.

The moft favourable light in which a cenfor of this fpecies could poffibly be viewed, would be that of a public executioner, who inflicts the punifhment on others, which he has already merited himfelf. But the truth of it is, he is not qualified even for fo wretched an office; and there is nothing to be dreaded from the fatirift of known difhonefty, but his applaufe.

Fitzofhorne's Letters.

S E C T. II.

Juvenal and Horace compared as Satirifts.

I WOULD willingly divide the palm betwixt thefe poets upon the two heads of profit and delight, which are the two ends of poetry in general. It muft be granted by the favourers of Juvenal, that Horace is the more copious and profitable in his instructions of human life: but in my particular opinion, which I fet not up for a ftandard to better judgments, Juvenal is the more delightful author. I am profited by

both, I am pleased with both; but I owe more to Horace for my instruction, and more to Juvenal for my pleasure. This, as I said, is my particular taste of these two authors: they who will have either of them to excel the other in both qualities, can scarce give better reasons for their opinion, than I for mine; but all unbiassed readers will conclude, that my moderation is not to be condemned. To such impartial men I must appeal; for they who have already formed their judgment, may justly stand suspected of prejudice: and though all who are my readers will set up to be my judges, I enter my caveat against them, that they ought not so much as to be of my jury; or if they be admitted, 'tis but reason that they should first hear what I have to urge in the defence of my opinion.

That Horace is somewhat the better instructor of the two, is proved hence, that his instructions are more general, Juvenal's more limited: so that, granting that the counsels which they give are equally good for moral use, Horace, who gives the most various advice, and most applicable to all occasions which can occur to us in the course of our lives; as including in his discourses not only all the rules of morality, but also of civil conversation; is undoubtedly to be preferred to him, who is more circumscribed in his instructions, makes them to fewer people, and on fewer occasions, than the other. I may be pardoned for using an old saying since it is true, and to the purpose, *Banum quo communius eo melius*. Juvenal, excepting only his first satire, is in all the rest confined to the exposing some particular vice; that he lashes, and there he sticks. His sentences
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are truly shining and instructive; but they are sprinkled here and there. Horace is teaching us in every line, and is perpetually moral; he had found out the skill of Virgil, to hide his sentences; to give you the virtue of them, without shewing them in their full extent: which is the ostentation of a poet, and not his art. And this Petronius charges on the authors of his time, as a vice of writing, which was then growing on the age: *Ne sententiæ extra corpus orationis emineant*. He would have them weaved into the body of the work, and not appear embossed upon it, and striking directly on the reader's view. Folly was the proper quarry of Horace, and not vice: and as there are but few notoriously wicked men, in comparison with a shoal of fools and fops; so 'tis a harder thing to make a man wise, than to make him honest: for the will is only to be reclaimed in the one; but the understanding is to be informed in the other. There are blind sides and follies, even in the professors of moral philosophy; and there is not any one set of them that Horace has not exposed. Which, as it was not the design of Juvenal, who was wholly employed in lashing vices; some of them the most enormous that can be imagined; so, perhaps, it was not so much his talent. *Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico, tangit, & admissus circum præcordia ludit*. This was the commendation that Persius gave him; where by *vitium*, he means those little vices which we call follies, the defects of human understanding, or at most the peccadillo's of life, rather than the tragical vices, to which men are hurried by their unruly passions and exorbitant desires. But on the

word *omne*, which is universal, he concludes with me, that the divine wit of Horace left nothing untouched; that he entered into the inmost recesses of nature; found out the imperfections even of the most wise and grave, as well as of the common people; discovering even in the great Trebatius, to whom he addresses the first satire, his hunting after business, and following the court; as well as in the persecutor Crispinus, his impertinence and importunity. 'Tis true, he exposes Crispinus openly as a common nuisance; but he rallies the other as a friend, more finely. The exhortations of Persius are confined to noblemen; and the stoick philosophy is that alone which he recommends to them: Juvenal exhorts to particular virtues, as they are opposed to those vices against which he declaims; but Horace laughs to shame all follies, and insinuates virtue rather by familiar examples than by the severity of precepts.

This last consideration seems to incline the balance on the side of Horace, and to give him the preference to Juvenal, not only in profit, but in pleasure. But, after all, I must confess that the delight which Horace gives me, is but languishing. Be pleased still to understand, that I speak of my own taste only: he may ravish other men; but I am too stupid and insensible to be tickled. Where he barely grins himself, and, as Scaliger says, only shews his white teeth, he cannot provoke me to any laughter. His urbanity, that is, his good manners are to be commended, but his wit his faint; and his salt, if I may dare to say so, almost insipid. Juvenal is of a more vigorous and masculine wit; he gives me as much pleasure as I
can

can bear: he fully satisfies my expectation: he treats his subject home: his spleen is raised, and he raises mine: I have the pleasure of concernment in all he says: he drives his reader along with him: and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly stop with him. If he went another stage, it would be too far, it would make a journey of a progress, and turn the delight into fatigue. When he gives over, 'tis a sign the subject is exhausted, and the wit of man can carry it no farther. If a fault can be justly found in him, 'tis that he is sometimes too luxuriant, too redundant; says more than he needs, like my friend the Plain Dealer, but never more than pleases. Add to this, that his thoughts are as just as those of Horace, and much more elevated. His expressions are sonorous and more noble, his verse more numerous, and his words are suitable to his thoughts, sublime and lofty. All these contribute to the pleasure of the reader; and the greater the soul of him who reads, his transports are the greater. Horace is always on the amble, Juvenal on the gallop; but his way is perpetually on carpet ground. He goes with more impetuosity than Horace, but as securely; and the swiftness adds more lively agitation to the spirits.

Dryden.

S E C T. III.

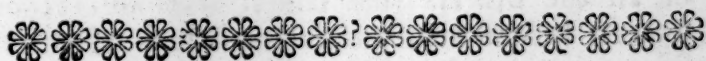
Delicate Satire not easily hit off.

HOW easy is it to call rogue and villain, and that wittily! but how hard to make a man appear a fool, a blockhead, or a knave, without

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using any of those opprobrious terms ! To spare the grossness of the names, and to do the thing yet more severely, is to draw a full face, and to make the nose and cheeks stand out, and yet not to employ any depth of shadowing. This is the mystery of that noble trade ; which yet no master can teach to his apprentice : he may give the rules, but the scholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true, that this fineness of raillery is offensive. A witty man is tickled while he is hurt in this manner ; and a fool feels it not. The occasion of an offence may possibly be given, but he cannot take it, if it be granted, that in effect this way does more mischief ; that a man is secretly wounded ; and though he be not sensible himself, yet the malicious world will find it out for him : yet there is still a vast difference betwixt the slovenly butchering of a man, and the fineness of a stroke that separates the head from the body, and leaves it standing in its place. A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife said of her servant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging : but to make a malefactor die sweetly, was only belonging to her husband. I wish I could apply it to myself, if the reader would be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The character of Zimri in my *Abfalom*, is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem : 'tis not bloody, but 'tis ridiculous enough : and he for whom it was intended, was too witty to resent it as an injury. If I had railed, I might have suffered for it justly ; but I managed mine own works more happily, perhaps more dexterously. I avoided the mention of great crimes, and applied myself to the representing of blind fides, and little extravagancies, to
which,

which, the wittier a man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded as I wished; the jest went round, and he was out in his turn who began the frolick. *Dryden.*



C H A P. II.

S C I E N C E.

Its revolutions : An Allegory.

THE Sciences having long seen their votaries labouring for the benefit of mankind without a reward, put up their petition to Jupiter for a more equitable distribution of riches and honours. Jupiter was moved at their complaints, and touched with the approaching miseries of men, whom the Sciences, wearied with perpetual ingratitude, were now threatening to forsake, and who would have been reduced by their departure to feed in dens upon the mast of trees, to hunt their prey in deserts, and to perish under the paws of animals stronger and fiercer than themselves.

A Synod of the celestials was therefore convened, in which it was resolved, that Patronage should descend to the assistance of the Sciences. Patronage was the daughter of Astraea, by a mortal father, and had been educated in the school of Truth, by the Goddesses, whom she was now appointed to protect. She had from

her mother that dignity of aspect, which struck terror into false merit, and from her mistress that reserve, which made her only accessible to those whom the Sciences brought into her presence.

She came down with the general acclamation of all the powers that favour learning. Hope danced before her, and Liberality stood at her side, ready to scatter by her direction the gifts which Fortune, who followed her, was commanded to supply. As she advanced towards Parnassus, the cloud which had long hung over it, was immediately dispelled. The shades, before withered with drought, spread their original verdure, and the flowers that had languished with chilness brightened their colours, and invigorated their scents; the Muses tuned their harps and exerted their voices; and all the concert of Nature welcomed her arrival.

On Parnassus she fixed her residence, in a palace raised by the Sciences, and adorned with whatever could delight the eye, elevate the imagination, or enlarge the understanding. There she dispersed the gifts of Fortune, with the impartiality of Justice and discernment of Truth. Her gate stood always open, and Hope sat at the portal, inviting to entrance all whom the Sciences numbered in their train. The court was therefore thronged with innumerable multitudes, of whom, though many returned disappointed, seldom any had confidence to complain: for Patronage was universally known to neglect few, but for want of the due claims to her regard. Those, therefore, who had solicited her favour without success, generally withdrew from publick notice, and either diverted their attention to meaner employments, or endeavour-
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ed to supply their deficiencies by closer application.

In time, however, the number of those who had miscarried in their pretensions grew so great, that they became less ashamed of their repulses; and instead of hiding their disgrace in retirement, began to besiege the gates of the palace, and obstruct the entrance of such as they thought likely to be more caressed. The decisions of Patronage, who was but half a Goddess, had been sometimes erroneous; and tho' she always made haste to rectify her mistakes, a few instances of her fallibility encouraged every one to appeal from her judgment to his own and that of his companions, who were always ready to clamour in the common cause, and elate each other with reciprocal applause.

Hope was a steady friend to the disappointed, and Impudence incited them to accept a second invitation, and lay their claim again before Patronage. They were again for the most part, sent back with ignominy, but found Hope not alienated, and Impudence more resolutely zealous; they therefore contrived new expedients, and hoped at last to prevail by their multitudes, which were always encreasing, and their perseverance, which Hope and Impudence forbade them to relax.

Patronage having been long a stranger to the heavenly assemblies, began to degenerate towards terrestrial nature, and forgot the precepts of Justice and Truth. Instead of confining her friendship to the Sciences, she suffered herself by little and little, to contract an acquaintance with Pride, the son of Falsehood, by whose embraces she had two daughters, Flattery and Caprice. Flattery was nursed by Liberality, and Caprice

by Fortune, without any assistance from the lessons of the Sciences.

Patronage began openly to adopt the sentiments and imitate the manners of her husband, by whose opinion she now directed her decisions with very little heed to the precepts of Truth; and as her daughters continually gained upon her affections, the Sciences lost their influence, till none found much reason to boast of their reception but those whom Caprice or Flattery conducted to her throne.

The throngs who had so long waited, and so often been dismissed for want of recommendation from the Sciences, were delighted to see the power of those rigorous Goddesses tending to its extinction. Their patronesses now renewed their encouragements. Hope smiled at the reproach of Caprice, and Impudence was always at hand to introduce her clients to Flattery.

Patronage had now learned to procure herself reverence by ceremonies and formalities, and instead of admitting her petitioners to an immediate audience, ordered the antichamber to be erected, called among mortals, The Hall of Expectation. Into this hall the entrance was easy to those whom Impudence had consigned to Flattery, and it was therefore crowded with a promiscuous throng, assembled from every corner of the earth, pressing forwards with the utmost eagerness of desire, and agitated with all the anxieties of competition.

They entered this general receptacle with ardour and alacrity, and made no doubt of speedy access under the conduct of Flattery to the presence of Patronage. But it generally happened that they were here left to their destiny,
for

for the inner doors were committed to Caprice, who opened and shut them, as it seemed, by chance, and rejected or admitted without any settled rule of distinction. In the mean time, the miserable attendants were left to wear out their lives in alternate exultation and dejection, delivered up to the sport of Suspicion, who was always whispering into their ear designs against them which were never formed, and of Envy, who diligently pointed out the good fortune of one or other of their competitors.

Infamy flew round the hall, and scattered mildews from her wings, with which every one was stained; Refutation followed her with slower flight, and endeavoured to hide the blemishes with paint, which was immediately brushed away, or separated of itself, and left the stains more visible; nor were the spots of Infamy ever effaced, but with limpid water effused by the hand of Time from the well of Truth.

It frequently happened that Science, unwilling to lose the antient prerogative of recommending to Patronage, would lead her followers into the Hall of Expectation; but they were soon discouraged from attending, for not only Envy and Suspicion incessantly tormented them, but Impudence considered them as intruders, and incited Infamy to blacken them. They therefore quickly retired, but seldom without some spots which they could never wash away, and which shewed that they had once waited in the Hall of Expectation.

The rest continued to expect the happy moment, at which Caprice should beckon them to approach; and endeavoured to propitiate her not with Homerial harmony, the representation
of

of great actions, or the recital of noble sentiments, but with soft and voluptuous melody, intermingled with the praises of Patronage and Pride, by whom they were heard at once with pleasure and contempt.

Some were indeed admitted by Caprice, when they least expected it, and heaped by Patronage with the gifts of Fortune; but they were from that time chained to her foot-stool, and condemned to regulate their lives by her glances and her nods; they seemed proud of their manacles, and seldom complained of any drudgery, however servile, or any affront, however contemptuous; yet they were often, notwithstanding their obedience, seized on a sudden by Caprice, divested of their ornaments, and thrust back into the Hall of Expectation.

Here they mingled again with the tumult, and all, except a few whom experience had taught to seek happiness in the regions of liberty, continued to spend hours, and days, and years, courting the smile of Caprice by the arts of Flattery, till at length new crouds pressed in upon them, and drove them forth at different outlets into the habitation of Disease, and Shame, and Poverty, and Despair, where they passed the rest of their lives in narratives of promises and breaches of faith, of joys and sorrows, of hopes and disappointments.

The Sciences, after a thousand indignities, retired from the palace of Patronage, and having long wandered over the world in grief and distress, were led at last to the cottage of Independance, the daughter of Fortitude; where they were taught by Prudence and Parsimony to support themselves in dignity and quiet. *Rambler.*

C H A P.

C H A P. III.

S E A S O N S.

Their change considered morally.

THE poets have numbered among the felicities of the golden age, an exemption from the change of seasons, and a perpetuity of spring ; but I am not certain that in this state of imaginary happiness they have made sufficient provision for that insatiable demand of new gratifications, which seems particularly to characterize the nature of man. Our sense of delight is in a great measure comparative, and arises at once from the sensations which we feel, and those which we remember : thus ease after torment is pleasure for a time, and we are very agreeably recreated, when the body, chilled with the weather, is gradually recovering its natural tepidity ; but the joy ceases when we have forgot the cold. We must fall below ease again, if we desire to rise above it, and purchase new felicity by voluntary pain. It is therefore not unlikely, that however the fancy may be amused with the description of regions in which no wind is heard but the gentle zephyr, and no scenes are displayed, but valleys enamelled with unfading flowers, and woods waving their perennial verdure, we shall soon grow weary of uniformity, find our thoughts languish for
want

want of other objects and employments, call on heaven for our wonted round of seasons, and think ourselves liberally recompensed for the inconveniencies of summer and winter, by new perceptions of the calmness and mildness of the intermediate variations.

Every season has its particular power of striking the mind. The nakedness and asperity of the wintery world always fill the beholder with pensive and profound astonishment; as the variety of the scene is lessened, its grandeur is increased; and the mind is swelled at once by the mingled ideas of the present and past, of the beauties which have vanished from the eyes, and the waste and desolation that are now before them.

It is observed by Milton, that he who neglects to visit the country in spring, and rejects the pleasures that are then in their first bloom and fragrance, is guilty of sullenness against nature. If we allot different duties to different seasons, he may be charged with equal disobedience to the voice of nature, who looks on the bleak hills and leafless woods, without seriousness and awe. Spring is the season of gaiety, and winter of terror. In spring the heart of tranquillity dances to the melody of the groves, and the eye of benevolence sparkles at the sight of happiness and plenty: in the winter, compassion melts at universal calamity, and the tear of softness starts at the wailings of hunger, and the cries of the creation in distress. *Rambler.*

C H A P. IV.

S E C R E C Y.

Rules for the practice of it.

I Am not ignorant that many questions may be started relating to the duty of secrecy, where the affairs are of publick concern; where subsequent reasons may arise to alter the appearance and nature of the trust; that the manner in which the secret was told may change the degree of obligation; and that the principles upon which a man is chosen for a confidant may not always equally constrain him. But these scruples, if not too intricate, are of too extensive consideration for my present purpose, nor are they such as generally occur in common life; and though casuistical knowledge be useful in proper hands, yet it ought by no means to be carelessly exposed, since most will use it rather to lull than awaken their own consciences; and the threads of reasoning, on which truth is suspended, are frequently drawn to such subtilty, that common eyes cannot perceive, and common sensibility cannot feel them.

The whole doctrine as well as practice of secrecy, is so perplexing and dangerous, that, next to him who is compelled to trust, I think him unhappy who is chosen to be trusted; for he is often involved in scruples, without the liberty of calling in the help of any other understanding; he is frequently drawn into guilt, under the appearance of friendship and honesty;
and

and sometimes subjected to suspicion by the treachery of others, who are engaged without his knowledge in the same schemes ; for he that has one confident has generally more, and when he is at last betrayed, is in doubt on whom he shall fix the crime.

The rules therefore that I shall propose concerning secrecy, and from which I think it not safe to deviate, without long and exact deliberation, are—Never to solicit the knowledge of a secret. Not willingly, nor without many limitations, to accept such confidence when it is offered. When a secret is once admitted, to consider the trust as of a very high nature, important as society, and sacred as truth, and therefore not to be violated for any incidental convenience, or slight appearance of contrary fitness.

Rambler.



C H A P. V.

S E C R E T S.

S E C T. I.

Not to be divulged.

THERE are as few instigations in this country to a breach of confidence as sincerity can rejoice under. The betrayer is for ever

ever shut out from the ways of men, and his discoveries are deemed the effects of malice. We wisely imagine, he must be actuated by other motives than the promulgation of truth; and we receive his evidence, however we may use it, with contempt. Political exigencies may require a ready reception of such private advices: but though the necessities of government admit the intelligence, the wisdom of it but barely encourages the intelligencer. There is no name so odious to us, as that of an informer. The very alarm in our streets at the approach of one, is a sufficient proof of a general abhorrence of this character.

Since these are consequential conditions upon which men acquire this denomination, it may be asked, What are the inducements to the treachery? I do not suppose it always proceeds from the badness of the mind; and indeed I think it is impossible that it should: weakness discovers, what malignity propagates; till at last, confirmation is required, with all the solemnity of proof, from the first author of the report; who only designed to gratify his own loquacity, or the importunity of his companion. An idle vanity inclines us to enumerate our parties of mirth and friendship; and we believe our importance is increased by a recapitulation of the discourse, of which we were such distinguished sharers: and to shew that we were esteemed fit to be entrusted with affairs of great concern and privacy, we notably give our detail of them.

There is, besides, a very general inclination amongst us to hear a secret, to whomsoever it relates, known or unknown to us, of whatever import,

import, serious or trifling; so it be but a secret, the delight of telling it, and of hearing it, are nearly proportionate and equal. The possessor of the valuable treasure appears indeed rather to have the advantage; and he seems to claim his superiority. I have discovered at once in a large company, by an air and deportment that is assumed upon such occasions, who it is that is conscious of this happy charge: he appears restless and full of doubt for a considerable time; has frequent consultations with himself, like a bee undetermined where to settle in a variety of sweets; till at last, one happy ear attracts him more forcibly than the rest, and there he fixes, "stealing and giving odours."

In a little time it becomes a matter of great amazement, that the whole town is as well acquainted with the story, as the two who were so busily engaged; and the consternation is greater, as each reporter is confident, that he only communicated it to one person. "A report," says Strada, "thus transmitted from one to one, is like a drop of water at the top of a house; it descends but from tile to tile, yet at last makes its way to the gutter, and then is involved in the general stream." And if I may add to the comparison, the drop of water, after its progress through all the channels of the streets, is not more contaminated with filth and dirt, than a simple story, after it has passed through the mouths of a few modern tale-bearers.

Adventurer.

S E C T. II.

Seldom kept.

THERE is no mark of our confidence taken more kindly by a friend, than the entrusting him with a secret; nor any which he is so likely to abuse. Confidants in general are like crazy firelocks, which are no sooner charged and cocked, than the spring gives way, and the report immediately follows. Happy to have been thought worthy the confidence of one friend, they are impatient to manifest their importance to another; till between them and their friend, and their friend's friend, the whole matter is presently known to all our friends round the Wrekin. The secret catches as it were by contact, and like electrical matter breaks forth from every link in the chain, almost at the same instant. Thus the whole Exchange may be thrown into a buz to-morrow, by what was whispered in the middle of Marlborough Downs this morning; and in a week's time the streets may ring with the intrigue of a woman of fashion, bellowed out from the foul mouths of the hawkers, though at present it is known to no creature living, but her gallant and her waiting-maid.

As the talent of secrecy is of so great importance to society, and the necessary commerce between individuals cannot be securely carried on without it, that this deplorable weakness should be so general is much to be lamented. You may as well pour water into a funnel, or
 sieve,

sieve, and expect it to be retained there, as commit any of your concerns to so slippery a companion. It is remarkable, that in those men who have thus lost the faculty of retention, the desire of being communicative is always most prevalent, where it is least to be justified. If they are intrusted with a matter of no great moment, affairs of more consequence will perhaps in a few hours shuffle it intirely out of their thoughts: but if any thing be delivered to them with an air of earnestness, a low voice, and the gesture of a man in terror for the consequence of its being known; if the door is bolted, and every precaution taken to prevent a surprise; however they may promise secrecy, and however they may intend it, the weight upon their minds will be so extremely oppressive, that it will certainly put their tongues in motion.

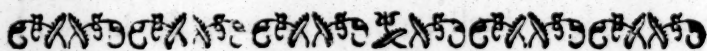
This breach of trust, so universal amongst us, is perhaps in great measure owing to our education. The first lesson our little masters and misses are taught, is to become blabs and tell tales: they are bribed to divulge the petty intrigues of the family below stairs to papa and mamma in the parlour, and a doll or an hobby-horse is generally the encouragement of a propensity, which could scarcely be atoned for by a whipping. As soon as children can lisp out the little intelligence they have picked up in the hall or the kitchen, they are admired for their wit: if the butler has been caught kissing the house-keeper in his pantry, or the footman detected in romping with the chambermaid, away flies little Tommy or Betsey with the news: the parents are lost in admiration of the pretty
rogues

rogues understanding, and reward such uncommon ingenuity with a kiss or a sugar-plumb.

Nor does an inclination to secrecy meet with less encouragement at school. The governesses at the boarding-school teach miss to be a good girl, and tell them every thing she knows: thus, if any young lady is unfortunately discovered eating a green apple in a corner, if she is heard to pronounce a naughty word, or is caught picking the letters out of another miss's sampler, away runs the chit, who is so happy as to get the start of the rest, screams out her information as she goes; and the prudent matron chucks her under the chin, and tells her that she is a good girl, and every body will love her.

The management of our young gentlemen is equally absurd: in most of our schools, if a lad is discovered in a scrape, the impeachment of an accomplice, as at the Old Bailey, is made the condition of a pardon. I remember a boy engaged in robbing an orchard, who was unfortunately taken prisoner in an apple-tree, and conducted under a strong guard of the farmer and his dairy-maid to the master's house. Upon his absolute refusal to discover his associates, the pedagogue undertook to lash him out of his fidelity; but finding it impossible to scourge the secret out of him, he at last gave him up for an obstinate villain, and sent him to his father, who told him he was ruined, and was going to disinherit him for not betraying his school-fellows. I must own I am not fond of thus drubbing of youth into treachery; and am much more pleased with the request of Ulysses when he went to Troy, who begged of those who were to have
the

the charge of Telemachus, that they would above all things, teach him to be just, sincere, faithful, and to *keep a secret.* *Connoisseur.*



C H A P. VI.

S E C T A R I E S.

Their progress and danger in England.

HOW many heresies the first translation of Tindal produced in few years, let my lord Herbert's History of Henry the Eighth inform you; insomuch, that for the gross errors in it, and the great mischiefs it occasioned, a sentence passed on the first edition of the Bible, too shameful almost to be repeated. After the short reign of Edward the Sixth, who had continued to carry on the Reformation on other principles than it was begun, every one knows, that not only the chief promoters of that work, but many others, whose consciences would not dispense with popery, were forced, for fear of prosecution, to change climates: from whence returning, at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, many of them who had been in France, and at Geneva, brought back the rigid opinions and imperious discipline of Calvin, to graft upon our Reformation; which they cunningly concealed at first, as well knowing how nauseously that drug would go down in a lawful monarchy, which

which was prescribed for a rebellious commonwealth, yet they always kept it in reserve; and were never wanting to themselves, either in court or parliament, when either had any prospect of a numerous party of fanatic members of the one, or the encouragement of any favourite in the other, whose covetousness was gaping at the patrimony of the church. They who will consult the works of our venerable Hooker to the account of his life, or more particularly the letter written to him on this subject by George Cranmer, may see by what gradations they proceeded. From the dislike of cap and surplice, the very next step was admonitions to the parliament against the whole government ecclesiastical: then came out volumes in English and Latin in defence of their tenets; and immediately practices were set on foot to erect their discipline without authority. Those not succeeding, satire and railing was the next: and Martin Marprelate, the Marvel of those times, was the first presbyterian scribbler who sanctified libels and scurrility to the use of the good old cause. Which was done, says my author, upon this account, that their serious treatises having been fully answered and refuted, they might compass by railing what they had lost by reasoning; and, when their cause was sunk in court and parliament, they might at least hedge in a stake amongst the rabble: for to their ignorance all things are wit which are abusive; but if church and state were made the theme, then the doctoral degree of wit was to be taken at Billingsgate. Even the most saint-like of the party, tho' they durst not excuse this contempt and villifying of the government, yet were

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pleased, and grinned at it with a pious smile, and called it a judgment of God against the hierarchy. Thus sectaries, we may see, were born with teeth, foul-mouthed, and scurrilous from their infancy : and if spiritual pride, venom, violence, contempt of superiors, and slander, had been the marks of orthodox belief ; the presbytery and the rest of our schismatics, which are their spawn, were always the most visible church in the christian world.

It is true, the government was too strong at that time for a rebellion ; but to shew what proficiency they had made in Calvin's school, even then their mouths watered at it ; for two of their gifted brother-hood, Hacket and Coppinger, as the story tells us, got up into a pease-cart and harangued the people, to dispose them to an insurrection, and to establish their discipline by force : so that, however it comes about that now they celebrate Queen Elizabeth's birth-night, as that of their saint and patroness ; yet then they were for doing the work of the Lord by arms against her ; and in all probability they wanted but a fanatick lord mayor and two sheriffs of their party, to have compassed it.

Our venerable Hooker after many admonitions which he had given them, towards the end of his preface, breaks out into this prophetic speech. "There is in every one of these considerations most just cause to fear, lest our hastiness to embrace the thing of so perilous consequence (meaning the presbyterian discipline) should cause posterity to feel those evils which as yet are more easy for us to prevent, than they would be for them to remedy."

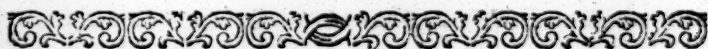
How

How fatally this Cassandra has foretold, we know too well by sad experience: the seeds w sown in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the bloody harvest ripened in the reign of King Charles the Martyr; and because all the sheaves could not be carried off without shedding some of the loof grains, another crop is too like to follow; nay, I fear it is unavoidable if the conventicles be permitted still to scatter.

A man may be suffered to quote an adversary to our religion, when he speaks truth; and it is the observation of Maimbourg, in his History of Calvinism, That wherever that discipline was planted and embraced, rebellion, civil war, and misery attended it. And how indeed should it happen otherwise? Reformation of church and state has been always the ground of our divisions in England. While we were papists, our holy father rid us, by pretending authority out of the scriptures to depose princes: when we shook off his authority, the sectaries furnished themselves with the same weapons; and out of the same magazine, the Bible: so that the scriptures, which are in themselves the greatest security of governors, as commanding express obedience to them, are now turned to their destruction; and never since the Reformation, has there wanted a text of their interpreting to authorize a rebel. And it is to be noted by the way, that the doctrines of King-Killing and Deposing, which have been taken up only by the worst party of the papists, the most frontless flatterers of the pope's authority, have been espoused, defended, and are still maintained, by the whole body of nonconformists and republicans. It is but dubbing themselves the people of God; which

it is the interest of their preachers to tell them they are, and their own interest to believe; and after that, they cannot dip into the Bible, but one text or another will turn up for their purpose: if they are under persecution, as they call it, then that is a mark of their election: if they flourish, then God works maracles for their deliverance, and the saints are to possess the earth.

Dryden.



C H A P. VII.

S E L F-D E N I A L.

The practice of it necessary.

TH E practice of self-denial, or the forbearance of lawful pleasure, has been considered by almost every nation, from the remotest ages, as the highest exaltation of human virtue; and all have agreed to pay respect and veneration to those who abstained from the delights of life, even when they did not censure those who enjoyed them.

The general voice of mankind, civil and barbarous, confesses that the mind and body are at variance, and that neither can be made happy by its proper gratifications, but at the expence of the other; that a pampered body will darken the

the mind, and an enlightened mind will moderate the body. And none have failed to confer their esteem on those who prefer intellect to sense, who controul their lower by their higher faculties, and forget the wants and desires of animal life for rational disquisitions or pious contemplations.

The earth has scarce a country so far advanced towards political regularity as to divide the inhabitants into classes, where some orders of men or women are not distinguished by voluntary severities, and where the reputation of their sanctity is not increased in proportion to the rigour of their rules, and the exactness of their performance.

When an opinion to which there is no temptation of interest spreads wide and continues long, it may be reasonably presumed to have been infused by Nature or dictated by Reason. It has been often observed, that the fictions of imposture, and illusions of fancy, soon give way to time and experience; and that nothing keeps its ground but truth, which gains every day new influence by new confirmation.

But truth, when it is reduced to practice, easily becomes subject to caprice and imagination, and many particular acts will be wrong, though their general principle be right. It cannot be denied that a just conviction of the restraint necessary to be laid upon the appetites has produced extravagant and unnatural modes of mortification, and institutions which, however favourably considered, will be found to violate Nature without promoting piety.

But the doctrine of self-denial is not weakened in itself by the errors of those who misin-

terpret or misapply it; the encroachment of the appetites upon the understanding is hourly perceived, and the state of those whom sensuality has enslaved, is known to be in the highest degree despicable and wretched.

The dread of such shameful captivity may justly raise alarms, and wisdom will endeavour to keep danger at a distance. By timely caution and suspicious vigilance those desires may be repressed to which indulgence would soon give absolute dominion; those enemies may be overcome, which when they have been a while accustomed to victory, can no longer be resisted.

Nothing is more fatal to happiness or virtue, than that confidence which flatters us with an opinion of our own strength, and by assuring us of the power of retreat precipitates us into hazard. Some may safely venture further than others into the regions of delight, lay themselves more open to the golden shafts of pleasure, and advance nearer to the residence of the Sirens; but he that is best armed with constancy and reason is yet vulnerable in one part or other, and to every man there is a point fixed, beyond which if he passes he will not easily return. It is certainly most wise, as it is most safe, to stop before he touches the utmost limit, since every step of advance will more and more entice him to go forward, till he shall at last enter the recesses of voluptuousness, and sloth and despondency close the passage behind him.

To deny early and inflexibly is the only art of checking the importunity of desire, and of preserving quiet and innocence. Innocent gratifications must be sometimes withheld; he
that

that complies with all lawful desires will certainly lose his empire over himself, and in time either submit his reason to his wishes, and think all his desires lawful, or dismiss his reason as troublesome and intrusive, and resolve to snatch what he may happen to wish, without enquiry about right and wrong.

No man, whose appetites are his masters, can perform the duties of his nature with strictness and regularity; he that would be superior to external influences must first become superior to his own passions.

When the Roman general, sitting at supper with a plate of turnips before him, was solicited by large promises to betray his trust, he asked the messengers whether he that could sup on turnips was a man likely to sell his country. Upon him who has reduced his senses to obedience temptation has lost its power, he is able to attend impartially to virtue, and execute her commands without hesitation.

To set the mind above the appetites is the end of abstinence, which one of the fathers observes to be not a virtue, but the groundwork of virtue. By forbearing to do what may innocently be done, we may add hourly new vigour to resolution, and secure the power of resistance when pleasure or interest shall lend their charms to guilt.

Idler.

C H A P. VIII.

S E N S E S.

The true use of them perverted by Fashion.

NOTHING has been so often explained and yet so little understood as simplicity in writing; and the reason of its remaining so much a mystery, is our own want of simplicity in manners. By our present mode of education, we are forcibly warped from the byas of nature, in mind as well as in body; we are taught to disguise, distort, and alter our sentiments until our thinking faculty is diverted into an unnatural channel; and we not only relinquish and forget, but also become incapable of our original dispositions. We are totally changed into creatures of art and affectation; our perception is abused, and our senses are perverted; our minds lose their nature, force and flavour; the imagination, sweated by artificial fire, produces nought but vapid and sickly bloom; the genius, instead of growing like a vigorous tree, that extends its branches on every side, buds, blossoms, and bears delicious fruit, resembles a lopped and stunted yew, tortured into some wretched form, projecting no shade or shelter, displaying no flower, diffusing no fragrance, and producing no fruit, and exhibiting nothing but a barren conceit for the amusement of the idle spectator.

Thus debauched from Nature, how can we relish her genuine productions! As well might
a man.

a man distinguish objects through the medium of a prism, that presents nothing but a variety of colours to the eye; or a maid pining in the green-sickness prefer a biscuit to a cinder.

It has often been alledged, that the passions can never be wholly deposited, and that by appealing to these, a good writer will always be able to force himself into the hearts of his readers; but even the strongest passions are weakened, nay sometimes totally extinguished and destroyed by mutual opposition, dissipation, and acquired insensibility. How often at our theatre has the tear of sympathy and burst of laughter been repressed by a malignant species of pride, refusing approbation to the author and actor, and renouncing society with the audience! I have seen a young creature possessed of the most delicate complexion, and exhibiting features that indicate sensibility, sit without the least emotion, and behold the most tender and pathetic scenes of Otway represented with all the energy of action; so happy had she been in her efforts to conquer the prejudices of nature. She had been trained up in the belief that nothing was more awkward, than to betray a sense of shame or sympathy; she seemed to think that a consent of passion with the vulgar, would impair the dignity of her character; and that she herself ought to be the only object of approbation. But she did not consider that such approbation is seldom acquired by disdain; and that want of feeling is a very bad recommendation to the human heart. For my own share, I never fail to take a survey of the female part of an audience, at every interesting incident of the drama. When I perceive the tear stealing down a lady's cheek,

and the sudden sigh escape from her breast, I am attracted towards her by an irresistible emotion of tenderness and esteem; her eyes shine with enchanting lustre, through the pearly moisture that surrounds them; my heart warms at the glow which humanity kindles on her cheek, and keeps time with the accelerated heavings of her snowy bosom; I at once love her benevolence, and revere her discernment. On the contrary, when I see a fine woman's face unaltered by the distress of the scene, with which I myself am affected, I resent her indifference as an insult on my own understanding; I suppose her heart to be savage, her disposition unsocial, her organs indelicate, and exclaim with the fox in the fable, *O pulchrum caput, sed cerebrum non habet!*

Yet this insensibility is not perhaps owing to any original defect. Nature may have stretched the string, tho' it has long ceased to vibrate. It may have been displayed and distracted by the first violence offered to the native machine; it may have lost its tone through long disuse; or be so twisted and overstrained as to produce an effect very different from that which was primarily intended. If so little regard is paid to Nature when she knocks so powerfully at the breast, she must be altogether neglected and despised in her calmer mood of serene tranquillity, when nothing appears to recommend her but simplicity, propriety, and innocence. A clear, blue sky, spangled with stars, will prove a homely and insipid object to eyes accustomed to the glare of torches, tapers, gilding and glitter; they will be turned with loathing and disgust from the green mantle of the spring, so gorgeously adorned with buds and foliage, flowers
and

and blossoms, to contemplate a gaudy negligee, striped and intersected with abrupt unfriendly tints that fetter the masses of light, and distract the vision; and cut and pinked into the most fantastic forms; and flounced and furbelowed, patched and fringed with all the littleness of art, unknown to elegance. Those ears that are offended by the sweetly wild notes of the thrush, the black-bird and the nightingale, the distant cawing of the rook, the tender cooing of the turtle, the soft sighing of reeds and osiers, the magic murmur of lapsing streams; will be regaled and ravished by the extravagant and alarming notes of a squeaking fiddle, extracted by a musician who has no other genius than that which lies in his fingers; they will even be entertained with the rattling of coaches, the rumbling of carts, and the delicate cry of cod and mackarel.

The sense of smelling that delights in the scent of excrementitious animal juices, such as musk, civet, and urinous salts, will loath the fragrantcy of new-mown hay, the hawthorn's bloom, the sweet-briar, the honey-suckle, and the rose; and the organs that are gratified with the taste of sickly veal which has been bled into the palsey, rotten pullets crammed into fevers, brawn made up of dropscical pig, the abortion of pigeons and of poultry, 'sparagus gorged with the crude unwholesome juice of dung, pease without substance, peaches without taste, and pine-apples without flavour, will certainly nauseate the native, genuine, and salutary taste of Welch beef, Banstead mutton, Hampshire pork, and barn-door fowls; whose juices are

concocted by a natural digestion, and whose flesh is consolidated by free air and exercise.

In such a total perversion of the senses, the ideas must be misrepresented, the powers of the imagination disordered, and the judgment of consequence unsound. The disease is attended with a false appetite, which the natural food of the mind will not satisfy. It must have sauces compounded of the most heterogeneous trash. The soul seems to sink into a kind of sleepy idiotism, or childish vacancy of thought. It is diverted by toys and baubles, which can only be pleasing to the most superficial curiosity. It is enlivened by a quick succession of trivial objects, that glisten and glance and dance before the eye; and like an infant kept awake and inspired by the sound of a rattle, it must not only be dazzled and aroused, but also cheated, hurried, and perplexed by the artifice of deception, business, intricacy and intrigue, which is a kind of low juggle that may be termed the legerdmain of genius. This being the case, it cannot enjoy, nor indeed distinguish the charms of natural and moral beauty or decorum. The ingenuous blush of native innocence, the plain language of ancient faith and sincerity, the chearful resignation to the will of heaven, the mutual affection of the charities, the voluntary respect payed to superior dignity or station, the virtue of beneficence extended even to the brute creation, nay the very crimson glow of health and swelling lines of beauty, are despised, detested, scorned and ridiculed as ignorance, rudeness, rusticity and superstition.

Smollett.

C H A P. IX.

S E X E S.

The comparative Merit of the Sexes considered.

CHANCING to take up Montaigne's Essays a few evenings ago, I accidentally dropped upon an opinion of that philosopher, to which, upon reflection since, I have found myself incapable of subscribing, viz. that the souls of both sexes *sont jettés* (as he expresses it) *en mesme moules*: on the contrary, I am inclined to think, that they may be wrought off from different models. Yet the casts may be equally perfect, though it should be allowed that they are essentially different. Nature, it is certain, has traced out a separate course of action for the two sexes; and as they are appointed to distinct offices of life, it is not improbable that there may be something distinct likewise in the frame of their minds; that there may be a kind of sex in the very soul.

I cannot therefore but wonder, that Plato should have thought it reasonable to admit them into an equal share of the dignities and offices of his imaginary common-wealth; and that the wisdom of the antient Egyptians should have so strangely inverted the evident intentions of Providence, as to confine the men to domestic affairs, whilst the women, it is said, were engaged abroad in the active and laborious scenes of business. History, it must be owned, will supply some few female instances of all the
most

most masculine virtues : but appearances of that extraordinary kind are too uncommon, to support the notion of a general equality in the natural powers of their minds.

Thus much, however, seems evident, that there are certain moral boundaries which nature has drawn between the two sexes, and that neither of them can pass over the limits of the other, without equally deviating from the beauty and decorum of their respective characters : Boadicea in armour, is to me, at least, as extravagant a sight, as Achilles in petticoats.

In determining, therefore, the comparative merit of the two sexes, it is no derogation from female excellency, that it differs in kind from that which distinguishes the male part of our species. And if in general it shall be found (what, upon an impartial enquiry, I believe, will most certainly be found) the women fill up their appointed circle of action with greater regularity and dignity than men ; the claim of preference cannot justly be decided in our favour. In the prudential and oeconomical parts of life, I think it undeniable that they rise far above us. And if true fortitude of mind is best discovered by a chearful resignation to the measures of Providence, we shall not find reason, perhaps, to claim that most singular of the human virtues as our peculiar privilege. There are numbers of the other sex, who, from the natural delicacy of their constitution, pass through one continued scene of suffering, from their cradles to their graves, with a firmness of resolution that would deserve so many statues to be erected to their memories, if heroism were not estimated more by the splendor than the merit of actions.

But

But whatever real difference there may be between the moral or intellectual powers of the male and female mind ; nature does not seem to have marked the distinction so strongly as our vanity is willing to imagine : and after all, perhaps, education will be found to constitute the principal superiority. It must be acknowledged, at least, that in this article we have every advantage over the softer sex, that art and industry can possibly secure to us. The most animating examples of Greece and Rome are set before us, as early as we are capable of any observation ; and the noblest compositions of the antients are given into our hands, almost as soon as we have strength to hold them : while the employments of the other sex, at the same period of life, are generally the reverse of every thing that can open and enlarge their minds, or fill them with just and rational notions. The truth of it is, female education is so much worse than none, as it is better to leave the mind to its natural and uninstructed suggestions, than to lead us into false pursuits, and contract its views by turning them upon the lowest and most trifling objects. We seem, indeed, by the manner in which we suffer the youth of that sex to be trained, to consider women agreeably to the opinion of certain Mahometan doctors, and treat them as if we believed they have no soul : why else are they

Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye M
Milton.

This strange neglect of cultivating the female mind, can hardly be allowed as good policy,
when

when it is considered how much the interest of society is concerned in the rectitude of their understandings. That season of every man's life which is most susceptible of the strongest impressions, is necessarily under female direction ; as there are few instances, perhaps, in which that sex is not one of the secret springs which regulates the most important movements of private or public transactions. What Cato observed of his countrymen, is in one respect true of every nation under the sun : "The Romans, said he, govern the world, but it is the women that govern the Romans."

If it be true then (as true beyond all peradventure it is) that female influence is thus extensive ; nothing certainly can be of more importance, than to give it a proper tendency, by the assistance of a well-directed education. Far am I from recommending any attempts to render women learned ; yet surely it is necessary they should be raised above ignorance. Such a general tincture of the most useful sciences as may serve to free the mind from vulgar prejudices, and give it a relish for the rational exercise of its powers, might very justly enter into the plan of female erudition. That sex might be taught to turn the course of their reflections into a proper and advantageous channel, without any danger of rendering them too elevated for the feminine duties of life. In a word, I would have them considered as designed by Providence for use as well as shew, and trained up, not only as women, but as rational creatures.

Fitzosborne's Letters.

C H A P. X.

S I M P L I C I T Y.

S E C T. I.

A principal beauty in writing.

IF we examine the writers whose compositions have stood the test of ages, and obtained that highest honour, “the concurrent approbation of distant times and nations,” we shall find that the character of simplicity is the unvarying circumstance, which alone hath been able to gain this universal homage from mankind. Among the Greeks, whose writers in general are of the simple kind, the divinest poet, the most commanding orator, the finest historian, and deepest philosopher, are, above the rest, conspicuously eminent in this great quality. The Roman writers rise towards perfection according to that measure of true simplicity which they mingle in their works. Indeed, they are all inferior to the Greek models. But who will deny, that Lucretius, Horace, Virgil, Livy, Terence, Tully, are at once the simplest and best of Roman writers? unless we add the noble Annalist, who appeared in after times; who, notwithstanding the political turn of his genius, which sometimes interferes, is admirable in this great quality; and by it, far superior to his contemporaries.

temporaries. It is this one circumstance that hath raised the venerable Dante, the father of modern poetry, above the succeeding poets of his country, who could never long maintain the local and temporary honours bestowed upon them; but have fallen under that just neglect, which time will ever decree to those who desert a just simplicity for the florid colourings of style, contrasted phrases, affected conceits, the mere trappings of composition, and Gothic minutiae. It is this hath given to Boileau the most lasting wreath in France, and to Shakespeare and Milton in England; especially to the last, whose writings are more unmixed in this respect, and who had formed himself entirely on the simple model of the best Greek writers and the sacred scriptures. As it appears from these instances, that simplicity is the only universal characteristic of just writing; so the superior eminence of the sacred scriptures in this prime quality hath been generally acknowledged. One of the greatest critics in antiquity, himself conspicuous in the sublime and simple manner, hath borne this testimony to the writings of Moses and St. Paul; and by parity of reason we must conclude, that had he been conversant with the other sacred writers, his taste and candour would have allowed them the same encomium.

Brown's Essay.

S E C T. II.

Conspicuous in the Scriptures.

IT hath been often observed, even by writers of no mean rank, that the "scriptures suffer in their credit by the disadvantage of a literal version, while other ancient writings enjoy the advantage of a free and embellished translation." But in reality these gentlemen's concern is ill placed and groundless. For the truth is, "That most other writings are indeed impaired by a literal translation; whereas, giving only a due regard to the idioms of different languages, the sacred writings when literally translated, are then in their full perfection."

Now this is an internal proof, that in all other writings there is a mixture of local, relative, exterior ornament; which is often lost in the transfusion from one language to another. But the internal beauties, which depend not on the particular construction of tongues, no change of tongue can destroy. Hence the Bible composition preserves its native beauty and strength alike in every language, by the sole energy of unadorned phrase, natural images, weight of sentiment, and great simplicity.

It is in this respect like a rich vein of gold, which, under the severest trials of heat, cold, and moisture, retains its original weight and splendor, without either loss or alloy; while baser metals are corrupted by earth, air, water, fire, and

and assimilated to the various elements through which they pass.

This circumstance then may be justly regarded as sufficient to vindicate the composition of the sacred scriptures; as it is at once their chief excellence, and greatest security. It is their excellence, as it renders them intelligible and useful to all; it is their security, as it prevents their being disguised by the false and capricious ornaments of vain or weak translators.

We may safely appeal to experience and fact for the confirmation of these remarks on the superior simplicity, utility, and excellence of the style of the holy scripture. Is there any book in the world so perfectly adapted to all capacities? that contains such sublime and exalted precepts, conveyed in such an artless and intelligible strain? that can be read with such pleasure and advantage by the lettered sage and the unlettered peasant? *Ibid.*

S E C T. III.

Simplicity should be preferred to refinement in writing.

FINE writing, according to Mr. Addison, consists of sentiments which are natural, without being obvious. There cannot be a juster, and more concise definition of fine writing.

Sentiments which are merely natural, affect not the mind with any pleasure, and seem not worthy to engage our attention. The pleasantries of a waterman, the observations of a peasant, the
ribaldry

ribaldry of a porter or hackney coachman; all these are natural, and disagreeable. What an insipid comedy should we make of the chit-chat of the tea-table, copied faithfully and at full length? Nothing can please persons of taste, but Nature drawn with all her graces and ornaments, *la belle nature*; or if we copy low-life, the strokes must be strong and remarkable, and must convey a lively image to the mind. The absurd naiveté of Sancho Pancha is represented in such inimitable colours by Cervantes, that it entertains as much as the picture of the most magnanimous hero or softest lover.

The case is the same with orators, philosophers, critics, or any author, who speaks in his own person, without introducing other speakers or actors. If his language be not elegant, his observations uncommon, his sense strong and masculine, he will in vain boast his nature and simplicity. He may be correct; but he never will be agreeable. 'Tis the unhappiness of such authors, that they are never blamed nor censured. The good fortune of a book, and that of a man, are not the same. The secret deceiving path of life, which Horace talks of, *fallentis semita vitæ*, may be the happiest lot of the one; but is the greatest misfortune that the other can fall possibly into.

On the other hand, productions which are merely surprising, without being natural, can never give any lasting entertainment to the mind. To draw chimeras is not, properly speaking, to copy or imitate. The justness of the representation is lost, and the mind is displeased to find a picture, which bears no resemblance to any original. Nor are such excessive refinements
more

more agreeable in the epistolary or philosophic style than in the epic or tragic. Too much ornament is a fault in every kind of production. Uncommon expressions, strong flashes of wit, pointed similes, and epigrammatic turns, especially when laid too thick, are a disfigurement rather than any embellishment of discourse. As the eye, in surveying a Gothic building, is distracted by the multiplicity of ornaments, and loses the whole by its minute attention to the parts; so the mind, in perusing a work overstocked with wit, is fatigued and disgusted with the constant endeavour to shine and surprize. This is the case where a writer over-abounds in wit, even tho' that wit should be just and agreeable. But it commonly happens to such writers, that they seek for their favourite ornaments, even where the subject affords them not; and by that means, have twenty insipid conceits for one thought that is really beautiful.

There is no subject in critical learning more copious than this of the just mixture of simplicity and refinement in writing; and therefore, not to wander in too large a field, I shall confine myself to a few general observations on that head.

First, I observe, 'That tho' excesses of both kinds are to be avoided, and tho' a proper medium ought to be studied in all productions; yet this medium lies not in a point, but admits of a very considerable latitude.' Consider the wide distance, in this respect, betwixt Mr. Pope and Lucretius. These seem to lie in the two greatest extremes of refinement and simplicity, which a poet can indulge himself in, without being guilty of any blameable excess. All this interval may be filled with poets, who may differ
from

from each other, but may be equally admirable, each in his peculiar stile and manner. Corneille and Congreve, who carry their wit and refinement somewhat farther than Mr. Pope (if poets of so different a kind can be compared together) and Sophocles and Terence, who are more simple than Lucretius, seem to have gone out of that medium, wherein the most perfect productions are to be found, and are guilty of some excess in these opposite characters. Of all the great poets, Virgil and Racine, in my opinion, lie nearest the center, and are the farthest removed from both the extremities.

My second observation on this head is, 'That it is very difficult, if not impossible, to explain, by words, wherein the just medium betwixt the excesses of simplicity and refinement consists, or to give any rule, by which we can know precisely the bounds betwixt the fault and the beauty.' A critic may not only discourse very judiciously on this head, without instructing his readers, but even without understanding the matter perfectly himself. There is not in the world a finer piece of criticism than Fontenelle's Dissertation on Pastorals; wherein, by a number of reflections and philosophical reasonings, he endeavours to fix the just medium which is suitable to that species of writing. But let any one read the pastorals of that author, and he will be convinced, that this judicious critic, notwithstanding his fine reasonings, had a false taste, and fixed the point of perfection much nearer the extreme of refinement, than pastoral poetry will admit of. The sentiments of his shepherds are better suited to the toilettes of Paris, than to the breasts of Arcadia. But this it is impossible to discover from his critical reasonings. He blames all excessive

cessive painting and ornament as much as Virgil could have done, had he wrote a dissertation on this species of poetry. However different the tastes of men may be, their general discourses on these subjects are commonly the same. No criticism can be very instructive, which descends not to particulars, and is not full of examples and illustrations. 'Tis allowed on all hands, that beauty, as well as virtue, lies always in a medium; but where this medium is placed, is the great question, and can never be sufficiently explained by general reasonings.

I shall deliver it as a third observation on this subject, 'That we ought to be more on our guard against the excess of refinement than that of simplicity; and that because the former excess is both less beautiful, and more dangerous than the latter.'

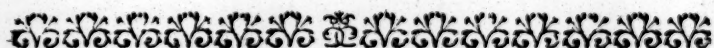
It is a certain rule, that wit and passion are intirely inconsistent. When the affections are moved, there is no place for the imagination. The mind of man being naturally limited, it is impossible all its faculties can operate at once: and the more any one predominates, the less room is there for the others to exert their vigour. For this reason, a greater degree of simplicity is required in all compositions, where men, and actions, and passions are painted, than in such as consist of reflections and observations. And as the former species of writing is the more engaging and beautiful, one may safely, upon this account, give the preference to the extreme of simplicity above that of refinement.

We may also observe, that those compositions, which we read the ofteneft, and which every man of taste has got by heart, have the recommendation of simplicity, and have nothing
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surprising in the thought, when divested of that elegance of expression, and harmony of numbers, with which it is cloathed. If the merit of the composition lies in a point of wit, it may strike at first; but the mind anticipates the thought in the second perusal, and is no longer affected by it. When I read an epigram of Martial, the first line recalls the whole; and I have no pleasure in repeating to myself what I know already. But each line, each word in Catullus has its merit; and I am never tired with the perusal of him. It is sufficient to run over Cowley once: but Parnel, after the fiftieth reading, is as fresh as at the first. Besides, it is with books as with women, where a certain plainness of manner and of dress is more engaging than that glare of paint and airs and apparel, which may dazzle the eye, but reaches not the affections. Terence is a modest and bashful beauty, to whom we grant every thing, because he assumes nothing, and whose purity and nature make a durable, tho' not a violent, impression upon us.

But refinement, as it is the less beautiful, so it is the more dangerous extreme, and what we are the aptest to fall into. Simplicity passes for dullness, when it is not accompanied with great elegance and propriety. On the contrary, there is something surprising in a blaze of wit and conceit. Ordinary readers are mightily struck with it, and falsely imagine it to be the most difficult, as well as most excellent way of writing. Seneca abounds with agreeable faults, says Quinctilian, *abundat dulcibus vitiis*; and for that reason is the more dangerous, and the more apt to pervert the taste of the young and inconsiderate.

I shall add, that the excess of refinement is now more to be guarded against than ever ; because it is the extreme, which men are the most apt to fall into, after learning has made great progress, and after eminent writers have appeared in every species of composition. The endeavour to please by novelty, leads men wide of simplicity and nature, and fills their writings with affectation and conceit. It was thus the age of Claudius and Nero became so much inferior to that of Augustus in taste and genius : and perhaps there are, at present, some symptoms of a like degeneracy of taste, in France as well as in England. *Hume.*



C H A P. XI.

S L A N D E R.

S E C T. I.

Its pernicious effects described.

OF the many duties owing both to God and our neighbour, there are scarce any men so bad, as not to acquit themselves of some, and few so good, I fear, as to practise all.

Every man seems willing enough to compound the matter, and adopt so much of the system, as will least interfere with his principal
and

and ruling passion ; and for those parts, which would occasion a more troublesome opposition, to consider them as hard sayings, and so leave them for those to practise, whose natural tempers are better suited for the struggle. So that a man shall be covetous, oppressive, revengeful, neither a lover of truth, or common honesty, and yet at the same time, shall be *very* religious, and so sanctified, as not once to fail of paying his morning and even sacrifice to God. So, on the other hand, a man shall live without God in the world, have neither any great sense of religion, or indeed pretend to have any, and yet be of nicest honour, conscientiously just and fair in all his dealings. And here it is that men generally betray themselves, deceiving, as the apostle says, their own hearts ; of which the instances are so various, in one degree or other throughout human life, that one might safely say, the bulk of mankind live in such a contradiction to themselves, that there is no character so hard to be met with as one, which, upon a critical examination, will appear altogether uniform, and in every point consistent with itself.

If such a contrast was only observable in the different stages of a man's life, it would cease to be either a matter of wonder, or of just reproach. Age, experience, and much reflection, may naturally enough be supposed to alter a man's sense of things, and so entirely to transform him, that not only in outward appearances, but in the very cast and turn of his mind, he may be as unlike and different from the man he was twenty or thirty years ago, as he ever was from any thing of his own species. This,

I say, is naturally to be accounted for, and in some cases might be praise-worthy too ; but the observation is to be made of men in the same period of their lives, that in the same day, sometimes in the very same action, they are utterly inconsistent and irreconcilable with themselves.—Look at a man in one light, and he shall seem wise, penetrating, discreet, and brave : behold him in another point of view, and you see a creature all over folly and indiscretion, weak and timorous, as cowardice and indiscretion can make him. A man shall appear gentle, courteous and benevolent to all mankind ; follow him into his own house, may be you see a tyrant, morose and savage to all whose happiness depends upon his kindness. A third in his general behaviour is found to be generous, disinterested, humane and friendly ;—hear but the sad story of the friendless orphans, too credulously trusting all their little substance into his hands, and he shall appear more fordid, more pitiless and unjust, than the injured themselves have bitterness to paint him. Another shall be charitable to the poor, uncharitable in his censures and opinions of all the rest of the world besides ;—temperate in his appetites, intemperate in his tongue ; shall have too much conscience and religion to cheat the man who trusts him, and perhaps as far as the business of debtor and creditor extends, shall be just and scrupulous to the uttermost mite ; yet in matters of full as great concern, where he is to have the handling of the party's reputation and good name,—the dearest, the tenderest property the man has, he will do him irreparable damage, and rob him there without measure or pity.—

This

This delusive itch for slander, too common in all ranks of people, whether to gratify a little ungenerous resentment ;——whether oftner out of a principle of levelling, from a narrowness and poverty of soul, ever impatient of merit and superiority in others ; whether a mean ambition or the insatiate lust of being witty, (a talent in which ill-nature and malice are no ingredients,)——or lastly, whether from a natural cruelty of disposition, abstracted from all views and considerations of self : to which one, or whether to all jointly we are indebted for this contagious malady ; thus much is certain, from whatever seed it springs, its growth and progress of it are as destructive to, as they are unbecoming a civilized people. To pass a hard and ill-natured reflection, upon an undesigning action ; to invent, or, which is equally bad, to propagate a vexatious report, without colour and grounds ; to plunder an innocent man of his character and good name, a jewel which perhaps he has starved himself to purchase, and probably would hazard his life to secure ; to rob him at the same time of his happiness and peace of mind ; perhaps his bread,—the bread may be of a virtuous family ; and all this, as Solomon says of the madman, who casteth fire-brands, arrows and death, and saith, Am I not in sport ? all this, out of wantonness, and oftner from worse motives ; the whole appears such a complication of badness, as requires no words or warmth of fancy to aggravate. Pride, treachery, envy, hypocrisy, malice, cruelty, and self-love, may have been said in one shape or other, to have occasioned all the frauds and mischiefs that ever happened

in the world ; but the chances against a coincidence of them all in one person are so many, that one would have supposed the character of a common slanderer as rare and difficult a production in nature, as that of a great genius, which seldom happens above once in an age.

Ten thousand are the vehicles, in which this deadly poison is prepared and communicated to the world,—and by some artful hands, 'tis done by so subtle and nice an infusion, that it is not to be tasted or discovered, but by its effects.

How frequently is the honesty and integrity of a man disposed of by a smile or a shrug?—How many good and generous actions have been sunk into oblivion, by a distrustful look,—or stamp with the imputation of proceeding from bad motives, by a mysterious and reasonable whisper?

Look into companies of those whose gentle natures should disarm them,—we shall find no better account.—How large a portion of chastity is sent out of the world by distant hints,—nodded away, and cruelly winked into suspicion, by the envy of those, who are passed all temptation of it themselves.—How often does the reputation of a helpless creature bleed by a report—which the party, who is at the pains to propagate it, beholds with so much pity and fellow-feeling,—that she is heartily sorry for it,—hopes in God it is not true ;—however, as Archbishop Tillotson wittily observes upon it, is resolved in the mean time, to give the report her pass, that at least it may have fair play to take its fortune in the world,—to be believed or not, according to the charity of those, into whose hands it shall happen to fall.

So

So fruitful is this vice in variety of expedients, to satiate as well as disguise itself. But if these smother weapons cut so sore,—what shall we say of open and unblushing scandal—subjected to no caution,—tied down to no restraints?—If the one, like an arrow shot in the dark, does nevertheless so much secret mischief,—this like the pestilence, which rageth at noon day, sweeps all before it, levelling without distinction the good and the bad; a thousand fall beside it, and ten thousand on its right hand;—they fall,—so rent and torn in this tender part of them, so unmercifully butchered, as sometimes never to recover either the wounds,—or the anguish of heart,—which they have occasioned.—

Sterne's Sermons.

S E C T. II.

Apologies for it answered.

BUT there is nothing so bad which will not admit of something to be said in its defence.

And here it may be asked,—Whether the inconveniences and ill effects which the world feels,—from the licentiousness of this practice—are not sufficiently counterballanced by the real influence it has upon men's lives and conduct?—That if there was no evil-speaking in the world, thousands would be encouraged to do ill,—and would rush into many indecorums, like a horse into the battle,—were they sure to escape the tongues of men.

That if we take a general view of the world,—we shall find that a great deal of virtue,—at least of the outward appearance of

it.—is not so much from any fixed principle, as the terror of what the world will say,—and the liberty it will take upon the occasions we shall give.

That if we descend to particulars, numbers are every day taking more pains to be well spoken of,—than what would actually enable them to live so as to deserve it.

That there are many of both sexes, who can support life well enough, without honour or chastity,—who without reputation, (which is but the opinion which the world has of the matter,) would hide their heads in shame, and sink down in utter despair of happiness—No doubt the tongue is a weapon, which does chastise many indecõrums, which the laws of men will not reach,—and keeps many in awe,—whom conscience will not,—and where the case is indisputably flagrant,—the speaking of it in such words as it deserves,—scarce comes within the prohibition. In many cases, 'tis hard to express ourselves so as to fix a distinction betwixt opposite characters,—and sometimes it may be as much a debt we owe to virtue, and as great a piece of justice to expose a vicious character, and paint it in its proper colours,—as it is to speak well of the deserving, and describe his particular virtues.——And, indeed, when we inflict this punishment upon the bad, merely out of principle, and without indulgences to any private passion of our own,—'tis a case which happens so seldom, that one might venture to except it.

However to those, who in this objection are really concerned for the cause of Virtue, I cannot help recommending what would much more

more effectually serve her interest, and be a surer token of their zeal and attachment to her. And that is,—in all such plain instances where it seems to be duty, to fix a distinction betwixt the good and the bad,—to let their actions speak, instead of their words, or at least to let them both speak one language. We all of us talk so loud against vicious characters, and are so unanimous in our cry against them,—that an experienced man, who only trusted his ears, would imagine the whole world was in an uproar about it, and that mankind were all associating, together, to hunt vice utterly out of the world.——Shift the scene,—and let him behold the reception which vice meets with,—he will see the conduct and behaviour of the whole world towards it, so opposite to their declarations,—he will find all he heard, so contradicted by what he saw,—as to leave him in doubt, which of his senses he is to trust, or in which of the two cases, mankind were really in earnest. Was there virtue enough in the world to make a general stand against this contradiction,—that is,—was every one who deserved to be ill spoken of—sure to be ill looked on—too : Was it a certain consequence of the loss of a man's character,—to lose his friends,—to lose the advantages of his birth and fortune,—and thenceforth be universally shunned, universally slighted : ——

Was no quality a shelter against the indecours of the other sex, but was every woman without distinction,—who had justly forfeited her reputation,—from that moment was she

sure to forfeit likewise all claim to civility and respect :—

Or in a word,—could it be established as a law in our ceremonial,—that wherever characters in either sex were become notorious,—it should be deemed infamous, either to pay or receive a visit from them, and that the door shut against them in all public places, till they had satisfied the world, by giving testimony of a better life :—A few such plain and honest maxims faithfully put into practice,—would force us upon some degree of reformation. Till this is done,—it avails little that we have no mercy upon them with our tongues, since they escape without feeling any other inconvenience.

We all cry out that the world is corrupt,—and I fear too justly,—but we never reflect, what we have to thank for it, and that it is our open countenance of vice, which gives the lye to our private censures of it, which is its chief protection and encouragement.——To those however, who still believe, that evil-speaking is some terror to evil doers, one may answer, as a great man has done upon the occasion,—that after all our exhortations against it,—’tis not to be feared, but that there will be evil-speaking enough left in the world to chastise the guilty,—and we may safely trust them to an ill-natured world, that there will be no failure of justice upon this score.—The passions of men are pretty severe executioners, and to them let us leave this ungrateful task,—and rather ourselves endeavour to cultivate that more friendly one, recommended by the apostle,—
tle,—

tle,—of letting all bitterness, and wrath, and clamour, and evil-speaking, be put away from us,—of being kind to one another,—tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake forgave us. *Ibid.*



C H A P. XII.

S L E E P.

A state equally unaccountable, necessary, and useful.

AMONG the innumerable mortifications that waylay human arrogance on every side may well be reckoned our ignorance of the most common objects and effects, a defect of which we become more sensible by every attempt to supply it. Vulgar and inactive minds confound familiarity with knowledge, and conceive themselves informed of the whole nature of things when they are shewn their form or told their use ; but the Speculatist, who is not content with superficial views, harrasses himself with fruitless curiosity, and still as he enquires more perceives only that he knows less.

Sleep is a state in which a great part of every life is passed. No animal has been yet discovered, whose existence is not varied with intervals of insensibility ; and some late philosophers have extended the empire of sleep over the vegetable world.

Yet of this change so frequent, so great, so general, and so necessary, no searcher has yet found either the efficient or final cause ; or can tell by what power the mind and body are thus chained down in irresistible stupefaction ; or what benefits the animal receives from this alternate suspension of its active powers.

Whatever may be the multiplicity or contrariety of opinions upon this subject, nature has taken sufficient care that theory shall have little influence on practice. The most diligent enquirer is not able long to keep his eyes open ; the most eager disputant will begin about midnight to desert his argument ; and once in four and twenty hours, the gay and the gloomy, the witty and the dull, the clamorous and the silent, the busy and the idle, are all overpowered by the gentle tyrant, and all lie down in the equality of sleep.

Philosophy has often attempted to repress insolence by asserting that all conditions are levelled by death ; a position which, however it may deject the happy, will seldom afford much comfort to the wretched. It is far more pleasing to consider that sleep is equally a leveller with death ; that the time is never at a great distance, when the balm of rest shall be effused alike upon every head, when the diversities of life shall stop their operation, and the high and the low shall lie down together.

It is somewhere recorded of Alexander, that in the pride of conquests, and intoxication of flattery, he declared that he only perceived himself to be a man by the necessity of sleep. Whether he considered sleep as necessary to his mind or body, it was indeed a sufficient evidence

dence of human infirmity ; the body which required such frequency of renovation gave but faint promises of immortality ; and the mind which, from time to time, sunk gladly into insensibility, had made no very near approaches to the felicity of the supreme and self-sufficient nature.

I know not what can tend more to repress all the passions that disturb the peace of the world, than the consideration that there is no height of happiness or honour, from which man does not eagerly descend to a state of unconscious repose ; that the best condition of life is such, that we contentedly quit its good to be disentangled from its evils ; that in a few hours splendour fades before the eye, and praise itself deadens in the ear ; the senses withdraw from their objects, and reason favours the retreat.

What then are the hopes and prospects of covetousness, ambition and rapacity ? Let him that desires most have all his desires gratified, he never shall attain a state, which he can, for a day and a night, contemplate with satisfaction, or from which, if he had the power of perpetual vigilance, he would not long for periodical separations.

All envy would be extinguished if it were universally known that there are none to be envied, and surely none can be much envied who are not pleased with themselves. There is reason to suspect that the distinctions of mankind have more show than value, when it is found that all agree to be weary alike of pleasures and of cares, that the powerful and
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the weak, the celebrated and obscure, join in one common wish, and implore from nature's hand the nectar of oblivion.

Such is our desire of abstraction from ourselves, that very few are satisfied with the quantity of stupefaction which the needs of the body force upon the mind. Alexander himself added intemperance to sleep, and solaced with the fumes of wine the sovereignty of the world. And almost every man has some art, by which he steals his thoughts away from his present state.

It is not much of life that is spent in close attention to any important duty. Many hours of every day are suffered to fly away without any traces left upon the intellects. We suffer phantoms to rise up before us, and amuse ourselves with the dance of airy images, which after a time we dismiss for ever, and know not how we have been busied.

Many have no happier moments than those that they pass in solitude, abandoned to their own imagination, which sometimes puts sceptres in their hand or mitres on their heads, shifts the scene of pleasure with endless variety, bids all the forms of beauty sparkle before them, and gluts them with every change of visionary luxury.

It is easy in these semi-slumbers to collect all the possibilities of happiness, to alter the course of the sun, to bring back the past, and anticipate the future, to unite all the beauties of all seasons, and all the blessings of all climates, to receive and bestow felicity, and forget that misery is the lot of man. All this is a voluntary dream,

dream, a temporary recession from the realities of life to airy fictions ; and habitual subjection of reason to fancy.

Others are afraid to be alone, and amuse themselves by a perpetual succession of companions, but the difference is not great ; in solitude we have our dreams to ourselves, and in company we agree to dream in concert. The end sought in both is forgetfulness of ourselves.

Idler.



C H A P. XIII.

S N U F F - T A K I N G .

Inexcusable in the men, but abominable in the women.

I KNOW not whether you yourself are addicted to a filthy practice, which is frequent among all ranks of people, though detestable even among the lowest. The practice I mean is that of Snuff-taking ; which I cannot help regarding as a national plague, that, like another epidemical distemper, has taken hold of our noses. You authors may perhaps claim it as a privilege, since Snuff is supposed by you to whet the invention, and every one is not possessed of Bayes's admirable receipt, the " Spirit of brains : " but give me leave to tell you, that Snuff should no more be administered in public, than that of
Major's

Major's medicinal composition at four pence a pinch, or any other dose of physick. I know not why people should be allowed to annoy their friends and acquaintance by smearing their noses with a dirty powder, any more than using an eye-water, or rubbing their teeth with a dentifrice.

If a stranger to this nasty custom was to observe almost every one "drawing out his pouncet box, and ever and anon giving it to his nose," he would be led to conclude, that we were no better than a nation of Hottentots; and that every one was obliged to cram his nostrils with a quantity of scented dirt, to fence him from the disagreeable effluvia of the rest of the company. Indeed it might not be absurd in such a stranger to imagine, that the person he conversed with took Snuff, for the same reason that another might press his nostrils together between his finger and thumb, to exclude an ill smell.

It is customary among those polite people the Dutch, to carry with them every where their short dingy pipes, and smoke and spit about a room even in the presence of ladies. This piece of good breeding, however ridiculous it may seem, is surely not more offensive to good manners than the practice of Snuff-taking. A very Dutch-man would think it odd, that a people, who pretend to politeness, should be continually snuffing up a parcel of tobacco dust; nor can I help laughing, when I see a man every minute stealing out a dirty muckender, then sneaking it in again, as much ashamed of his pocket companion, as he would be to carry a dishclout about him.

It

It is, indeed, impossible to go into any large company without being disturbed by this abominable practice. The church and the play-house continually echoe with this music of the nose, and in every corner you may hear them in concert snuffing, sneezing, hawking, and grunting like a drove of hogs. The most pathetic speech in a tragedy has been interrupted by the blowing of noses in the front and side boxes; and I have known a whole congregation suddenly raised from their knees in the middle of a prayer by the violent coughing of an old lady, who has been almost choaked by a pinch of Snuff in giving vent to an ejaculation. A celebrated actor has spoiled his voice by this absurd treatment of his nose, which has made his articulation as dull and drowsy as the hum of a bag-pipe; and the parson of our parish is often forced to break off in the middle of a period, to snort behind his white handkerchief.

Is it not a wonder, Mr. Town, that Snuff, which is certainly an enemy to dress, should yet gain admittance among those, who have no other merit than their cloaths? I am not to be told, that your men of fashion take Snuff only to display a white hand perhaps, or the brilliancy of a diamond ring; and I am confident, that numbers would never have defiled themselves with the use of Snuff, had they not been seduced by the charms of a fashionable box. The man of taste takes his Strasburgh *veritable tabac* from a right Paris paper-box; and the pretty fellow uses an enamelled box lined in the inside with polished metal, that by often opening it he may have the opportunity of stealing a glance at his own sweet person, reflected in the lid of it.

Though

Though I abhor Snuff-taking myself, and would as soon be smothered in a cloud raised by smoaking tobacco, as I would willingly suffer the least atom of it to tickle my nose, yet I am exposed to many disgusting inconveniencies from the use of it by others. Sometimes I am choaked by drawing in with my breath some of the finest particles together with the air; and I am frequently set a sneezing by the odorous effluvia arising from the boxes that surround me. But it is not only my sense of smelling that is offended: you will stare when I tell you that I am forced to taste, and even to eat and drink this abominable Snuff. If I drink tea with a certain lady, I generally perceive what escapes from her fingers swimming at the top of my cup; but it is always attributed to the foulness of the milk or dross of the sugar; I never dine at a particular friend's house, but I am sure to have as much rappee as pepper with my turnips; nor can I drink my table beer out of the same mug with him, for fear of coughing from his Snuff, if not the liquor, going the wrong way. Such eternal Snuff-takers as my friend, should, I think, at meal times, have a skreen flapping down over the nose and mouth, under which they might convey their food, as you may have seen at the masquerade: or at least, they should be separated from the rest of the company, and placed by themselves at the side-table, like the children.

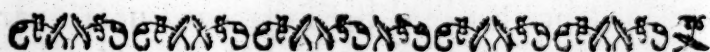
This practice of Snuff-taking, however inexcusable in the men, is still more abominable in the other sex. Neatness and cleanliness ought to be always cultivated among the women; but how can any female appear tolerably clean, who so industriously bedaubs herself with snuff?

snuff? I have with pain observed the snow white surface of an handkerchief or apron sullied with the scatterings from the snuff-box; and whenever I see a lady besmeared with Scotch or Havannah, I consider her as no cleanlier than the kitchen wench scouring her brasses, and begrimed with brick-dust and fullers-earth. Housewifely accomplishments are at present seldom required in a well-bred woman: or else I should little expect to find a wife in the least notable, who keeps up such a constant correspondence between her fingers and nose; nor indeed would any one think her hand at all fit to be employed in making a pudding.

It should be remembered by the younger part of your fair readers, Mr. Town, that Snuff is an implacable enemy to the complexion, which in time is sure to take a tinge from it: they should therefore be as cautious of acquiring a fallow hue from this bane of a fair skin, as of being tanned or freckled by exposing their delicate faces to the scorching rays of the sun. Besides, as the nose has been always reckoned a principal ornament of the face, they should be as careful to preserve the beauty of it as of any other feature, and not suffer it to be undermined or bloated by so pernicious an application as snuff taking. For my own part, I should as soon admire a celebrated toast with no nose at all, as to see it prostituted to so vile a purpose. They should also consider, that the nose is situated very near the lips; and what relish can a lover find in the honey of the latter, if at the same time he is obliged to come into close contact with the dirt and rubbish of the former? Rather than Snuff-taking should prevail

vail among the ladies, I could wish it were the fashion for them to wear rings in their noses, like the savage nations : nay, I would even carry it still farther, and oblige those pretty females, who could be still slaves to snuff, to have their nostrils bored through as well as their ears, and instead of jewels, to bear rolls of pig-tail bobbing over their upper lips.

Connoisseur.



C H A P. XIV.

S O L I T U D E.

Not eligible.

TH E R E has always prevailed among that part of mankind who addict their minds to speculation, a propensity to talk much of the delights of retirement ; and some of the most pleasing compositions produced in every age, contain descriptions of the peace and happiness of a country life.

I know not whether those who thus ambitiously repeat the praises of solitude, have always considered, how much they depreciate mankind by declaring, that whatever is excellent or desirable is to be obtained by departing from them ; that the assistance which we may derive from one another, is not equivalent to the evils which

which we have to fear ; that the kindness of a few is overballanced by the malice of many ; and that the protection of society is too dearly purchased, by encountering its dangers and enduring its oppressions.

These specious representations of solitary happiness, however opprobrious to human nature, have so far spread their influence over the world, that almost every man delights his imagination with the hopes of obtaining some time an opportunity of retreat. Many, indeed, who enjoy retreat only in imagination, content themselves with believing, that another year will transport them to rural tranquility, and die while they talk of doing what if they had lived longer they would never have done. But many likewise there are, either of greater resolution or more credulity, who in earnest try the state which they have been taught to think thus secure from cares and dangers ; and retire to privacy, either that they may improve their happiness, increase their knowledge, or exalt their virtue.

The greater part of the admirers of solitude, as of all other classes of mankind, have no higher or remoter view, than the present gratification of their passions. Of these some, haughty and impetuous, fly from society only because they cannot bear to repay to others the regard which themselves exact ; and think no state of life eligible, but that which places them out of the reach of censure or controul, and affords them opportunities of living in a perpetual compliance with their own inclinations, without the necessity of regulating their
actions

actions by any other man's convenience or opinion.

There are others of minds more delicate and tender, easily offended by every deviation from rectitude, soon disgusted by ignorance or impertinence, and always expecting from the conversation of mankind, more elegance, purity and truth than the mingled mass of life will easily afford. Such men are in haste to retire from grossness, falshood and brutality ; and hope to find in private habitations at least a negative felicity, an exemption from the shocks and perturbations, with which publick scenes are continually distressing them.

To neither of these votaries will Solitude afford that content, which she has been taught so lavishly to promise. The man of arrogance will quickly discover, that by escaping from his opponents he has lost his flatterers, that greatness is nothing where it is not seen, and power nothing where it cannot be felt : and he, whose faculties are employed in too close an observation of failing and defects, will find his condition very little mended by transferring his attention from others to himself ; he will probably soon come back in quest of new objects, and be glad to keep his captiousness employed on any character rather than his own.

Others are seduced into solitude merely by the authority of great names, and expect to find those charms in tranquility which have allured statesmen and conquerors to the shades : these likewise are apt to wonder at their disappointment, for want of considering, that those whom they aspire to imitate carried with them

to their country seats minds full fraught with subjects of reflection, the consciousness of great merit, the memory of illustrious actions, the knowledge of important events, and the seeds of mighty designs to be ripened by future meditation. Solitude was to such men a release from fatigue, and an opportunity of usefulness. But what can retirement confer upon him, who having done nothing can receive no support from his own importance, who having known nothing can find no entertainment in reviewing the past, and who intending nothing can form no hopes from prospects of the future : he can, surely, take no wiser course, than that of losing himself again in the crowd, and filling the vacuities of his mind with the news of the day.

Others consider solitude as the parent of philosophy, and retire in expectation of greater intimacies with science, as Numa repaired to the groves when he conferred with Egeria. These men have not always reason to repent. Some studies require a continued prosecution of the same train of thought, such as is too often interrupted by the petty avocations of common life : sometimes, likewise, it is necessary, that a multiplicity of objects be at once present to the mind ; and every thing, therefore, must be kept at a distance, which may perplex the memory, or dissipate the attention.

But though learning may be conferred by solitude, its application must be attained by general converse. He has learned to no purpose, that is not able to teach ; and he will always teach unsuccessfully, who cannot recommend his sentiments by his diction or address.

Even

Even the acquisition of knowledge is often much facilitated by the advantages of society : he that never compares his notions with those of others, readily acquiesces in his first thoughts, and very seldom discovers the objections which may be raised against his opinions ; he therefore often thinks himself in possession of truth, when he is only fondling an error long since exploded. He that has neither companions nor rivals in his studies, will always applaud his own progress, and think highly of his performances, because he knows not that others have equalled or excelled him. And I am afraid it may be added, that the student who withdraws himself from the world, will soon feel that ardour extinguished which praise or emulation had enkindled, and take the advantage of secrecy to sleep rather than to labour.

There remains yet another set of recluses, whose intention intitles them to higher respect, and whose motives deserve a more serious consideration. These retire from the world, not merely to bask in ease or gratify curiosity ; but that being disengaged from common cares, they may employ more time in the duties of religion ; that they may regulate their actions with stricter vigilance, and purify their thoughts by more frequent meditation.

To men thus elevated above the mists of mortality, I am far from presuming myself qualified to give directions. On him that appears " to pass through things temporary," with no other care than " not to lose finally the things eternal," I look with such veneration, as inclines me to approve his conduct in the whole, without a minute examination of its

its parts ; yet I could never forbear to wish, that while Vice is every day multiplying seducements, and stalking forth with more hardened effrontery, Virtue would not withdraw the influence of her presence, or forbear to assert her natural dignity by open and undaunted perseverance in the right. Piety practised in solitude, like the flower that blooms in the desert, may give its fragrance to the winds of heaven, and delight those unbodied spirits that survey the works of God and the actions of men ; but it bestows no assistance upon earthly beings, and however free from taints of impurity, yet wants the sacred splendor of beneficence.

Our Maker, who, though he gave us such varieties of temper and such difference of powers, yet designed us all for happiness, undoubtedly intended, that we should obtain that happiness by different means. Some are unable to resist the temptations of importunity, or the impetuosity of their own passions incited by the force of present temptations : of these it is undoubtedly the duty, to fly from enemies which they cannot conquer, and to cultivate, in the calm of solitude, that virtue which is too tender to endure the tempests of public life. But there are others, whose passions grow more strong and irregular in privacy ; and who cannot maintain an uniform tenor of virtue, but by exposing their manners to the public eye, and assisting the admonitions of conscience with the fear of infamy : for such it is dangerous to exclude all witnesses of their conduct, till they have formed strong habits of virtue, and weakened their passions by frequent victories. But there is a higher order of men so

inspired with ardour, and so fortified with resolution, that the world passes before them without influence or regard : these ought to consider themselves as appointed the guardians of mankind : they are placed in an evil world, to exhibit public examples of good life ; and may be said, when they withdraw to solitude, to desert the station which Providence assigned them.

Adventurer, No. 126.



C H A P. XV.

S T A G E.

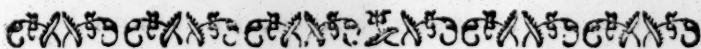
By whom the English Stage was corrupted.

WE cannot perhaps in history find a more flagrant proof of the power of ridicule against Virtue herself, than in that heap of execrable comedies, which have been the bane and reproach of this kingdom through a series of ninety years. During this period, the generality of our comic poets have been the unwearied ministers of Vice ; and have done her work with so thorough an industry, that it would be hard to find one virtue, which they have not sacrificed at her shrine. As effects once established are not easily removed, so not only this, but the succeeding generation will probably retain the impressions made in the
two

two preceding ones ; when innocence was the sport of abandoned villainy, and the successful adulterer decked out with all the poet's art, at the expence of the ridiculed and injured husband ; when moral virtue and religion were made the jest of the licentious ; and when female modesty was banished to make way for shameful effrontery :

The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a mask went unimprov'd away :
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.

Brown's Essay.



C H A P. XVI.

S T U D Y.

S E C T. I.

The study of History recommended to the Ladies.

T H E R E is nothing which I would recommend more earnestly to my female readers than the study of history, as an occupation, of all others, the best suited to their sex and education ; much more instructive than their ordinary books of amusement ; and more entertaining than those serious compositions, which are usually to be found in their closets.

Among other important truths which they may learn from history, they may be informed of two particulars, the knowledge of which may contribute very much to their quiet and repose ; That our sex, as well as theirs, are far from being such perfect creatures as they are apt to imagine ; and, That love is not the only passion which governs the male world, but is often overcome by avarice, ambition, vanity, and a thousand other passions. Whether they be false representations of mankind in those two particulars, which endear romances and novels so much to the fair sex, I know not ; but must confess, that I am sorry to see them have such an aversion to matters of fact, and such an appetite for falsehood. I remember I was once desired by a young beauty, for whom I had some passion, to send her some novels and romances for her amusement in the country ; but was not so ungenerous as to take the advantage which such a course of reading might have given me, being resolved not to make use of poisoned arms against her ; I therefore sent her Plutarch's Lives, assuring her at the same time, that there was not a word of truth in them from beginning to end. She perused them very attentively, 'till she came to the lives of Alexander and Cæsar, whose names she had heard of by accident ; and then returned me the book, with many reproaches for deceiving her.

Hume.

S E C T. II.

Its advantages.

T H E advantages found in the study of history seem to be of three kinds ; as it amuses the fancy, as it improves the understanding, and as it strengthens virtue.

In reality, what can be a more agreeable entertainment to the mind, than to be transported into the remotest ages of the world, and to observe human society, in its infancy, making the first faint efforts towards the arts and sciences ? to see the policy of government, and the civility of conversation refining by degrees, and every thing which is ornamental to human life advancing towards its perfection ? to remark the rise, progress, declension and final extinction of the most flourishing empires ; the virtues which contributed to their greatness, and the vices which drew on their ruin ? in short, to see all the human race, from the beginning of time, pass, as it were, in review before us ; appearing in their true colours, without any of those disguises, which during their life-time so much perplexed the judgment of the beholders ? What spectacles can be imagined so magnificent, so various, so interesting ? What amusement, either of the senses or imagination, can be compared with it ? Shall those trifling pastimes, which engross so much of our time, be preferred as more satisfactory, and more fit to engage our attention ? How perverse must that taste be, which is capable of so wrong a choice of pleasures !

But history is a most pleasing part of knowledge, as well as an agreeable amusement ; and a great part of what we call erudition, and value so highly, is nothing but an acquaintance with historical facts. An extensive knowledge of this kind, belongs to men of letters ; but I must think it an unpardonable ignorance in persons, of whatever sex or condition, not to be acquainted with the history of their own country, along with the histories of ancient Greece and Rome. A woman may behave herself with good manners, and have even some vivacity in her turn of wit ; but where her mind is so unfurnished, 'tis impossible her conversation can afford any entertainment to men of sense and reflection.

I must add, that history is not only a valuable part of knowledge, but opens the door to many other parts, and affords materials to most of the sciences. And indeed, if we consider the shortness of human life, and our limited knowledge, even of what passes in our time, we must be sensible, that we should be for ever children in understanding, were it not for this invention, which extends our experience to all past ages, and to the most distant nations ; making them contribute as much to our improvement in wisdom, as if they had actually lain under our observation. A man acquainted with history may, in some respect, be said to have lived from the beginning of the world, and to have been making continual additions to his stock of knowledge in every country.

Ibid.

C H A P. XVII.

S T Y L E.

S E C T. I.

Remarks on the stile of some of the Roman classics.

I AM ambitious, my lord, to see you master of a fine pen ; you have so many advantages to command it, that you may easily excel ; for as you have laid the necessary foundation, if you raise upon it the beautiful structure of classic learning, it is impossible your lordship should not stand upon the highest eminence, and hold the first rank with those who are distinguished for the beauties of their style. For besides the common accomplishment of classic learning, persons of your lordship's quality have so fine a turn, so genteel an air from their breeding, and courtly conversation, in every thing they write or speak, that it giveth an inimitable grace to their words and compositions ; and I never knew a nobleman equal in learning to other men, but he was superior to them in the delicacy and civility of his style.

Cæsar, my lord, writ like a man of quality ; and among innumerable excellencies, which he holdeth in common with other authors, he possesseth this almost peculiar to himself, that you see the prince and the gentleman, as well as the scholar and the soldier in his Memoirs.

Ovid was all over a man of breeding ; and perhaps, if I may be allowed to make a conjecture, the copiousness of his expressions was owing in some measure to the civility of his breeding, as well as to the luxuriance of his fancy ; and indeed, my lord, that is the fault I have found in the writings of gentlemen, that sometimes they overflow with words. This proceedeth, I believe, from their daily complaisance, which runs them into variety of expressions on the same subject ; whereas your scholars are more close : as if their learning was as narrow as their fortune, they are frugal of their words, and not willing to let any go for ornament, if they will not serve for use. Some people may call this a small piece of criticism ; and all that I would prove by it, if it be not well founded, is, that Ovid was a man of breeding ; and though Virgil and Horace were courtiers too, yet they fell short of him in courtliness of expression, however they exceeded him in majesty of thought and closeness and exactness of style. And as for Horace, my lord, who was an humble servant of the ladies as well as he, after we have acknowledged him a wonderful genius, of a peculiar happiness of expression, both in the sublime and familiar way, we must ascribe the softness and easiness of his style to the court and love. In short, my lord, Ovid was a gentleman, and the others not ; his good-breeding was natural to him from his infancy, theirs was acquired in their riper years, and would never sit so handsomely upon them. Terence, my lord, who was much elder than they, may seem an exception ; there is no address more civil or
accomplished

accomplished than his throughout his plays, and his gentlemen appear truly such upon all occasions ; but this possibly may be accounted for more easily than some phænomena in philosophy, if I may have leave to suppose that all the assistance he received from Scipio and Lælius was in this part of his characters ; and while the comedian took care to preserve them in the humour and manners he had given them, his noble friends might help him in giving them the true turn of gentlemen.

Felt on the Classics.

S E C T. II.

Elegance of Style cultivated among the Ancients.

IT is with no small concern I have observed that in the present age the beauties of style seem to be considered as below the attention both of an author and a reader. There was a time however (and it was a period of the truest refinement) when an excellence of this kind was esteemed in the number of the politest accomplishments ; as it was the ambition of some of the greatest names of antiquity, to distinguish themselves in the improvements of their native tongue. Julius Cæsar, who was not only the greatest hero, but the finest gentleman that ever, perhaps, appeared in the world, was desirous of adding this talent to his other most shining endowments : and we are told he studied the language of his country with much application ; as we are sure he possessed it in its highest elegance. What a loss is it to the

literary world, that the treatise which he wrote upon this subject, is perished with many other valuable works of that age? But though we are deprived of the benefit of his observations, we are happily not without an instance of their effects; and his own Memoirs will ever remain as the best and brightest exemplar, not only of true generalship, but of fine writing. He published them, indeed, only as materials for the use of those who should be disposed to enlarge upon that remarkable period of the Roman story; yet the purity and gracefulness of his style were such, that no judicious writer durst attempt to touch the subject after him.

Having produced so illustrious an instance in favour of an art, which I profess so warmly to admire; it would be impertinent to add a second, were I to cite a less authority than that of the immortal Tully. This noble author, in his dialogue concerning the celebrated Roman orators, frequently mentions it as a very high encomium, that they possessed the elegance of their native language, and introduces Brutus as declaring, that he should prefer the honour of being esteemed the great master and improver of Roman eloquence, even to the glory of many triumphs.

But to add reason to precedent, and to view this art in its use as well as its dignity; will it not be allowed of some importance, when it is considered, that eloquence is one of the most considerable auxiliaries of truth? Nothing indeed contributes more to subdue the mind to the force of reason, than her being supported by the powerful assistance of masculine and vigorous oratory: as on the contrary, the most
legitimate

legitimate arguments may be disappointed of that success they deserve, by being attended with a spiritless and enfeebled expression. Accordingly, that most elegant of writers, the inimitable Mr. Addison, observes in one of his essays, that “there is as much difference between comprehending a thought cloathed in Cicero’s language and that of an ordinary writer, as between seeing an object by the light of a taper or the light of the sun.”

It is surely then a very strange conceit of the celebrated Malbranche, who seems to think the pleasure which arises from perusing a well-written piece, is of the criminal kind, and has its source in the weakness and effeminacy of the human heart. A man must have a very uncommon severity of temper indeed, who can find any thing to condemn in adding charms to truth, and gaining the heart by captivating the ear ; in uniting roses with the thorns of science, and joining pleasure with instruction.

The truth is, the mind is delighted with a fine style, upon the same principle that it prefers regularity to confusion, and beauty to deformity. A taste of this sort is indeed so far from being a mark of any depravity of our nature, that I should rather consider it as an evidence, in some degree, of the moral rectitude of its constitution ; as it is a proof of its retaining some relish at least of harmony and order.

One might be apt indeed, to suspect that certain writers among us had considered all beauties of this sort, in the same gloomy view with Malbranche : or at least that they avoided every refinement in style, as unworthy a lover of truth and philosophy. Their sentiments

are sunk by the lowest expressions, and seem condemned to the first curse, of "creeping upon the ground all the days of their life." Others, on the contrary, mistake pomp for dignity; and, in order to raise their expressions above vulgar language, lift them up beyond common apprehensions, esteeming it (one should imagine) a mark of their genius, that it requires some ingenuity to penetrate their meaning.

Fitzosborne's Letters.



CH A P. XVIII.

S U I C I D E.

An Essay on it.

THE last sessions deprived us of the only surviving member of a society, which (during its short existence) was equal both in principles and practice to the Mohocks and Hell-fire Club of tremendous memory. This society was composed of a few broken gamblers and desperate young rakes, who threw the small remains of their bankrupt fortunes into one common stock, and thence assumed the name of the Last Guinea Club. A short life and a merry one was their favourite maxim; and they determined, when their finances should be exhausted,

to die as they had lived, like gentlemen. Some of their members had the luck to get a reprieve by a good run at cards, and others by snapping up a rich heiress or a dowager; while the rest, who were not cut off in the natural way by duels or the gallows, very resolutely made their *quietus* with laudanum or the pistol. The last that remained of this society had very calmly prepared for his own execution: he had cocked his pistol, deliberately placed the muzzle of it to his temple, and was just going to pull the trigger, when he bethought himself that he could employ it to better purpose upon Hounslow heath. This brave man, however, had but a very short respite, and was obliged to suffer the ignominy of going out of the world in the vulgar way, by an halter.

The enemies of play will perhaps consider those gentlemen, who boldly stake their whole fortunes at the gaming table, in the same view with these desperadoes; and they may even go so far as to regard the polite and honourable assembly at White's as a kind of Last Guinea Club. Nothing, they will say, is so fluctuating as the property of a gamester, who (when luck runs against him) throws away whole acres at every cast of the dice, and whose houses are as unsure a possession, as if they were built with cards. Many indeed, have been reduced to their last guinea at this genteel gaming-house; but the most inveterate enemies to White's must allow, that it is but now and then, that a gamester of quality, who looks upon it as an even bet whether there is another world, takes his chance, and dispatches himself, when the odds are against him in this.

But

But however free the gentlemen of White's may be from any imputation of this kind, it must be confessed, that suicide begins to prevail so generally, that it is the most gallant exploit, by which our modern heroes chuse to signalize themselves; and in this, indeed, they behave with uncommon prowess. From the days of Plato down to these, a suicide has always been compared to a soldier on guard deserting his post: but I should rather consider a set of these desperate men, who rush on certain death, as a body of troops sent out on the forlorn hope. They meet every face of death, however horrible, with the utmost resolution: some blow their brains out with a pistol; some expire like Socrates, by poison; some fall, like Cato, on the point of their own swords; and others, who have lived like Nero, affect to die like Seneca, and bleed to death. The most exalted geniuses I ever remember to have heard of, were a party of reduced gamesters, who bravely resolved to pledge each other in a bowl of laudanum. I was lately informed of a gentleman, who went among his usual companions at the gaming-table the day before he made away with himself, and coolly questioned them, which they thought the easiest and genteelest method of going out of the world: for there is as much difference between a mean person and a man of quality in their manner of destroying themselves, as in their manner of living. The poor sneaking wretch, starving in a garret, tucks himself up in his list garters; a second, crost in love, drowns himself like a blind puppy in Rosamond's pond; and a third cuts his throat with his own razor. But the man of fashion
almost:

almost always dies by a pistol; and even the cobbler of any spirit goes off by a dose or two extraordinary of gin.

But this false notion of courage, however noble it may appear to the desperate and abandoned, in reality amounts to no more than the resolution of the highwayman, who shoots himself with his own pistol, when he finds it impossible to avoid being taken. All practicable means, therefore, should be devised to extirpate such absurd bravery, and to make it appear every way horrible, odious, contemptible, and ridiculous. From reading the publick prints a foreigner might be naturally led to imagine, that we are the most lunatick people in the whole world. Almost every day informs us, that the coroner's inquest has sat on the body of some miserable suicide, and brought in their verdict *lunacy*; but it is very well known, that the enquiry has not been made into the state of mind of the deceased, but into his fortune and family. The law has indeed provided, the deliberate self-murderer should be treated like a brute, and denied the rites of burial: but among hundreds of *lunatics by purchase*, I never knew this sentence executed but on one poor cobbler, who hanged himself in his own stall. A pennyless poor wretch, who has not left enough to defray the funeral charges, may perhaps be excluded the churchyard; but self-murder by a pistol qualifies the polite owner for a *sudden death*, and entitles him to a pompous burial, and a monument setting forth his virtues in Westminster Abby. Every man in his sober senses must wish, that the most severe laws that could possibly be contrived were enacted against suicides. This shocking
bravado

bravado never did (and I am confident never will) prevail among the more delicate and tender sex in our own nation: though history informs us, that the Roman ladies were once so infatuated as to throw off the softness of their nature, and commit violence on themselves, till the madness was curbed by the exposing their naked bodies in the public streets. This, I think, would afford an hint for fixing the like mark of ignominy on our male suicides; and I would have every lower wretch of this sort dragged at the cart's tail, and afterwards hung in chains at his own door, or have his quarters put up *in terrorem* in the most public places, as a rebel to his Maker. But that the suicide of quality might be treated with more respect, he should be indulged in having his wounded corpse and shattered brains laid (as it were) in state for some days; of which dreadful spectacle we may conceive the horror from the following picture drawn by Dryden:

The slayer of himself too saw I there:

The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair:

With eyes half clos'd, and mouth wide ope he lay,

And grim as when he breath'd his sullen soul away,

The common murderer has his skeleton preserved at Surgeons-Hall, in order to deter others from being guilty of the same crime; and I think it would not be improper to have a charnel-house set apart to receive the bones of these more unnatural self-murderers, in which monuments should be erected, giving an account of their deaths, and adorned with the glorious
ensigns

ensigns of their rashness, the rope, the knife, the sword, or the pistol.

The cause of these frequent self-murders among us has been generally imputed to the peculiar temperature of our climate. Thus a dull day is looked upon as a natural order of execution, and Englishmen must necessarily shoot, hang, and drown themselves in November. That our spirits are in some measure influenced by the air cannot be denied; but we are not such mere barometers as to be driven to despair and death by the small degree of gloom that our winter brings with it. If we have not so much sunshine as some countries in the world, we have infinitely more than many others; and I do not hear that men dispatch themselves by dozens in Russia or Sweden, or that they are unable to keep up their spirits even in the total darkness of Greenland. Our climate exempts us from many diseases, to which other more southern nations are naturally subject; and I can never be persuaded, that being born near the North pole is a physical cause for self-murder.

Despair, indeed, is the natural cause of these shocking actions; but this is commonly despair brought on by wilful extravagance and debauchery. These first involve men into difficulties, and then death at once delivers them of their lives and their cares. For my part, when I see a young profligate wantonly squandering his fortune in bagnios or at the gaming-table, I cannot help looking on him as hastening his own death, and in a manner digging his own grave. As he is at last induced to kill himself by motives arising from his vices, I consider him as dying of
some

some disease, which those vices naturally produce. If his extravagance has been chiefly in luxurious eating and drinking, I imagine him poisoned by his wines, or surfeited by a favourite dish; and if he has thrown away his estate in bawdy-houses, I conclude him destroyed by rottenness and filthy diseases.

Another principal cause of the frequency of suicide is the noble spirit of free-thinking, which has diffused itself among all ranks of people. The libertine of fashion has too refined a taste to trouble himself at all about a soul or an hereafter; but the vulgar infidel is at wonderful pains to get rid of his bible, and labours to persuade himself out of his religion. For this purpose he attends constantly at the disputant societies, where he hears a great deal about free-will, free-agency, and predestination, till at length he is convinced, that man is at liberty to do as he pleases, lays his misfortunes to the charge of Providence, and comforts himself that he was inevitably destined to be tyed up in his own garters. The courage of these heroes proceeds from the same principles, whether they fall by their own hands, or those of Jack Ketch: the suicide of whatever rank looks death in the face without shrinking; as the gallant rogue affects an easy unconcern under Tyburn, throws away the psalm-book, bids the cart drive off with an oath, and swings like a gentleman.

Connoisseur.

C H A P. XIX.

S U P E R S T I T I O N S.

An enumeration of those observed in the country.

YOU must know, Mr. Town, that I am just returned from a visit of a fortnight to an old aunt in the North ; where I was mightily diverted with the traditional superstitions, which are most religiously preserved in the family, as they have been delivered down (time out of mind) from their sagacious grandmothers.

When I arrived, I found the mistress of the house very busily employed, with her two daughters, in nailing an horse-shoe to the threshold of the door. This, they told me, was to guard against the spiteful designs of an old woman, who was a witch, and had threatened to do the family a mischief, because one of my young cousins laid two straws across, to see if the old hag could walk over them. The young lady assured me, that she had several times heard Goody Cripple muttering to herself ; and to be sure she was saying the Lord's Prayer backwards. Besides, the old woman had very often asked them for a pin : but they took care never to give her any thing that was sharp, because she should not bewitch them. They afterwards told me many other particulars of this kind, the same as
are

are mentioned with infinite humour by the SPECTATOR: and to confirm them, they assured me, that the eldest miss, when she was little, used to have fits, 'till the mother flung a knife at another old witch, (whom the devil had carried off in an high wind) and fetched blood from her.

When I was to go to bed, my aunt made a thousand apologies for not putting me in the best room in the house; which (she said) had never been lain in, since the death of an old washer-woman, who walked every night, and haunted that room in particular. They fancied that the old woman had hid money somewhere, and could not rest 'till she had told somebody; and my cousin assured me, that she might have had it all to herself; for the spirit came one night to her bed-side, and wanted to tell her, but she had not courage to speak to it. I learned also, that they had a footman once, who hanged himself for love; and he walked for a great while, 'till they got the parson to lay him in the Red Sea.

I had not been here long, when an accident happened, which very much alarmed the whole family. Towzer one night howled most terribly; which was a sure sign, that somebody belonging to them would die. The youngest miss declared, that she had heard the hen crow that morning; which was another fatal prognostic. They told me, that, just before uncle died, Towzer howled so for several nights together, that they could not quiet him; and my aunt heard the death-watch tick as plainly, as if there had been a clock in the room: the maid too, who sat up with him, heard a bell toll
at

at the top of the stairs, the very moment the breath went out of his body. During this discourse, I overheard one of my cousins whisper the other, that she was afraid their mamma would not live long; for she smelt an ugly smell, like a dead carcass. They had a dairy maid, who died the very week after an hearse had stopt at their door in its way to church: and the eldest miss, when she was but thirteen, saw her own brother's ghost, (who was gone to the West-Indies) walking in the garden; and to be sure, nine months after, they had an account, that he died on board the ship, the very same day, and hour of the day, that miss saw his apparition.

I need not mention to you the common incidents, which were accounted by them no less prophetic. If a cinder popped from the fire, they were in haste to examine whether it was a purse or a coffin. They were aware of my coming long before I arrived, because they had seen a stranger on the grate. The youngest miss will let nobody use the poker but herself; because, when she stirs the fire, it always burns bright, which is a sign she will have a brisk husband: and she is no less sure of a good one, because she generally has ill luck at cards. Nor is the candle less oracular than the fire: for the squire of the parish came one night to pay them a visit, when the tallow winding-sheet pointed towards him; and he broke his neck soon after in a fox-chace. My aunt one night observed with great pleasure a letter in the candle; and the very next day one came from her son in London. We knew, when a spirit was in the room, by the candle burning blue: but poor
cousin

cousin Nancy was ready to cry one time, when she snuffed it out, and could not blow it in again; though her sister did it at a whiff, and consequently triumphed in her superior virtue.

We had no occasion for an almanack or the weather-glass, to let us know whether it would rain or shine. One evening I proposed to ride out with my cousins the next day to see a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood; but my aunt assured us it would be wet, she knew very well, from the shooting of her corn. Besides, there was a great spider crawling up the chimney, and the blackbird in the kitchen began to sing; which were both of them as certain fore-runners of rain. But the most to be depended on in these cases is a tabby cat, which usually lies basking on the parlour hearth. If the cat turned her tail to the fire, we were to have an hard frost; if the cat licked her tail, rain would certainly ensue. They wondered, what stranger they should see; because puss washed her foot over her left ear. The old lady complained of a cold, and her eldest daughter remarked, it would go through the family; for she observed, that poor Tab had sneezed several times. Poor Tab, however, once flew at one of my cousins: for which she had like to have been destroyed, as the whole family began to think she was no other than a witch.

It is impossible to tell you the several tokens, by which they know whether good or ill luck will happen to them. Spilling the salt, or laying knives across, are every where accounted ill omens; but a pin with the head turned towards you, or to be followed by a strange dog, I found were very lucky. I heard one of my cousins tell
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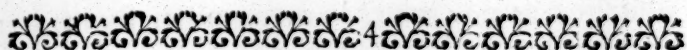
the cookmaid, that she boiled away all her sweet-hearts, because she had let her dish-water boil over. The same young lady one morning came down to breakfast with her cap the wrong side out ; which the mother observing, charged her not to alter it all day, for fear she should turn luck.

But, above all, I could not help remarking the various prognosticks which the old lady and her daughters used to collect from almost every part of the body. A white speck upon the nails made them as sure of a gift as if they had it already in their pockets. The eldest sister is to have one husband more than the youngest, because she has one wrinkle more in her forehead ; but the other will have the advantage of her in the number of children, as was plainly proved by snapping their finger-joints. It would take up too much room to set down every circumstance, which I observed of this sort during my stay with them : I shall therefore conclude my letter with the several remarks on other parts of the body, as far as I could learn them from this prophetic family : for as I was a relation, you know, they had less reserve.

If the head itches, it is a sign of rain. If the head aches, it is a profitable pain. If you have the tooth-ache, you don't love true. If your eye-brow itches, you will see a stranger. If your right eye itches, you will cry ; if your left, you will laugh : but left or right is good at night. If your nose itches, you will shake hands with, or kiss a fool ; drink a glass of wine, run against a cuckold's door, or miss them all four. If your right ear or cheek burns, your left friends are talking of you ; if your left, your
right

right friends are talking of you. If your elbow itches, you will change your bedfellow. If your right hand itches, you will pay away money; if your left, you will receive. If your stomach itches, you will eat pudding. If your back itches, butter will be cheap when grass grows there. If your side itches, somebody is wishing for you. If your gartering place itches, you will go to a strange place. If your foot itches, you will tread upon strange ground. Lastly,——If you shiver, somebody is walking over your grave.

Connoisseur.



C H A P. XX.

S U S P I C I O N.

The concomitant of guilt, as well as a foe to virtue and happiness.

SUSPICION, however necessary it may be to our safe passage through ways beset on all sides by fraud and malice, has been always considered, when it exceeds the common measures of prudent caution, as a token of depravity and corruption. An old Greek writer of a sententious precept has laid down as a standing maxim, That he who believes not another on his oath, knows himself to be perjured.

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We can form our opinions of that which we know not, only by placing it in comparison with something that we know: whoever therefore is over-run with suspicion, and detects artifice and stratagem in every proposal, must either have learned by experience or observation the wickedness of mankind, and been taught to avoid fraud by having often been deceived; or he must derive his judgment from the consciousness of his disposition, and impute to others the same inclinations which he feels predominant in himself.

To learn caution by turning our eyes upon life, and observing the arts by which negligence is surprised, timidity overborn, and credulity amused, requires either great latitude of converse and long acquaintance with business, or uncommon activity of vigilance and acuteness of penetration. When therefore a young man, not distinguished by superior vigour of intellect, comes into the world full of scruples and diffidence; makes a bargain with many provisional limitations; hesitates in his answer to a common question, lest more should be intended than he can immediately discover; has a long reach in detecting the projects of his acquaintance; considers every caress as an act of hypocrisy, and feels neither gratitude nor affection from the tenderness of his friends, because he believes no one to have any real tenderness but for himself; whatever expectations this early sagacity may raise of his future eminence or riches, I can seldom forbear to consider him as a wretch incapable of generosity or benevolence, as a villain early completed beyond the need of common opportunities and gradual temptations.

Upon men of this class instruction and admonition are generally thrown away, because they consider artifice and deceit as proofs of understanding; they are misled at the same time by the two great seducers of the world, vanity and interest, and not only look upon those, who act with openness and confidence, as condemned by their principles to obscurity and want, but as contemptible for narrowness of comprehension, shortness of views, and slowness of contrivance.

The world have been long amused with the mention of policy in public transactions, and of art in private affairs; they have been considered as the effects of great qualities, and as unattainable by men of the common level: yet I have not found many performances either of art or policy, that required such stupendous efforts of intellect as might not have been effected by falsehood and impudence, without the assistance of any other persons. To profess what he does not mean, to promise what he cannot perform, to flatter ambition with prospects of promotion, and misery with hopes of relief, to soothe pride with appearances of submission, and appease enmity by blandishments and bribes, can surely imply nothing more or greater than a mind devoted wholly to its own purposes, a face that cannot blush, and a heart that cannot feel.

These practices are so mean and base, that he who finds in himself no tendency to use them, cannot easily believe that they are considered by others with less detestation; he therefore suffers himself to slumber in false security, and becomes a prey to those who applaud their own subtilty,
because

because they know how to steal upon his sleep, and exult in the success which they could never have obtained, had they not attempted a man better than themselves; who was hindered from obviating their stratagems not by folly, but by innocence.

Suspicion is, indeed, a temper so uneasy and restless, that it is very justly appointed the concomitant of guilt. It is said, that no torture is equal to the inhibition of sleep long continued; a pain, to which the state of that man bears a very exact analogy, who dares never give rest to his vigilance and circumspection, but considers himself as surrounded by secret foes, and fears to intrust his children, or his friend, with the secret that throbs in his breast, and the anxieties that break into his face. To avoid, at this expence, those evils to which easiness and friendship might have exposed him, is surely to buy safety at too dear a rate, and in the language of the Roman satirist, to save life by losing all for which a wise man would live.

When in the diet of the German empire, as Camerarius relates, the princes were once displaying their felicity, and each boasting the advantages of his own dominions, one who possessed a country not remarkable for the grandeur of its cities, or the fertility of its soil, rose to speak, and the rest listened between pity and contempt, till he declared, in honour of his territories, that he could travel through them without a guard, and if he was weary, sleep in safety upon the lap of the first man whom he should meet; a commendation which would have been ill exchanged for the boast of palaces, pastures, or streams.

Suspicion is not less an enemy to virtue than to happiness: he that is already corrupt is naturally suspicious, and he that becomes suspicious will quickly be corrupt. It is too common for us to learn the frauds by which ourselves have suffered; men who are once persuaded that deceit will be employed against them, sometimes think the same arts justified by the necessity of defence. Even they whose virtue is too well established to give way to example, or be shaken by sophistry, must yet feel their love of mankind diminished with their esteem, and grow less zealous for the happiness of those by whom they imagine their own happiness endangered.

Thus we find old age, upon which suspicion has been strongly impressed by long intercourse with the world, inflexible and severe, not easily softened by submission, melted by complaint, or subdued by supplication. Frequent experience of counterfeited miseries, and dissembled virtue, in time overcomes that disposition to tenderness and sympathy, which is so powerful in our younger years; and they that happen to petition the old for compassion or assistance, are doomed to languish without regard, and suffer for the crimes of men who have formerly been found undeserving or ungrateful.

Rambler.

C H A P. XXI.

S W E A R I N G.

An indelicate as well as a wicked practice.

AS there are some vices, which the vulgar have presumed to copy from the great ; so there are others, which the great have condescended to borrow from the vulgar. Among these, I cannot but set down the shocking practice of cursing and swearing ; a practice, which (to say nothing at present of its impiety and prophaneness) is low and indelicate, and places the man of quality on the same level with the chairman at his door. A gentleman would forfeit all pretensions to that title, who should chuse to embellish his discourse with the oratory of Billingsgate, and converse in the style of an oyster-woman : but it is accounted no disgrace to him to use the same coarse expressions of cursing and swearing with the meanest of the mob. For my own part, I cannot see the difference between a *By-gad* or a *Gad dem-me* minced and softened by a genteel pronunciation from well-bred lips, and the same expression bluntly bolted out from the broad mouth of a porter or hackney-coachman.

I shall purposely wave making any reflections on the impiety of this practice, as I am satisfi-

fied they would have but little weight either with the *beau-monde* or the *canaille*. The swearer of either station devotes himself piecemeal, as it were, to destruction; pours out anathemas against his eyes, his heart, his soul, and every part of his body; nor does he scruple to extend the same good wishes to the limbs and joints of his friends and acquaintance. This they both do with the same fearless unconcern; but with this only difference, that the Gentleman-swearer damns himself and others with the greatest civility and good-breeding imaginable.

My predecessor the Tatler gives us an account of a certain humourist, who got together a party of noted swearers to dinner with him, and ordered their discourses to be taken down in short-hand; which being afterwards repeated to them, they were extremely startled and surprized at their own common talk. A dialogue of this nature would be no improper supplement to Swift's *polite conversation*; though, indeed, it would appear too shocking to be set down in print. But I cannot help wishing, that it were possible to draw out a catalogue of the fashionable oaths and curses in present use at Arthur's, or at any other polite assembly: by which means the company themselves would be led to imagine, that their conversation had been carried on between the lowest of the mob; and they would blush to find, that they had gleaned the choicest phrases from lanes and alleys, and enriched their discourse with the elegant dialect of Wapping and Broad St. Giles's.

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The legislature has indeed provided against this offence, by affixing a penalty on every delinquent according to his station : but this law, like those made against gaming, is of no effect ; while the genteeler sort of swearers pour forth the same execrations at the hazard-table or in the tennis-court, which the more ordinary gamesters repeat, with the same impunity, over the shuffle-board or in the skittle-alley. Indeed, were this law to be rigorously put in execution, there would appear to be little or no proportion in the punishment : since the gentleman would escape by depositing his crown ; while the poor wretch, who cannot raise a shilling, must be clapped into the stocks or sent to Bridewell. But as the offence is exactly the same, I would also have no distinction made in the treatment of the offenders : and it would be a most ridiculous but a due mortification to a man of quality, to be obliged to thrust his leg through the same stocks with a carman or a coal-heaver ; since he first degraded himself, and qualified himself for their company, by talking in the same mean dialect.

I am aware that it will be pleaded in excuse for this practice, that oaths and curses are intended only as mere expletives, which serve to round a period, and give a grace and spirit to conversation. But there are still some old-fashioned creatures, who adhere to their common acceptation, and cannot help thinking it a very serious matter, that a man should devote his body to the devil, or call down damnation on his soul. Nay, the swearer himself, like the old man in the fable calling upon Death, would be

exceeding loth to be taken at his word ; and while he wishes destruction to every part of his body, would be highly concerned to have a limb rot away, his nose fall off, or an eye drop out of the socket. It would therefore be adviseable to substitute some other terms equally unmeaning, and at the same time remote from the vulgar cursing and swearing.

It is recorded to the honour of the famous Dean Stanhope, that in his younger days, when he was chaplain to a regiment, he reclaimed the officers, who were much addicted to this vulgar practice, by the following method of reproof : One evening, as they were all in company together, after they had been very eloquent in this kind of rhetoric, so natural to the gentlemen of the army, the worthy Dean took occasion to tell a story in his turn ; in which he frequently repeated the words *bottle* and *glass*, instead of the usual expletives of *God*, *devil*, and *damn*, which he did not think quite so becoming for one of his cloth to make free with. I would recommend it to our people of fashion to make use of the like innocent phrases, whenever they are obliged to have recourse to these substitutes for thought and expression. “ Bottle and glass” might be introduced with great energy in the table-talk at the King’s-Arms or St. Alban’s taverns. The gamester might be indulged without offence, in swearing by the “ knave of clubs,” or the “ curse of Scotland ;” or he might with some propriety retain the old execration of “ the deuce take it.” The beau should be allowed to swear by his “ gracious self,” which is the god of his idolatry ;

try ; and the common expletives should consist only of "upon my word, and upon my honour ;" which terms, whatever sense they might formerly bear, are at present understood only as words of course without meaning.

Connoisseur.



C H A P. XXII.

S Y M P A T H Y.

S E C T. I.

A. source of the sublime.

IT is by the passion of Sympathy that we enter into the concerns of others ; that we are moved as they are moved, and are never suffered to be indifferent spectators of almost any thing which men can do or suffer. For Sympathy must be considered as a sort of substitution, by which we are put into the place of another man, and affected in a good measure as he is affected ; so that this passion may either partake of the nature of those which regard self-preservation, and turning upon pain may be a source of the sublime ; or it may turn upon ideas of pleasure, and then, whatever has been said of the social affections, whether they regard society in general, or only some particular

particular modes of it, may be applicable here.

It is by this principle chiefly that poetry, painting, and other affecting arts, transfuse their passions from one breast to another, and are often capable of grafting a delight on wretchedness, misery, and death itself. It is a common observation, That objects, which in the reality would shock, are in tragical and such like representations, the source of a very high species of pleasure. This, taken as a fact, has been the cause of much reasoning. This satisfaction has been commonly attributed, first, to the comfort we receive in considering that so melancholy a story is no more than a fiction; and next, to the contemplation of our own freedom from the evils we see represented. I am afraid it is a practice much too common in enquiries of this nature, to attribute the cause of feelings which merely arise from the mechanical structure of our bodies, or from the natural frame and constitution of our minds, to certain conclusions of the reasoning faculty on the objects presented to us; for I have some reason to apprehend, that the influence of reason in producing our passions is nothing near so extensive as is commonly believed.

Bourke on the Sublime.

S E C T. II.

Its effects in the distresses of others.

TO examine this point concerning the effect of tragedy in a proper manner, we must previously consider, how we are affected by the feelings

feelings of our fellow-creatures in circumstances of real distress. I am convinced we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others ; for let the affection be what it will in appearance, if it does not make us shun such objects, if on the contrary it induces us to approach them, if it makes us dwell upon them, in this case I conceive we must have a delight or pleasure of some species or other, in contemplating objects of this kind. Do we not read the authentic histories of scenes of this nature with as much pleasure as romances or poems, where the incidents are fictitious ! The prosperity of no empire, nor the grandeur of no king, can so agreeably affect in the reading, as the ruin of the state of Macedon, and the distress of its unhappy prince. Such a catastrophe touches us in history, as much as the destruction of Troy does in fable. Our delight in cases of this kind is very greatly heightened, if the sufferer be some excellent person who sinks under an unworthy fortune. Scipio and Cato are both virtuous characters ; but we are more deeply affected by the violent death of the one, and the ruin of the great cause he adhered to, than with the deserved triumphs and uninterrupted prosperity of the other ; for terror is a passion which always produces delight when it does not press too close, and pity is a passion accompanied with pleasure, because it arises from love and social affection. Whenever we are formed by nature to any active purpose, the passion which animates us to it, is attended with delight, or a pleasure of some kind, let the subject matter be what it will ; and as our

Creator has designed we should be united together by so strong a bond as that of Sympathy, he has therefore twisted along with it a proportionable quantity of this ingredient ; and always in the greatest proportion where our Sympathy is most wanted, in the distresses of others. If this passion was simply painful, we should shun with the greatest care, all persons and places that could excite such a passion ; as, some who are so far gone in indolence as not to endure any strong impression, actually do. But the case is widely different with the greater part of mankind ; there is no spectacle we so eagerly pursue, as that of some uncommon and grievous calamity ; so that whether the misfortune is before our eyes, or whether they are turned back to it in history, it always touches with delight ; but it is not an unmixed delight, but blended with no small uneasiness. The delight we have in such things, hinders us from shunning scenes of misery ; and the pain we feel, prompts us to relieve ourselves in relieving those who suffer ; and all this antecedent to any reasoning, by an instinct that works us to its own purposes, without our concurrence.

Ibid.

B O O K XIX.

C H A P. I.

T A S T E.

S E C T. I.

True Taste defined, and false pretences to it exposed.

OF all the various subjects that have yet exercised the geniusses of modern writers, that of Taste has appeared to be the most difficult to treat; because almost all of them have lost themselves in endeavouring to trace its source. They have generally indeed referred us for its origin to the polite and imitative arts; whereas those are rather its offspring, than its parents. Perhaps their mistakes in the treating this delicate subject may have arisen from the great resemblance which False Taste bears to True, which hasty and inaccurate observers will find as difficult to distinguish, as to discern Pinchbeck's metal from genuine gold at the first transient glance. To the end therefore that the ideas of our fine gentlemen may be somewhat more precisely adjusted upon this important article, I shall venture to assert, that the first thing necessary for those who wish to acquire a True Taste, is, to prepare their minds by an early pursuit and love of moral order, propriety, and all the rational

rational beauties of a just and well-regulated conduct.

True Taste, like good-breeding in behaviour, seems to be the easiest thing in nature to attain ; but yet, where it does not grow spontaneously, it is a plant of all others the most difficult to cultivate. It must be sown upon a bed of virgin-sense, and kept perfectly clean of every weed that may prevent or retard its growth. It was long erroneously thought to be an exotic ; but experience has convinced us that it will bear the cold of our most northern provinces. I could produce instances to confirm this assertion, from almost every county of Great Britain and Ireland.

The folly is, that every man thinks himself capable of arriving at perfection in this divine accomplishment : but Nature hath not dispensed her gifts in such profusion. There is but one sun to illuminate our earth, while the stars that twinkle with inferior lustre are innumerable. Thus those great geniusses that are the perfect models of True Taste, are extremely rare, while thousands daily expose themselves to ruin and ridicule by vain and awkward imitations.

Perhaps to arrive at Taste in one single branch of polite refinement, might not be altogether so fruitless an ambition : but the absurdity is to aim at an universal Taste. Now this will best appear by observing what numbers miscarry even in the most confined pursuit of this difficult accomplishment. One seeks this coy mistress in books and study ; others pursue her through France, through Italy, nay, through Spain ; and after all their labours, we have frequently seen them ridiculously embracing pedantry and
foppery.

foppery with the raptures due alone to Taste. Thus it happens with many deluded travellers in the fields of gallantry, who enjoy fancied familiarities with women of the first rank, whose names and titles strumpets have assumed, to deceive the vain, the ignorant, and the unwary.

It is thought the *Bona Dea* of the Romans, was nothing more than the goddess of Taste. Ladies alone were admitted to her mysteries. The natural indelicacy indeed of the stronger sex seems to countenance this opinion; women in general having finer and more exquisite sensations than men; and it is a thorough acquaintance with the virtues and charms of that most amiable part of our species which constitutes the most essential quality of a man of Taste. Who indeed ever knew a mere soldier, a mere politician, a mere scholar, to be a man of Taste?

Were we to erect a temple to Taste, every Science should furnish a pillar, every Virtue should there have an altar, and the three Graces should hold the high-priesthood in commission.

We daily see pretenders to this quality endeavouring to display it in a parade of dress and equipage; but these, alas! can only produce a beau. We see others set up for it amongst cards and dice; but these can create nothing better than a gamester. Others in brothels, which only form a debauchee. Some have run for it at New-market; some have drank for it at the King's-arms: the former, to their great surprize, have acquired only the title of good jockeys, the latter of jolly Bucks. There
are

are many who aim at it in literary compositions, and gain at most the character of intruding authors.

However, this general pursuit of Taste has its uses: those numbers who go in quest of it, where it is never to be found, serve at least as so many marks that teach us to avoid steering the same unsuccessful course.

The plain truth of the matter is, a house filled with fine pictures, the sideboard loaded with massy plate, the splendid equipage, with all the hey-dukes, pages and servants that attend it, do not entitle the possessor to be called a Man of Taste: they only bring with them either anxiety or contempt to those whose rank and fortunes are not equal to such ostentation. I will be bold to say therefore, notwithstanding some readers will doubtless look upon me as an unpolished Vandal, that the best instance any man can give of his Taste, is to shew that he has too much delicacy to relish any thing so low and little, as the purchase of superfluities, at another's cost, or with his own ruin. At least the placid satisfaction of that man's heart, who prudently measures his expences, and confines his desires within the circle of his annual revenue, begets that well-ordered disposition of mind, without which it is impossible to merit the character of a man of just refined Taste.

Certain it is, that he best discovers the justness of his Taste, who best knows how to pursue and secure the most solid and lasting happiness. Now where shall we look for this, with so much probability of finding it, as in temperance and tranquillity of mind, in social and domestic

domestic enjoyments? Are not these the first and most essential objects of Taste? Certainly they are, and when a man has once acquired these, he may, if fortune and nature have properly qualified him, launch out into a more extensive compass, and display his genius in a larger circle.

The World.

S E C T. II.

A vague term.

TASTE is at present the darling idol of the polite world, and the world of letters; and, indeed, seems to be considered as the quintessence of almost all the arts and sciences. The fine ladies and gentlemen dress with Taste; the architects, whether Gothic or Chinese, build with Taste; the poets write with Taste; critics read with Taste; the painters paint with Taste; and in short, fiddlers, players, singers, dancers, and mechanics themselves, are the sons and daughters of Taste. Yet in this amazing superabundance of Taste, few can say what it really is, or what the word itself signifies. Should I attempt to define it in the style of a connoisseur, I must run over the names of all the famous poets, painters, and sculptors, ancient and modern; and after having pompously harangued on the excellencies of Apelles, Phidias, Praxiteles, Angelo, Rubens, Poussin, and Dominichino, with a word or two on all tasteful compositions, such as those of Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Dante, and Ariosto, I should leave the reader in wonder of my profound erudition, and as little informed as before.

But

But as deep learning, though more flaming and pompous, is perhaps not always so useful as common sense, I shall endeavour to get at the true meaning of the word Taste, by considering what it usually imports in familiar writings and ordinary conversation.

It is supposed by Locke, and other close reasoners, that words are intended as signs of our ideas : but daily experience will convince us, that words are often used to express no ideas at all. Thus many persons who talk perpetually of Taste, throw it out as a mere expletive, without any meaning annexed to it. Bardolph, when demanded the meaning of the word *accommodated*, wisely explains it by saying, "that accommodated, Sir, is—a—a—a—accommodated, Sir, as if one should say—a—accommodated : " and if, in like manner, you ask one of these people, What is Taste ? they will tell you that " Taste is a kind of a sort of a—a—a— ; in short, Taste is Taste." These talkers must be considered as absolute blanks in conversation, since it is impossible to learn the explanation of a term from them, as they can give no determinate meaning to any expression.

Among men of sense, whose words carry meaning in their sound, Taste is commonly used in one of these two significations : First, when they give any person the appellation of a Man of Taste, they would intimate that he has a turn for the polite arts, as well as the lesser elegancies of life ; and that from his natural bent to those studies, and his acquired knowledge in them, he is capable of distinguishing what is good or bad in any thing of that kind submitted to his judgment. The meaning at
other

other times implied by a Man of Taste is, that he is not only so far an adept in those matters as to be able to judge of them accurately, but is also possessed of the faculty of executing them gracefully. These two significations will perhaps be more easily conceived, and clearly illustrated, when applied to our Sensual Taste. The Man of Taste, according to the first, may be considered as a *Bon Vivant*, who is fond of the dishes before him, and distinguishes nicely what is savoury and delicious, or flat and insipid, in the ingredients of each : according to the second, he may be regarded as the cook, who from knowing what things will mix well together, and distinguishing by a nice Taste when he was arrived at that happy mixture, is able to compose such exquisite dishes.

Both these significations of the word will be found agreeable to the following definition of it, which I have somewhere seen, and is the only just description of the term, that I ever remember to have met with : "Taste consists in a nice harmony between the fancy and the judgment." The most chastised judgment, without genius, can never constitute a man of Taste ; and the most luxuriant imagination unregulated by judgment, will only carry us into wild and extravagant deviations from it. To mix oil, vinegar, butter, milk, eggs, &c. incoherently together, would make an olio not to be relished by any palate ; and the man who has no goût for delicacies himself, will never compose a good dish, though he should ever so strictly adhere to the rules of La Chapelle, Hannah Glasse, and Martha Bradley.

Connoisseur.
S E C T.

S E C T. III.

Its criterion in relation to fine writing.

T H E charms of the fine arts are literally derived from the Author of all nature, and founded in the original frame and constitution of the human mind. Accordingly, the general principles of Taste are common to our whole species, and arise from that internal sense of beauty which every man, in some degree at least, evidently possesses. No rational mind can be so wholly void of all perceptions of this sort, as to be capable of contemplating the various objects that surround him, with one equal coldness and indifference. There are certain forms which must necessarily fill the soul with agreeable ideas ; and she is instantly determined in her approbation of them, previous to all reasoning concerning their use and convenience. It is upon these general principles, that what is called fine taste in the arts is founded ; and consequently is by no means so precarious and unsettled an idea as you choose to describe it. The truth is, Taste is nothing more than this universal sense of beauty, rendered more exquisite by genius, and more correct by cultivation : and it is from the simple and original ideas of this sort, that the mind learns to form her judgment of the higher and more complex kinds. Accordingly, the whole circle of the imitative and oratorical arts is governed by the same general rules of criticism ; and to prove the certainty of these with respect

spect to any one of them, is to establish their validity with regard to all the rest. I will therefore consider the criterion of Taste in relation to fine writing.

Each species of composition has its distinct perfections: and it would require a much larger compass than a letter affords, to prove their respective beauties to be derived from truth and nature; and consequently reducible to a regular and precise standard. I will only mention therefore those general properties which are essential to them all, and without which they must necessarily be defective in their several kinds. These, I think, may be comprehended under uniformity in the design, variety and resemblance in the metaphors and similitudes, together with propriety and harmony in the diction. Now some or all of these qualities constantly attend our ideas of beauty, and necessarily raise that agreeable perception of the mind, in what object soever they appear. The charms of fine composition then, are so far from existing only in the heated imagination of an enthusiastic admirer, that they result from the constitution of Nature herself. And perhaps the principles of criticism are as certain and indisputable, even as those of the mathematics. Thus, for instance, that order is preferable to confusion, that harmony is more pleasing than dissonance, with some few other axioms upon which the science is built; are truths which strike at once upon the mind with the same force of conviction, as that the whole is greater than any of its parts, or, that if from equals you take away equals, the remainder will be equal. And in both cases, the propositions

sitions which rest upon these plain and obvious maxims, seem equally capable of the same evidence of demonstration.

But as every intellectual, as well as animal faculty is improved and strengthened by exercise ; the more the soul exerts this her internal sense of beauty upon any particular object, the more she will enlarge and refine her relish of that peculiar species. For this reason the works of those great masters, whose performances have been long and generally admired, supply a farther criterion of fine taste, equally fixed and certain as that which is immediately derived from Nature herself. The truth is, fine writing is only the art of raising agreeable sensations of the intellectual kind ; and therefore, as by examining those original forms which are adapted to awaken this perception in the mind, we learn what are those qualities, which constitute beauty in general ; so by observing the peculiar instruction of those compositions of genius which have always pleased, we perfect our idea of fine writing in particular. It is this united approbation, in persons of different ages and of various characters and languages, that Longinus has made the test of the true Sublime ; and he might with equal justice have extended the same criterion to all the inferior excellencies of elegant composition. Thus the deference paid to the performances of the great masters of antiquity, is fixed upon just and solid reasons : it is not because Aristotle and Horace have given us the rules of criticism, that we submit to their authority ; it is because those rules are derived from works which have been distinguished by the uninterrupted admiration of all the

the more improved part of mankind, from their earliest appearance down to this present hour. For whatever, through a long series of ages, has been universally esteemed as beautiful, cannot but be conformable to our just and natural ideas of beauty.

The opposition, however, which sometimes divides the opinion of those whose judgments may be supposed equal and perfect, is urged as a powerful objection against the reality of a fixed canon of criticism : it is a proof, you think, that after all which can be said of fine taste, it must ultimately be resolved into the peculiar relish of each individual. But this diversity of sentiments will not, of itself, destroy the evidence of the criterion ; since the same effect may be produced by numberless other causes. A thousand accidental circumstances may concur in counteracting the force of the rule, even allowing it to be ever so fixed and invariable, when left in its free and uninfluenced state. Not to mention that false bias which party or personal dislike may fix upon the mind, the most unprejudiced critic will find it difficult to disengage himself entirely from those partial affections in favour of particular beauties, to which either the general course of his studies, or the peculiar cast of his temper, may have rendered him most sensible. But as perfection in any works of genius results from the united beauty and propriety of its several distinct parts, and as it is impossible that any human composition should possess all those qualities in their highest and most sovereign degree ; the mind, when she pronounces judgment upon any piece of this sort, is apt to decide of its merit,

merit, as those circumstances which the most admires, either prevail or are deficient. Thus, for instance, the excellency of the Roman masters in painting, consists in beauty of design, nobleness of attitude, and delicacy of expression; but the charms of good colouring are wanting. On the contrary, the Venetian school is said to have neglected design a little too much; but at the same time has been more attentive to the grace and harmony of well-disposed lights and shades. Now it will be admitted by all admirers of this noble art, that no composition of the pencil can be perfect, where either of these qualities are absent; yet the most accomplished judge may be so particularly struck with one or other of these excellences, in preference to the rest, as to be influenced in his censure or applause of the whole tabature, by the predominancy or deficiency of his favourite beauty. Something of this kind (where the meaner prejudices do not operate) is ever, I am persuaded, the occasion of that diversity of sentences which we occasionally hear pronounced by the most improved judges, on the same piece. But this only shews, that much caution is necessary to give a fine Taste its full and unobstructed effect; not that it is in itself uncertain and precarious. *Fitzosborne's Letters.*

C H A P. II.

T E A R S.

Not unworthy of an hero.

IF Tears are arguments 'of cowardice, what shall I say of Homer's hero? Shall Achilles pass for timorous because he wept, and wept on less occasions than Eneas? Herein Virgil must be granted to have excelled his master. For once both heroes are described lamenting their lost loves: Briseis was taken away by force from the Grecian; Creusa was lost forever to her husband. But Achilles went roaring along the salt sea-shore, and like a booby was complaining to his mother, when he should have revenged his injury by his arms. Eneas took a nobler course; for having secured his father and son, he repeated all his former dangers to have found his wife, if she had been above ground.

And here your lordship may observe the address of Virgil; it was not for nothing that this passage was related with all these tender circumstances. Eneas told it; Dido heard it. That he had been so affectionate a husband, was no ill argument to the coming dowager, that he might prove as kind to her. Virgil has a thousand secret beauties, though I have not leisure to remark them.

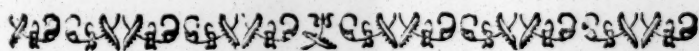
Segrais, on this subject of a hero shedding tears, observes, that historians commend Alexander for weeping, when he read the mighty actions of Achilles ; and Julius Cæsar is likewise praised, when, out of the same noble envy, he wept at the victories of Alexander. But if we observe more closely, we shall find that the tears of Eneas were always on a laudable occasion. Thus he weeps out of compassion and tenderness of nature, when in the temple of Carthage he beholds the pictures of his friends, who sacrificed their lives in defence of their country. He deplores the lamentable end of his pilot Palinurus ; the untimely death of young Pallas his confederate ; and the rest, which I omit. Yet even for these tears, his wretched critics dare condemn him. They make Eneas little better than a kind of St. Swithin's hero, always raining. One of these censors is bold enough to arraign him of cowardice, when, in the beginning of the First Book, he not only weeps, but trembles at an approaching storm :

*Ex templo Eneæ solvuntur frigore membra :
Ingemit & duplices tendens ad sydera palmas, &c.*

But to this I have answered formerly, that his fear was not for himself, but his people. And what can give a sovereign a better commendation, or recommend a hero more to the affection of the reader ? They were threatened with a tempest, and he wept ; he was promised Italy, and therefore he prayed for the accomplishment of that promise. All this in the beginning of a storm ; therefore he shewed the more early piety, and the quicker sense of compassion.

passion. Thus much I have urged elsewhere in the defence of Virgil ; and since I have been informed by Mr. Moyk, a young gentleman whom I can never sufficiently commend, that the ancients accounted drowning an accursed death. So that if we grant him to have been afraid, he had just occasion for that fear, both in relation to himself, and to his subjects.

Dryden.



C H A P. III.

T E R R O R.

A source of the sublime.

NO passion so effectually robs the mind of all its powers of acting and reasoning as Fear ; for Fear being an apprehension of pain or death, it operates in a manner that resembles actual pain. Whatever therefore is terrible with regard to sight, is sublime too, whether this cause of Terror be endued with greatness of dimensions or not ; for it is impossible to look on any thing as trifling or contemptible, that may be dangerous. There are many animals, who, though far from being large, are yet capable of raising ideas of the sublime, because they are considered as objects of Terror ; as serpents and poisonous ani-

mals of almost all kinds. Even to things of great dimensions, if we annex any adventitious idea of Terror, they become without comparison greater. An even plain of a vast extent on land, is certainly no mean idea ; the prospect of such a plain may be as extensive as a prospect of the ocean ; but can it ever fill the mind with any thing so great as the ocean itself ? This is owing to several causes, but it is owing to none more than to this, that the ocean is an object of no small Terror.

Bourke on the Sublime.



CH A P. IV.

T I M E.

That it ought not to be lost.

BEASTS of prey, and I believe of all other kinds, in their natural state of Beings, divide their time between action and rest. They are always at work, or asleep. In short, their waking hours are wholly taken up in seeking after their food, or in consuming it. The human species only, to the great reproach of our natures, are filled with complaints, that “the day hangs heavy on them, that they know not what to do with themselves, that they are at a loss how

how

how to pass away their time," with many of the like shameful mumurs, which we often find in the mouths of those who are styled reasonable beings. How monstrous are such expressions among creatures, who have the labours of the mind, as well as those of the body, to furnish them with proper employments; who, besides the business of their proper callings and professions, can apply themselves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of useful books, to discourse; in a word, who may exercise themselves in the unbounded pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser or better than they were before.

After having been taken up for some time in this course of thought, I diverted myself with a book, according to my usual custom, in order to unbend my mind before I went to sleep. The book I made use of on this occasion was Lucian, where I amused my thoughts for about an hour among the Dialogues of the Dead, which in all probability produced the following dream.

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I saw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, seated on his tribunal. On his left hand stood the keeper of Erebus, on his right the keeper of Elysium. I was told he sat upon women that day, there being several of the sex lately arrived, who had not yet their mansions assigned them. I was surprised to hear him ask every one of them the same question, namely, What they had been doing? Upon this question being proposed to the whole assembly, they stared one upon another, as not knowing what to answer. He

then interrogated each of them separately. "Madam, says he to the first of them, you have been upon the earth about fifty years; what have you been doing all this while?" "Doing, says she, really I don't know what I have been doing: I desire I may have time given me to recollect." After about half an hour's pause she told him, that she had been playing at Crimp; upon which Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on his left hand to take her into custody. "And you, madam, says the judge, that look with such a soft and languishing air, I think you set out for this place in your nine-and-twentieth year, what have you been doing all this while?" "I had a great deal of business on my hands, says she, being taken up the first twelve years of my life in dressing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading plays and romances." "Very well, says he, you have employed your time to good purpose. Away with her." The next was a plain country-woman: "Well, mistress, says Rhadamanthus, and what have you been doing?" "An't please your worship, says she, I did not live quite forty years, and in that time brought my husband seven daughters, made him nine thousand cheeses, and left my eldest girl with him, to look after his house in my absence, and who I may venture to say is as pretty a housewife as any in the country." Rhadamanthus smiled at the simplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elysium to take her into his care. "And you fair lady, says he, what have you been doing these five-and-thirty years?" "I have been doing no hurt, I assure you, sir, said she." "That is well, says he, but what good have you been doing?"

doing?" The lady was in great confusion at this question; and not knowing what to answer, the two keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to Elysium, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to Erebus. But Rhadamanthus observing an ingenuous modesty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for a re-examination when he was more at leisure. An old woman of a proud and sour look, presented herself next to the bar, and being asked what she had been doing, "Truly, says she, I lived threescore and ten years in a very wicked world, and was so angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts, that I past most of my last years in condemning the follies of the times; I was every day blaming the silly conduct of people about me, in order to deter those I conversed with from falling into the like errors and miscarriages." "Very well, says Rhadamanthus, but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions?" "Why truly, says she, I was so taken up with publishing the faults of others, that I had no time to consider my own." "Madam, says Rhadamanthus, be pleased to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that stands behind you. Old gentlewoman, says he, I think you are fourscore? You have heard the question, what have you been doing so long in the world?" "Ah, Sir! says she, I have been doing what I should not have done, but I had made a firm resolution to have changed my life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely end." "Madam, says he, you will please to follow your leader," and spying another of the same age, interro-

gated her in the same form. To which the matron replied, "I have been the wife of a husband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldest son is blest by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it." Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the keeper of Elysium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no sooner touched her but her wrinkles vanished, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with blushes, and she appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman observing that this officer, who conducted the happy to Elysium, was so great a beautifier, longed to be in his hand; so that pressing through the croud, she was the next that appeared at the bar. And being asked what she had been doing the five-and-twenty years that she had past in the world, "I have endeavoured, says she, ever since I came to years of discretion, to make myself lovely and gain admirers. In order to it I past my time in bottling up May-dew, inventing white-washes, mixing colours, cutting out patches, consulting my glass, suiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, sinking my stays"——Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the sign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebus her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole person lost in deformity.

I was

I was then surpris'd with a distant sound of a whole troop of females that came forward laughing, singing and dancing. I was very desirous to know the reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehensive that Rhadamanthus would spoil their mirth : but at their nearer approach the noise grew so very great that it awakened me.

I lay some time reflecting in myself on the oddness of this dream, and could not forbear asking my own heart, what I was doing ? I answered myself, that I was writing Guardians. If my readers make as good a use of this work as I designed they should, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a work that is vain and unprofitable.

I shall conclude with recommending to them the same short self-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his hand upon his heart, and considers what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or, what is worse, the vicious moments of life, lift up his mind when it is running on in a series of indifferent actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in those which are virtuous and laudable ; in a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt, which the best of men have reason to acknowledge in their daily confessions, “ of leaving undone those things which they ought to have done, and of doing those things which they ought not to have done.

Guardian.

C H A P. V.

T R A G E D Y.

Compared with Epic poetry.

TO raise, and afterwards to calm the passions; to purge the soul from pride, by the examples of human miseries which befall the greatest; in few words, to expel arrogance and introduce compassion, are the greatest effects of Tragedy. Great, I must confess, if they were altogether as lasting as they are pompous. But are habits to be introduced at three hours warning? Are radical diseases so suddenly removed? A mountebank may promise such a cure, but a skilful physician will not undertake it. An Epic poem is not so much in haste; it works leisurely; the changes which it makes are slow; but the cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of Tragedy, as I said, are too violent to be lasting. If it be answered, That for this reason Tragedies are often to be seen, and the dose to be repeated; this is tacitly to confess, that there is more virtue in one heroick poem, than in many Tragedies. A man is humbled one day, and his pride returns the next. Chymical medicines are observed to relieve oftener than to cure; for 'tis the nature of spirits to make swift impressions, but not deep. Galenical decoctions, to which I may properly compare an Epic poem,
have

have more of body in them ; they work by their substance and their weight. It is one reason of Aristotle's to prove that Tragedy is the more noble, because it turns in a shorter compass ; the whole action being circumscribed within the space of four-and-twenty hours. He might prove as well that a mushroom is to be preferred before a peach, because it shoots up in the compass of a night. A chariot may be driven round the Pillar in less space than a large machine, because the bulk is not so great. Is the moon a more noble planet than Saturn, because she makes her revolution in less than thirty days ; and he in little less than thirty years ? Both their orbs are in proportion to their several magnitudes ; and, consequently, the quickness or slowness of their motion, and the time of their circumvolutions, is no argument of the greater or less perfection. And besides, what virtue is there in a Tragedy, which is not contained in an Epic poem ? where pride is humbled, virtue rewarded, and vice punished ; and those more amply treated, than the narrowness of the drama can admit ? The shining quality of an Epic hero, his magnanimity, his constancy, his patience, his piety, or whatever characteristical virtue his poet gives him, raises first our admiration : we are naturally prone to imitate what we admire ; and frequent acts produce a habit. If the hero's chief quality be vicious, as, for example, the choler and obstinate desire of vengeance in Achilles, yet the moral is instructive : and besides, we are informed in the very proposition of the Iliad, that this anger was pernicious ; that it brought a thousand ills on the Grecian camp. The courage of Achilles is proposed to imitation,

not his pride and disobedience to his general, nor his brutal cruelty to his dead enemy, nor the selling his body to his father: we abhor those actions while we read them, and what we abhor we never imitate: the poet only shews them, like rocks or quick-sands, to be shunned.

By this example the criticks have concluded, that it is not necessary the manners of the hero should be virtuous. They are poetically good, if they are of a piece. Though where a character of perfect virtue is set before us, 'tis more lovely; for there the whole hero is to be imitated. This is the Eneas of Virgil: this is that idea of perfection in an Epic poem, which painters and statuaries have only in their minds, and which no hands are able to express. These are the beauties of a God in a human body. When the picture of Achilles is drawn in Tragedy, he is taken with those warts and moles, and hard features, by those who represent him on the stage, or he is no more Achilles; for his creator Homer has so described him. Yet even thus he appears a perfect hero, though an imperfect character of virtue. Horace paints him after Homer, and delivers him to be copied on the stage with all those imperfections; therefore they are either not faults in an heroick poem, or faults common to the drama. After all, on the whole merits of the cause it must be acknowledged, that the Epic poem is more for the manners, and Tragedy for the passions. The passions, as I have said, are violent; and acute distempers require medicines of a strong and speedy operation. Ill habits of the mind and chronical diseases are to be corrected by degrees, and cured by alteratives: wherein though purges
are

are sometimes necessary, yet diet, good air, and moderate exercise, have the greatest part. The matter being thus stated, it will appear that both sorts of poetry are of use for their proper ends. The stage is active, the Epic poem works at greater leisure, yet is acted too, when need requires: for dialogue is imitated by the drama, from the more active parts of it. One puts off a fit like the quinquina, and relieves us only for a time; the other roots out the distemper, and gives a healthful habit. The sun enlightens and cheers us, dispels fogs, and warms the ground with his daily beams; but the corn is sowed, increases, is ripened, and reaped for use in process of time, and its proper season. I proceed from the greatness of the action to the dignity of the actors; I mean, to the persons employed in both poems. There likewise Tragedy will be seen to borrow from the Epopee; and that which borrows is always of less dignity, because it has not of its own. A subject, 'tis true, may lend to his sovereign; but the act of borrowing makes the king inferior, because he wants, and the subject supplies. And suppose the persons of the drama wholly fabulous, or of the poet's invention, yet heroic poetry gave him the examples of that invention; because it was first, and Homer the common father of the stage. I know not of any one advantage which Tragedy can boast above heroic poetry, but that it is represented to the view, as well as read; and instructs in the closet, as well as on the theatre. This is an uncontested excellence, and a chief branch of its prerogative; yet I may be allowed to say without partiality, that herein the actors share the poet's praise. Your lordship
knows

knows some modern Tragedies which are beautiful on the stage, and yet I am confident you would not read them. Tryphon the stationer complains they are seldom asked for in his shop. The poet who flourished in the scene, is damned in the *ruelle*; nay more, he is not esteemed a good poet, by those who see and hear his extravagancies with delight. They are a sort of stately fustian and lofty childishness. Nothing but nature can give a sincere pleasure: where that is not imitated, 'tis grotesque painting; the fine woman ends in a fish's tail. *Dryden.*



C H A P. VI.

TRANSLATIONS.

History of.

AMONG the studies which have exercised the ingenious and the learned for more than three centuries, none has been more diligently or more successfully cultivated than the art of translation; by which the impediments which bar the way to science are, in some measure, removed, and the multiplicity of languages becomes less incommodious.

Of every other kind of writing the ancients have left us models which all succeeding ages have

have laboured to imitate; but translation may justly be claimed by the moderns as their own. In the first ages of the world instruction was commonly oral, and learning traditional, and what was not written could not be translated. When alphabetical writing made the conveyance of opinions and the transmission of events more easy and certain, literature did not flourish in more than one country at once, or distant nations had little commerce with each other; and those few whom curiosity sent abroad in quest of improvement, delivered their acquisitions in their own manner, desirous perhaps to be considered as the inventors of that which they had learned from others.

The Greeks for a time travelled into Egypt, but they translated no books from the Egyptian language; and when the Macedonians had overthrown the empire of Persia, the countries that became subject to the Grecian dominion studied only the Grecian literature. The books of the conquered nations, if they had any among them, sunk in oblivion; Greece considered herself as the mistress, if not as the parent of arts, her language contained all that was supposed to be known, and, except the sacred writings of the Old Testament, I know not that the library of Alexandria adopted any thing from a foreign tongue.

The Romans confessed themselves the scholars of the Greeks, and do not appear to have expected, what has since happened, that the ignorance of succeeding ages would prefer them to their teachers. Every man who in Rome aspired to the praise of literature, thought it necessary to learn Greek, and had no need of ver-
sions

sions when they could study the originals. Translation, however, was not wholly neglected. Dramatick poems could be understood by the people in no language but their own, and the Romans were sometimes entertained with the tragedies of Euripides and the comedies of Menander. Other works were sometimes attempted; in an old scholiast there is mention of a Latin Iliad, and we have not wholly lost Tully's version of the poem of Aratus; but it does not appear that any man grew eminent by interpreting another, and perhaps it was more frequent to translate for exercise or amusement, than for fame.

The Arabs were the first nation who felt the ardour of translation: when they had subdued the eastern provinces of the Greek empire, they found their captives wiser than themselves, and made haste to relieve their wants by imparted knowledge. They discovered that many might grow wise by the labour of a few, and that improvements might be made with speed, when they had the knowledge of former ages in their own language. They therefore made haste to lay hold on medicine and philosophy, and turned their chief authors into Arabick. Whether they attempted the poets is not known; their literary zeal was vehement, but it was short, and probably expired before they had time to add the arts of elegance to those of necessity.

The study of ancient literature was interrupted in Europe by the irruption of the northern nations, who subverted the Roman empire, and erected new kingdoms with new languages. It is not strange, that such confusion should suspend literary attention; those who lost, and
those

those who gained dominion, had immediate difficulties to encounter and immediate miseries to redress, and had little leisure, amidst the violence of war, the trepidation of flight, the distresses of forced migration, or the tumults of unsettled conquest, to enquire after speculative truth, to enjoy the amusement of imaginary adventures, to know the history of former ages, or study the events of any other lives. But no sooner had this chaos of dominion sunk into order, than learning began again to flourish in the calm of peace. When life and possessions were secure, convenience and enjoyment were soon sought, learning was found the highest gratification of the mind, and translation became one of the means by which it was imparted.

At last, by a concurrence of many causes, the European world was roused from its lethargy; those arts which had been long obscurely studied in the gloom of monasteries became the general favourites of mankind; every nation vied with its neighbour for the prize of learning; the epidemical emulation spread from south to north, and curiosity and translation found their way to Britain.

He that reviews the progress of English literature, will find that translation was very early cultivated among us, but that some principles, either wholly erroneous or too far extended, hindered our success from being always equal to our diligence.

Chaucer, who is generally considered as the father of our poetry, has left a version of Boetius on the Comforts of Philosophy, the book which seems to have been the favourite of middle
ages,

ages, which had been translated into Saxon by king Alfred, and illustrated with a copious comment ascribed to Aquinas. It may be supposed that Chaucer would apply more than common attention to an author of so much celebrity, yet he has attempted nothing higher than a version strictly literal, and has degraded the poetical parts to prose, that the constraint of versification might not obstruct his zeal for fidelity.

Caxton taught us Typography about the year 1490. The first book printed in English was a translation. Caxton was both the translator and printer of the *Destruccion of Troye*, a book which, in that infancy of learning, was considered as the best account of the fabulous ages, and which, tho' now driven out of notice by authors of no greater use or value, still continued to be read in Caxton's English to the beginning of the present century.

Caxton proceeded as he began, and, except the poems of Gower and Chaucer, printed nothing but translations from the French, in which the original is so scrupulously followed, that they afford us little knowledge of our own language; tho' the words are English, the phrase is foreign.

As learning advanced, new works were adopted into our language, but I think with little improvement of the art of translation, tho' foreign nations and other languages offered us models of a better method; till in the age of Elizabeth we began to find that greater liberty was necessary to elegance, and that elegance was necessary to general reception; some essays

says were then made upon the Italian poets, which deserve the praise and gratitude of posterity.

But the old practice was not suddenly forsaken; Holland filled the nation with literal translation, and, what is yet more strange, the same exactness was obstinately practised in the versions of the poets. This absurd labour of construing into rhyme was countenanced by Johnson in his version of Horace; and whether it be that more men have learning than genius, or that the endeavours of that time were more directed towards knowledge than delight, the accuracy of Johnson found more imitators than the elegance of Fairfax; and May, Sandys, and Holiday, confined themselves to the toil of rendering line for line, not indeed with equal felicity, for May and Sandys were poets, and Holiday only a scholar and a critick.

Feltham appears to consider it as the established law of poetical translation, that the lines should be neither more nor fewer than those of the original, and so long had this prejudice prevailed, that Denham praises Fanshew's version of Guarini as the example of a "new and noble way," as the first attempt to break the boundaries of custom, and assert the natural freedom of the muse.

In the general emulation of wit and genius which the festivity of the Restoration produced, the poets shook off their constraint, and considered translation as no longer confined to servile closeness. But reformation is seldom the work of pure virtue or unassisted reason. Translation was improved more by accident than conviction.

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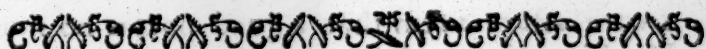
The writers of the foregoing age had at least learning equal to their genius, and being often more able to explain the sentiments or illustrate the allusions of the ancients, than to exhibit their graces and transfuse their spirit, were perhaps willing sometimes to conceal their want of poetry by profusion of literature, and therefore translated literally, that their fidelity might shelter their insipidity or harshness. The wits of Charles's time had seldom more than slight and superficial views, and their care was to hide their want of learning behind the colours of a gay imagination; they therefore translated always with freedom, sometimes with licentiousness, and perhaps expected that their readers should accept spriteliness for knowledge, and consider ignorance and mistake as the impatience and negligence of a mind too rapid to stop at difficulties, and too elevated to descend to minuteness.

Thus was translation made more easy to the writer, and more delightful to the reader; and there is no wonder if ease and pleasure have found their advocates. The paraphrastic liberties have been almost universally admitted; and Sherbourn, whose learning was eminent, and who had no need of any excuse to pass slightly over obscurities, is the only writer who in later times has attempted to justify or revive the ancient severity.

There is undoubtedly a mean to be observed. Dryden saw very early that closeness best preserved an author's sense, and that freedom best exhibited his spirit; he therefore will deserve the highest praise who can give a representation

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at once faithful and pleasing, who can convey the same thoughts with the same graces, and who when he translates changes nothing but the language. *Idler.*



C H A P. VII.

T R A N S L A T O R.

The talents requisite to form a good one.

AFTER all, a translator is to make his author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himself. Translation is a kind of drawing after the life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. 'Tis one thing to draw the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itself perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole. I cannot without some indignation look on an ill copy of an excellent original; much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, so abused, as I may say, to their faces, by a botching interpreter. What
English

English readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me, or any other man, when we commend those authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take those to be the same poets whom our Ogilbys have translated? But I dare assure them that a good poet is no more like himself, in a dull translation, than a carcase would be to his living body. There are many who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother-tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few: 'tis impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them, without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us; the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best of company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted, while he was laying in a stock of learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young men take up some cry'd-up English poet for their model, adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his subject, or his expressions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both

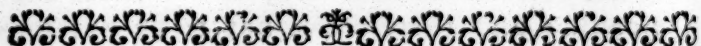
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is unharmonious. Thus it appears necessary, that a man should be a nice critic in his mother-tongue, before he attempts to translate a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to judge of words and style; but he must be a master of them too: he must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own: so that, to be a thorough translator, he must be a thorough poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's sense in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers: for, though all those are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains an harder task; and 'tis a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the style and versification of Virgil and Ovid are very different. Yet I see even in our best poets, who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents; and by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies, which was Virgil, and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble-painter (Sir P. Lely), that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were alike. And this happened to him, because he always studied himself more than those who sat to him. In such translators I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish

distinguish their poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet, yet there is a great distinction to be made in sweetness; as in that of sugar, and in that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding in my translations out of four several poets; Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I considered the genius and distinguishing character of my author. I looked on Virgil as a succinct, grave, and majestic writer; one who weighed, not only every thought, but every word and syllable; who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could; for which reason he is so very figurative, that he requires (I may almost say) a grammar apart to construe him. His verse is every where sounding the very thing in your ears whose sense it bears; yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to encrease the delight of the reader; so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of music in their verses. All the versification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compass of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the same tenour; perpetually closing his sense at the end of a verse, and verse commonly which they call golden, or two substantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his sweetness, has as little variety of numbers and sound as he: he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verse runs upon carpet-ground. He avoids, like the other,
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all synalæpha's, or cutting off one vowel when it comes before another, in the following word. But to return to Virgil: Though he is smooth where smoothness is required, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it; frequently makes use of synalæpha's; and concludes his sense in the middle of his verse. He is every where above conceits of epigrammatic wit, and gross hyperboles: he maintains majesty in the midst of plainness; he shines, but glares not; and is stately without ambition, which is the vice of Lucan. I drew my definition of poetical wit from my particular consideration of him: for propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and where they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleasure follows of necessity, as the effect does the cause; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil I particularly regarded as a great part of his character; but must confess to my shame, that I have not been able to translate any part of him so well, as to make him appear wholly like himself: for where the original is close, no version can reach it in the same compass. Hannibal Caro's, in the Italian, is the nearest, the most poetical, and the most sonorous of any translation of the Eneid: yet, though he takes the advantage of blank verse, he commonly allows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his sense. Tasso tells us, in his letters, that Sperone Speroni, a great Italian wit, who was his contemporary, observed of Virgil and Tully, that the Latin orator endeavoured to imitate the copiousness of Homer, the Greek poet; and that the Latin poet made it his business to reach

the conciseness of Demosthenes, the Greek orator. Virgil therefore, being so very sparing of his words, and leaving so much to be imagined by the reader, can never be translated as he ought, in any modern tongue. To make him copious is to alter his character; and to translate him line for line is impossible, because the Latin is naturally a more succinct language than either the Italian, Spanish, French, or even than the English, which, by reason of its monosyllables, is far the most compendious of them. Virgil is much the closest of any Roman poet, and the Latin hexameter has more feet than the English heroic. *Dryden.*



C H A P. VIII.

T R A V E L L I N G.

At what time to be undertaken, and its true ends.

A Lady of my acquaintance, for whom I have too much respect to be easy while she is doing an indiscreet action, has given an occasion to this trouble. She is a widow to whom the indulgence of a tender husband has intrusted the management of a very great fortune, and a son about sixteen, both which she is extremely fond of. The boy has parts of the

the middle size, neither thinning nor despicable, and has passed the common exercises of his years with tolerable advantage, but is withal what you would call a forward youth. By the help of this last qualification, which serves as a varnish to all the rest, he is enabled to make the best use of his learning, and display it at full length upon all occasions. Last summer he distinguished himself two or three times very remarkably by puzzling the vicar before an assembly of most of the ladies in the neighbourhood; and from such weighty considerations as these, as it too often unfortunately falls out, the mother is become invincibly persuaded that her son is a great scholar; and that to chain him down to the ordinary methods of education with others of his age, would be to cramp his faculties, and do an irreparable injury to his wonderful capacity.

I happened to visit at the house last week, and missing the young gentleman at the tea-table, where he seldom fails to officiate, could not upon so extraordinary a circumstance avoid enquiring after him. My lady told me, he was gone out with her woman, in order to make some preparations for their equipage; for that she intended very speedily to carry him to travel. The oddness of the expression shocked me a little; however, I soon recovered myself enough to let her know, that all I was willing to understand by it was, that she designed this summer to shew her son his estate in a distant county, in which he has never yet been. But she soon took care to rob me of that agreeable mistake, and let me into the whole affair. She enlarged upon young master's prodigious

improvements, and his comprehensive knowledge of all book-learning ; concluding, that it was now high time he should be made acquainted with men and things ; and that she had resolved he should make the tour of France and Italy, but could not bear to have him out of her sight, and therefore intended to go along with him.

I was going to rally her for so extravagant a resolution, but found myself not in a fit of humour to meddle with a subject that demanded the most soft and delicate touch imaginable. I was afraid of dropping something that might seem to bear hard either upon the son's abilities, or the mother's discretion ; being sensible that in both of these cases, though supported with all the powers of reason, I should, instead of gaining her ladyship over to my opinion, only expose myself to her disesteem. I therefore immediately determined to refer the whole matter to the Spectator.

When I came to reflect at night, as my custom is, upon the occurrences of the day, I could not but believe that this humour of carrying a boy to travel in his mother's lap, and that upon pretence of learning men and things, is a case of an extraordinary nature, and carries on it a particular stamp of folly. I did not remember to have met with its parallel within the compass of my observation, though I could call to mind some not extremely unlike it. From hence my thoughts took occasion to ramble into the general notion of travelling, as it is now made a part of education. Nothing is more frequent than to take a lad from grammar and law, and under the tuition of some poor scholar,

scholar, who is willing to be banished for thirty pounds a year, and a little victuals, send him crying and saivelling into foreign countries. Thus he spends his time as children do at puppet-shows, and with much the same advantage, in staring and gaping at an amazing variety of strange things ; and strange indeed to one who is not prepared to comprehend the reasons and meaning of them ; whilst he should be laying the solid foundations of knowledge in his mind, and furnishing it with just rules to direct his future progress in life, under some skilful masters of the art of instruction.

Can there be a more astonishing thought in nature, than to consider how men should fall into so palpable a mistake ? It is a large field, and may very well exercise a sprightly genius ; but I don't remember you have yet taken a turn in it. I wish Sir, you would make people understand that travel is really the last step to be taken in the institution of youth ; and to set out with it, is to begin where they should end.

Certainly the true end of visiting foreign parts, is to look into their customs and policies, and observe in what particular they excel or come short of our own ; to unlearn some odd peculiarities in our manners, and wear off such awkward stiffnesses and affectations in our behaviour, as possibly may have been contracted from constantly associating with one nation of men, by a more free, general, and mixed conversation. But how can any of these advantages be attained by one who is a mere stranger to the customs and policies of his native country, and has not yet fixed in his mind the first

principles of manners and behaviour ? To endeavour it, is to build a gaudy structure without any foundation ; or, if I may be allowed the expression, to work a rich embroidery upon a cob-web.

Another end of travelling, which deserves to be considered, is the improving our taste of the best authors of antiquity, by seeing the places where they lived, and of which they wrote ; to compare the natural face of the country with the descriptions they have given us, and observe how well the picture agrees with the original. This must certainly be a most charming exercise to the mind that is rightly turned for it ; besides that it may in a good measure be made subservient to morality, if the person is capable of drawing just conclusions concerning the uncertainty of human things, from the ruinous alterations time and barbarity have brought upon so many palaces, cities, and whole countries, which make the most illustrious figures in history. And this hint may be not a little improved by examining every little spot of ground that we find celebrated as the scene of some famous action, or retaining any footsteps of a Cato, Cicero, or Brutus, or some such great virtuous man. A nearer view of any such particular, though really little and trifling in itself, may serve the more powerfully to warm a generous mind to an emulation of their virtues, and a greater ardency of ambition to imitate their bright examples, if it comes duly tempered and prepared for the impression. But this I believe you will hardly think those to be, who are so far from entering into the sense and spirit of
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the ancients, that they do not yet understand their language with any exactness.

But I have wandered from my purpose, which was only to desire you to save, if possible, a fond English mother, and mother's own son, from being shewn a ridiculous spectacle through the most polite parts of Europe. Pray tell them, that though to be sea-sick, or jumbled in an outlandish stage-coach, may perhaps be healthful for the constitution of the body, yet it is apt to cause such a dizziness in young empty heads, as too often lasts their life-time.

Spectator.



C H A P. IX.

T R U T H.

Truth and Falshood: An Allegory.

WHILE the world was yet in its infancy, Truth came among mortals from above, and Falshood from below. Truth was the daughter of Jupiter and Wisdom; Falshood was the progeny of Folly impregnated by the Wind. They advanced with equal confidence to seize the dominion of the new creation, and as their enmity and their force

were well known to the celestials, all the eyes of heaven were turned upon the contest.

Truth seemed conscious of superior power and juster claim, and therefore came on towering and majestic, unassisted and alone; Reason indeed always attended her, but appeared her follower, rather than companion. Her march was slow and stately, but her motion was perpetually progressive; and when once she had grounded her foot, neither gods nor men could force her to retire.

Falshood always endeavoured to copy the mien and attitudes of Truth, and was very successful in the arts of mimicry. She was surrounded, animated, and supported by innumerable legions of appetites and passions, but, like other feeble commanders, was obliged often to receive law from her allies. Her motions were sudden, irregular, and violent; for she had no steadiness nor constancy. She often gained conquests by hasty incursions, which she never hoped to keep by her own strength, but maintained by the help of the Passions, whom she generally found resolute and faithful.

It sometimes happened that the antagonists met in full opposition. In these encounters, Falshood always invested her head with clouds, and commanded Fraud to place ambushes about her. In her left hand she bore the shield of Impudence, and the quiver of Sophistry rattled on her shoulder. All the Passions attended at her call; Vanity clapped her wings before, and Obstinacy supported her behind. Thus guarded and assisted, she sometimes advanced against Truth, and sometimes waited
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the attack ; but always endeavoured to skirmish at a distance, perpetually shifted her ground, and let fly her arrows in different directions ; for she certainly found that her strength failed, whenever the eye of Truth darted full upon her.

Truth had the awful aspect though not the thunder of her father, and when the long continuance of the contest brought them near to one another, Falshood let the arms of Sophistry fall from her grasp, and, holding up the shield of Impudence with both her hands, sheltered herself among the Passions.

Truth, though she was often wounded, always recovered in a short time ; but it was common for the slightest hurt, received by Falshood, to spread its malignity to the neighbouring parts, and to burst open again when it seemed to have been cured.

Falshood, in a short time, found by experience that her superiority consisted only in the celebrity of her course, and the changes of her posture. She therefore ordered Suspicion to beat the ground before her, and avoided with great care to cross the way of Truth, who, as she never varied her point, but moved constantly upon the same line, was easily escaped by the oblique and desultory movements, the quick retreats and active doubles which Falshood always practised, when the enemy began to raise terror by her approach.

By this procedure, Falshood every hour encroached upon the world, and extended her empire through all climes and regions. Wherever she carried her victories she left the Passions in full authority behind her ; who were

so well pleased with command, that they held out with great obstinacy when Truth came to seize their posts, and never failed to retard her progress, though they could not always stop it: They yielded at last with great reluctance, frequent rallies, and sullen submission; and always inclined to revolt when Truth ceased to awe them by her immediate presence.

Truth, who, when she first descended from the heavenly palaces, expected to have been received by universal acclamation, cherished with kindness, heard with obedience, and invited to spread her influence from province to province, now found, that wherever she came, she must force her passage. Every intellect was precluded by Prejudice, and every heart preoccupied by Passion. She indeed advanced, but she advanced slowly; and often lost the conquests which she left behind her, by sudden insurrections of the Appetites, that shook off their allegiance, and ranged themselves again under the banner of her enemy.

Truth, however, did not grow weaker by the struggle, for her vigour was unconquerable; yet she was provoked to see herself thus baffled and impeded by an enemy, whom she looked on with contempt, and who had no advantage but such as she owed to inconstancy, weakness, and artifice. She therefore, in the anger of disappointment, called upon her father Jupiter to re-establish her in the skies, and leave mankind to the disorder and misery which they deserved by submitting willingly to the usurpation of Falshood.

Jupiter compassionated the world too much to grant her request, yet was willing to ease
 her

her labours and mitigate her vexation. He commanded her to consult the Muses by what methods she might obtain an easier reception, and reign without the toil of incessant war. It was then discovered, that she obstructed her own progress by the severity of her aspect, and the solemnity of her dictates ; and that men would never willingly admit her, till they ceased to fear her, since by giving themselves up to Falshood they seldom made any sacrifice of their ease or pleasure, because she took the shape that was most engaging, and always suffered herself to be dressed and painted by Desire. The Muses wove in the loom of Pallas, a loose and changeable robe, like that in which Falshood captivated her admirers ; with this they invested Truth, and named her Fiction. She now went out again to conquer with more success ; for when she demanded entrance of the Passions, they often mistook her for Falshood, and delivered up their charge : but when she had once taken possession, she was soon disrobed by Reason, and shone out, in her original form, with native effulgence and resistless dignity.

Rambler.

B O O K XX.

C H A P. I.

U N C E R T A I N T Y.

Entailed upon Life.

IT may have been observed by every reader, that there are certain topics which never are exhausted. Of some images and sentiments the mind of man may be said to be enamoured ; it meets them, however often they occur, with the same ardour which a lover feels at the sight of his mistress, and parts from them with the same regret when they can no longer be enjoyed.

Of this kind are many descriptions which the poets have transcribed from each other, and their successors will probably copy to the end of time ; which will continue to engage, or, as the French term it, to flatter the imagination, as long as human nature shall remain the same.

When a poet mentions the spring, we know that zephyrs are about to whisper, that the groves are to recover their verdure, the linnets to warble forth their notes of love, and the flocks and herds to frisk over vales painted with flowers : yet who is there so insensible of the beauties

beauties of nature, so little delighted with the renovation of the world, as not to feel his heart bound at the mention of the spring ?

When night overshadows a romantic scene, all is stillness, silence, and quiet ; the poets of the grove cease their melody, the moon towers over the world in gentle majesty, men forget their labours and their cares, and every passion and pursuit is for a while suspended. All this we know already, yet we hear it repeated without weariness ; because such is generally the life of man, that he is pleased to think on the time when he shall pause from a sense of his condition.

When a poetical grove invites us to its covert, we know that we shall find what we have already seen, a limpid brook murmuring over pebbles, a bank diversified with flowers, a green arch that excludes the sun, and a natural grot shaded with myrtles ; yet who can forbear to enter the pleasing gloom, to enjoy coolness and privacy, and gratify himself once more by scenes with which nature hath formed him to be delighted ?

Many moral sentiments likewise are so adapted to our state, that they find approbation whenever they solicit it, and are seldom read without exciting a gentle emotion in the mind : such is the comparison of the life of man with the duration of a flower, a thought which, perhaps, every nation has heard warbled in its own language, from the inspired poets of the Hebrews to our own times ; yet this comparison must always please, because every heart feels its justness, and every hour confirms it by example.

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Such, likewise, is the precept, that directs us to use the present hour, and refer nothing to a distant time, which we are uncertain whether we shall reach : this every moralist may venture to inculcate, because it will always be approved, and because it is always forgotten.

This rule is, indeed, every day enforced by arguments more powerful than the dissertations of moralists : we see men pleasing themselves with future happiness, fixing a certain hour for the completion of their wishes, and perishing some at a greater and some at a less distance from the happy time ; all complaining of their disappointments, and lamenting that they had suffered the years which heaven allowed them, to pass without improvement, and deferred the principal purpose of their lives to the time when life itself was to forsake them.

It is not only uncertain, whether, through all the casualties and dangers which beset the life of man, we shall be able to reach the time appointed for happiness or wisdom ; but it is likely, that whatever now hindered us from doing that which our reason and conscience declare necessary to be done, will equally obstruct us in times to come. It is easy for the imagination, operating on things not yet existing, to please itself with scenes of unmingled felicity, or plan out courses of uniform virtue : but good and evil are in real life inseparably united ; habits grow stronger by indulgence ; and reason loses her dignity, in proportion as she has oftener yielded to temptation : “ He that cannot live well to-day, says Martial, will be less qualified to live well to-morrow.”

Of the uncertainty of every human good, every human being seems to be convinced ; yet this uncertainty is voluntarily increased by unnecessary delay, whether we respect external causes, or consider the nature of our own minds. He that now feels a desire to do right, and wishes to regulate his life according to his reason, is not sure that, at any future time assignable, he shall be able to rekindle the same ardour ; he that has now an opportunity offered him of breaking loose from vice and folly, cannot know, but that he shall hereafter be more entangled, and struggle for freedom without obtaining it.

We are so unwilling to believe any thing to our own disadvantage, that we always imagine the perspicacity of our judgment and the strength of our resolution more likely to increase than to grow less by time ; and, therefore, conclude, that the will to pursue laudable purposes will be always seconded by the power.

But however we may be deceived in calculating the strength of our faculties, we cannot doubt the uncertainty of that life in which they must be employed ; we see every day the unexpected death of our friends and our enemies, we see new graves hourly opened for men older and younger than ourselves, for the cautious and the careless, the dissolute and the temperate, for men who like us were providing to enjoy or improve hours now irresistably cut off ; we see all this, and yet, instead of living, let year glide after year, in preparations to live.

Men are so frequently cut off in the midst of their projects, that sudden death causes
little

little emotion in them that behold it, unless it be impressed upon the attention by uncommon circumstances. I, like every other man, have outlived multitudes, have seen Ambition sink in its triumphs, and Beauty perish in its bloom ; but have been seldom so much affected as by the fate of Euryalus, whom I lately lost as I began to love him.

Euryalus had for some time flourished in a lucrative profession ; but having suffered his imagination to be fired by an unextinguishable curiosity, he grew weary of the same dull round of life, resolved to harass himself no longer with the drudgery of getting money, but to quit his business and his profit, and enjoy for a few years the pleasures of travel. His friends heard him proclaim his resolution, without suspecting that he intended to pursue it ; but he was constant to his purpose, and with great expedition closed his accounts and sold his moveables, passed a few days in bidding farewell to his companions, and with all the eagerness of romantic chivalry crossed the sea in search of happiness. Whatever place was renowned in ancient or modern history, whatever region art or nature had distinguished, he determined to visit : full of design and hope he landed on the continent ; his friends expected accounts from him of the new scenes that opened in his progress, but were informed in a few days that Euryalus was dead.

Such was the end of Euryalus. He is entered that state, whence none shall ever return ; and can now only benefit his friends, by remaining in their memories a permanent and efficacious instance of the blindness of desire, and the
uncertainty

uncertainty of all terrestrial good. But, perhaps, every man has, like me, lost an Euryalus, has known a friend die with happiness in his grasp; and yet every man continues to think himself secure of life, and defers to some future time of leisure what he knows it will be fatal to have finally omitted.

It is, indeed, with this as with other frailties inherent in our nature: the desire of deferring to another time, what cannot be done without endurance of some pain, or forbearance of some pleasure, will, perhaps, never be totally overcome or suppressed; there will always be something that we shall wish to have finished, and be nevertheless unwilling to begin: but against this unwillingness it is our duty to struggle, and every conquest over our passions will make way for an easier conquest; custom is equally forcible to bad and good; nature will always be at variance with reason, but will rebel more feebly as she is oftener subdued.

The common neglect of the present hour is more shameful and criminal, as no man is betrayed to it by error, but admits it by negligence. Of the instability of life, the weakest understanding never thinks wrong, though the strongest often omits to think justly: reason and experience are always ready to inform us of our real state; but we refuse to listen to their suggestions, because we feel our hearts unwilling to obey them: but surely, nothing is more unworthy of a reasonable being, than to shut his eyes, when he sees the road which he is commanded to travel, that he may deviate with fewer reproaches from himself; nor
could

could any motive to tenderness, except the consciousness that we have all been guilty of the same fault, dispose us to pity those who thus consign themselves to voluntary ruin.

Adventurer.



C H A P. II.

U N I T I E S.

Shakespeare's violation of the Unities of Time and Place defended.

IT will be thought strange, that, in enumerating the defects of Shakespeare, I have not yet mentioned his neglect of the unities; his violation of those laws which have been instituted and established by the joint authority of poets and critics.

For his other deviations from the art of writing, I resign him to critical justice, without making any other demand in his favour, than that which must be indulged to all human excellence, that his virtues be rated with his failings; but, from the censure which his irregularity may bring upon him, I shall, with due reverence to that learning which I must oppose, adventure to try how I can defend him.

His histories being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not subject to any of their laws; nothing

nothing more is necessary to all the praise which they expect, than that the changes of action be so prepared as to be understood, that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters consistent, natural, and distinct. No other unity is intended, and therefore none is to be sought.

In his other works, he has well enough preserved the unity of action. He has not, indeed, an intrigue regularly perplexed, and regularly unravelled; he does not endeavour to hide his design, only to discover it, for this is seldom the order of real events, and Shakespeare is the poet of Nature: but his plan has commonly what Aristotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end; one event is concatenated with another, and the conclusion follows by easy consequences. There are, perhaps, some incidents that might be spared, as in other poets there is much talk that only fills up time upon the stage; but the general system makes gradual advances, and the end of the play is the end of expectation.

To the unities of time and place, he has shewn no regard, and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they stand will diminish their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of Corneille, they have very generally received, by discovering that they have given more trouble to the poet, than pleasure to the auditor.

The necessity of observing the unities of time and place, arises from the supposed necessity of making the drama credible. The critics hold it impossible, that an action of months or years can be possibly believed to pass in three hours;
or

or that the spectator can suppose himself to sit in the theatre, while ambassadors go and return between distant kings, while armies are levied and towns besieged, while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they saw courting his mistress, shall lament the untimely fall of his son. The mind revolts from evident falshood; and fiction loses its force, when it departs from the resemblance of reality.

From the narrow limitation of time necessarily arises the contraction of place. The spectator, who knows that he saw the first act at Alexandria, cannot suppose that he sees the next at Rome, at a distance to which not the dragons of Medea could, in so short a time, have transported him; he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place; and he knows that place cannot change itself; that what was a house cannot become a plain; that what was at Thebes can never be Persopolis.

Such is the triumphant language with which a critic exults over the misery of an irregular poet, and exults commonly without resistance or reply. It is time therefore to tell him, by the authority of Shakespeare, that he assumes, as an unquestionable principle, a position which while his breath is forming it into words, his understanding pronounced to be false. It is false, that any representation is mistaken for reality; that any dramatic fable in its materiality was ever credible, or for a single moment was ever credited.

The objection arising from the impossibility of passing the first hour at Alexandria, and the next at Rome, supposes that when the play opens, the spectator really imagines himself at
Alexandria,

Alexandria, and believes that his walk to the theatre has been a voyage to Egypt, and that he lives in the days of Antony and Cleopatra. Surely, he that imagines this, may imagine more. He that can take the stage at one time for the palace of the Ptolemies, may take it in half an hour for the promontory of Actium. Delusion, if delusion be admitted, has no certain limitation; if the spectator can be once persuaded, that his old acquaintance are Alexander and Cæsar, that a room illuminated with candles is the plain of Pharsalia, or the bank of the Granicus, he is in a state of elevation above the reach of reason, or of truth, and from the heights of empyrean poetry may despise the circumscriptions of terrestrial nature. There is no reason why a mind thus wandering in extasy should count the clock, or why an hour should not be a century in that calenture of the brains, that can make a stage a field.

The truth is, that the spectators are always in their senses, and know, from the first act to the last, that the stage is only a stage, and that the players are only players. They come to hear a certain number of lines recited with just gesture and elegant modulation. The lines relate to some action, and an action must be in some place; but the different actions that compleat a story may be in places very remote from each other; and where is the absurdity of allowing that space to represent first Athens, and then Sicily, which was always known to be neither Sicily nor Athens, but a modern theatre.

By supposition, as place is introduced, time may be extended: the time required by the fable

ble elapses for the most part between the acts ; for, of so much of the action as is represented, the real and poetical duration is the same. If, in the first act, preparations for war against Mithridates are represented to be made in Rome, the event of the war may, without absurdity, be represented in the catastrophe as happening in Pontus ; we know that there is neither war, nor preparations for war ; we know that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus ; that neither Mithridates nor Lucullus are before us. The drama exhibits successive imitations of successive actions, and why may not the second imitations represent an action that happened years after the first, if it be so connected with it, that nothing but time can be supposed to intervene ? Time is, of all modes of existence, most obsequious to the imagination ; a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contemplation we easily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted, when we only see their imitation.

It will be asked, how the drama moves, if it is not credited ? It is credited with all the credit due to a drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a just picture of a real original ; as representing to the auditor what he would himself feel, if he were to do or suffer what is there feigned to be suffered or to be done. The reflection that strikes the heart, is not that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourselves may be exposed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourselves unhappy for a moment ; but we rather lament the possibility than suppose the presence of misery, as a
mother

mother weeps over her babe, when she remembers that death may take it from her. The delight of tragedy proceeds from our consciousness of fiction. If we thought murders and treasons real, they would please no more.

Imitations produce pain or pleasure, not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind. When the imagination is recreated by a painted landscape, the trees are not supposed capable to give us shade, or the fountains coolness; but we consider how we should be pleased with such fountains playing beside us, and such woods waving over us. We are agitated in reading the history of Henry the Fifth, yet no man takes his book for the field of Agincourt. A dramatic exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that increase or diminish its effect. Familiar comedy is often more powerful in the theatre than in the page: imperial tragedy is always less. The humour of Petruccio may be heightened by grimace; but what voice, or what gesture, can hope to add dignity or force to the soliloquy of Cato?

A play read, affects the mind like a play acted. It is therefore evident, that the action is not supposed to be real, and it follows that between the acts a longer or shorter time may be allowed to pass, and that no more account of space or duration is to be taken by the auditor of a drama, than by the reader of a narrative, before whom may pass in an hour the life of a hero, or the revolutions of an empire.

Whether Shakespeare knew the unities, and rejected them by design, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impossible to decide, and useless to enquire. We may reasonably suppose that when he rose to notice,
he

he did not want the counsels and admonitions of scholars and critics, and that he at last deliberately persisted in a practice, which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is essential to the fable but unity of action, and as the unities of time and place arise evidently from false assumptions, and, by circumscribing the extent of the drama, lessen its variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented that they were not known by him, or not observed: nor, if such another poet could arise, should I very vehemently reproach him, that his first act passed at Venice, and his next in Cyprus. Such violations of rules, merely positive, become the comprehensive genius of Shakespeare, and such censures are suitable to the minute and slender criticism of Voltaire:

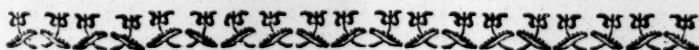
*Non usque adeo permiscuit imis
Longus summa dies, ut non, si voce Metelli
Serventur leges, malint a Cæsare tolli.*

Yet when I speak thus slightly of dramatic rules, I cannot but recollect how much wit and learning may be produced against me. Before such authorities I am afraid to stand; not that I think the present question one of those that are to be decided by mere authority, but because it is to be suspected that these precepts have not been so easily received but for better reasons than I have yet been able to find. The result of my enquiries, in which it would be ludicrous to boast of impartiality, is, that the unities of time and place are not essential to a just drama; that though they may sometimes conduce to pleasure, they are always to be sacrificed to the nobler beauties of variety and instruction; and that a play, written with nice observation of
critical

critical rules, is to be contemplated as an elaborate curiosity, as the product of superfluous and ostentatious art, by which is shewn rather what is possible than what is necessary.

He that, without diminution of any other excellence, shall preserve all the unities unbroken, deserves the like applause with the architect who shall display all the orders of architecture in a citadel, without any deduction from its strength; but the principal beauty of a citadel is to exclude the enemy; and the greatest graces of a play are to copy nature and instruct life.

Perhaps what I have here, not dogmatically, but deliberately written, may recal the principles of the drama to a new examination. I am almost frighted at my own temerity; and when I estimate the fame and the strength of those that maintain the contrary opinion, am ready to sink down in reverential silence; as *Æneas* withdrew from the defence of *Troy*, when he saw *Neptune* shaking the wall, and *Juno* heading the besiegers. *Dr. Johnson.*



CHAP. III.

U S U R Y.

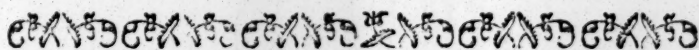
An incentive to extravagance.

I Have often amused myself with considering the mean and ridiculous shifts to which the extravagant are sometimes reduced. When the
 VOL. IV. I certain

certain supplies of a regular income are exhausted, they are obliged to cast about for ready cash, and set the invention to work, in order to devise means of repairing their finances. Such attempts to enlarge their revenue have frequently driven those, whose great souls would not be curbed by the straitness of their circumstances, into very uncommon undertakings: they have sent lords to Arthur's, and ladies to assemblies, or sometimes worse places. We may safely conclude, that whoever breaks through all oeconomy will soon discard honesty; though perhaps it might be deemed *scandalum magnatum* to aver, that prodigal men of quality have often sold their country to redeem their estates, and that extravagant ladies have been known to make up the deficiencies of their pin-money by pilfering and larceny.

One of the first and chief resources of extravagance, both in high and low life, is the pawnbroker's. I never pass by one of these shops, without considering them as the repositories of half the jewels, plate, &c. in town. It is true, indeed, that the honest and industrious are sometimes forced to supply their necessities by this method: but if we were to enquire to whom the several articles in these miscellaneous warehouses belong, we should find the greatest part of them to be the property of the idle and infamous among the vulgar, or the prodigal and luxurious among the great; and if, in imitation of the ancients, who placed the temple of Honour behind the temple of Virtue, propriety should be attempted in the situation of pawnbrokers-shops, they would be placed

placed contiguous to a gin-shop, as in the ingenious print of Hogarth, or behind a tavern, gaming-house, or bagnio. *Connoisseur.*



B O O K XXI.

C H A P. I.

V A N I T Y.

S E C T. I.

National Vanity how corrected.

THERE is scarce any folly or vice more epidemical among the sons of men, than that ridiculous and hurtful vanity, by which the people of each country are apt to prefer themselves to those of every other; and to make their own customs, and manners, and opinions, the standards of right and wrong, of true and false. The Chinese Mandarins were strangely surprised, and almost incredulous, when the Jesuits shewed them how small a figure their empire made in the general map of the world. The Samojedes wondered much at the Czar of Muscovy for not living among them: and the

Hottentot who returned from Europe, stripped himself naked as soon as he came home, put on his bracelets of guts and garbage, and grew stinking and lousy as fast as he could. Now nothing can contribute more to prevent us from being tainted with this vanity, than to accustom ourselves early to contemplate the different nations of the earth in that vast map which history spreads before us, in their rise and their fall, in their barbarous and civilized states, in the likeness and unlikeness of them all to one another, and of each to itself. By frequently renewing this prospect to the mind, the Mexican with his cap and coat of feathers sacrificing a human victim to his God, will not appear more savage to our eyes than the Spaniard with a hat on his head, and a gonilla round his neck, sacrificing whole nations to his ambition, his avarice, and even the wantonness of his cruelty.

Bolingbroke.

S E C T. II.

The Vanity of people making an appearance above their circumstances exposed.

WOMEN are naturally so fond of ornament, that it is no wonder we should meet with so many second-hand gentry in that sex. Hence arise the red-armed belles that appear in the Park every Sunday; hence it is that facks and pet en-lairs may be seen at Moor-fields and White-chapel; and that those who are ambitious to shine in diamonds, glitter in paste and Scotch pebbles. When I see the wives and daughters

daughters of tradesmen and mechanicks make such attempts at finery, I cannot help pitying their poor fathers and husbands; and at the same time am apt to consider their dress as a robbery on the shop. Thus when I observe the tawdry gentility of a tallow-chandler's daughter, I look upon her as hung round with long sixes, short eights, and rush-lights; and when I contemplate the aukward pride of dress in a butcher's wife, I suppose her carrying about her furlings of beef, fillets of veal, and shoulders of mutton. I was vastly diverted with a discovery I made a few days since. Going upon some business to a tradesman's house, I surpris'd in a very extraordinary dishabille two females, whom I had been frequently us'd to see strangely dizen'd out in the Mall. These fine ladies, it seems, were no other than my honest friend's daughters; and one, who always dresses the family-dinner, was genteelly employed in winding up the jack, while the other was up to the elbows in soap-suds.

A desire of grandeur and magnificence is often absurd in those who can support it; but when it takes hold of those who can scarce furnish themselves with necessaries, their poverty, instead of demanding our pity, becomes an object of ridicule. Many families among those who are called middling people, are not content without living elegantly as well as comfortably, and often involve themselves in very comical distresses. When they aim at appearing grand in the eye of the world, they grow proportionably mean and sordid in private. I went the other day to dine with an old friend; and as he us'd to keep a remarkable good table,

I was surpris'd that I could scarce make a meal with him. After dinner he rung the bell, and order'd the chariot to be got ready at six; and then turning to me with an air of superiority, ask'd if he should set me down. Here the riddle was out; and I found that his equipage had eat up his table, and that he was oblig'd to starve his family to feed his horses.

Connoisseur.



CH A P. II.

V A R I E T Y.

Necessary to sweeten life.

THE feast of Nature palls upon our appetite for want of variety, and with all the dainties that she can afford us, we grow sick of the entertainment before it is finished, and rise from it rather tired than satisfied.

Were I inclin'd to philosophize before modern fine gentlemen and ladies, I would consider life as but a larger Ranelagh, where, as soon as we enter, we are struck with admiration at the beauty and magnificence of the structure. The novelty and gaiety of every thing about us gives us a kind of tumultuous pleasure, which is doubled by ignorance, and heightened by participation:

ipation: noise and bustle amuse and divert us for a little time; but after we have taken a few rounds, viewed the same objects perpetually offering themselves to our sight, and listened to the same sounds constantly vibrating on our ear, the whole edifice seems gradually and insensibly to lose its charms, we begin to wish ourselves at home again, and so drop off one after another without ceremony. At parting, indeed, we are apt to shew some little uneasiness, and are most of us very loth to quit the place, though heartily fatigued and sick of every thing in it.

If this be in reality a proper image and representation of our condition; if the little round of human pleasures is so limited and confined, nothing can certainly be more absurd than for every man to endeavour still to contract the circle; to walk within the narrow path of one poor gratification, when there is room left for him to expatiate in a wider field of happiness, and a more extensive range of pleasure.

Variety, we know, is the great end of human wishes, and the very essence of human felicity: every enjoyment nauseates by repetition, and cloyes by satiety; even health, a certain poet tells us, for want of change, is a disease. Hence it arises, that the perfections, the possessions, the every thing, in short, of every body else is always better than our own; and yet so coy is this universally adored goddess Variety, and so unpropitious to her votaries, that one half of them cannot find her, nor the other discover her to any useful or necessary purpose.

The fashionable part of the world are so confined in their idea of pleasure, that they very

seldom enjoy any ; and in a very short space of time grow weary of themselves, and every thing about them.

To such I would recommend the behaviour of my worthy friend Ned Flutter, who, though no scholar, has, I believe, as much true philosophy as is to be found in the two universities. Ned has hitherto so contrived, as never to be tired of any thing, and to insure happiness by the constant and diligent avoidance of satiety ; for which purpose he never drinks the same liquor, goes to the same club, or keeps the same company two nights together. Ned eats and swears one day, fasts and prays the next, keeps a pack of dogs that he may not be too fond of his horse, and a brace of mistresses that he may not grow sick of his wife. Two pipes of an evening had like to have made him tired of smoaking ; he has now therefore taken to chew, and has lately ordered (which is no bad device) his favourite maxim *ne quid nimis*, to be engraved on his tobacco-box.

If the people of quality of this nation would imitate my friend Ned's example, they might, for aught I know, be as happy as himself ; in the mean time, whilst they associate with none but themselves, I am not the least surpris'd to find them tired of their company : and whilst they have no idea of pleasure, but what is to be found in an opera or a play-house, a court or an assembly, I shall not wonder to find them extremely miserable ; nor greatly pity them when they are so.

As good, however, doth sometimes spring from evil, I am not certain whether the universal

versal languor and discontent which arises from fruition, may not be attended with useful consequences; and whether the satiety so much complained of, may not one day make us wiser and better. Men may become virtuous only for the sake of variety, and fall in love with something useful, after they have been heartily tired of vice, folly and impertinence.

It might therefore, perhaps, be no bad method to promote fasting by luxury; and prevent the increase of vice by the full indulgence of it.

If I had a son from whose passion for play I had reason to fear the worst consequences, instead of dissuading him from it, I would consign him over to the care of Mr. Arthur, with positive orders not to let him leave the gaming-table for the ensuing half year; at the expiration of which term I should expect to find him without the least propensity to that vice; nor am I certain whether he would bear the sight of a pack of cards or a pair of dice ever after.

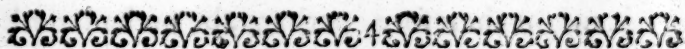
If I had any suspicion of his being infected with the present epidemical distemper called the madness after the theatre; instead of reading lectures to him out of Collier's book against the stage, I would oblige him to freeze at Covent-garden and sweat at Drury-lane alternately for sixty-five nights, without intermission; after which time, I humbly apprehend he would not willingly part with three farthings to either manager to purchase the liberty of the house.

In the same manner, if he was a sot, I would confine him to the cellar; if he was a book-worm, I would keep him for a twelvemonth in my library; and if he was an uxorious husband, I

would lock him up for six months in his wife's bed-chamber.

Thus is it possible even by vice to promote the interests of virtue, and from the poison itself to extract a salutary and efficacious antidote against it.

Smollett.



CHAP. III.

V I R T U E.

S E C T. I.

Its reward certain and permanent.

BUT where is the reward of Virtue? and what recompence has Nature provided for such important sacrifices as those of life and fortune, which we must often make to it? Oh sons of the earth! are you ignorant of the value of this celestial mistress? and do you meanly enquire for her portion, when you observe her genuine charms? But know, that Nature has been indulgent to human weakness, and has not left this favourite child naked and unendowed. She has provided Virtue with the richest dowry; but being careful lest the allurements of interest should engage such suitors as were insensible of the native worth of so divine a beauty, she has wisely provided, that
this

this dowry can have no charms but in the eyes of those who are already transported with the love of Virtue. Glory is the portion of Virtue, the sweet reward of honourable toils, the triumphant crown which covers the thoughtful head of the disinterested patriot, or the dusty brow of the victorious warrior. Elevated by so sublime a prize, the Man of Virtue looks down with contempt on the allurements of pleasure, and all the menaces of danger. Death itself loses its terrors when he considers, that its dominion extends only over a part of him, and that, in spite of death and time, the rage of elements, and the endless vicissitude of human affairs, he is assured of an immortal fame among all the sons of men.

There surely is a Being who presides over the universe ; and who with infinite wisdom and power has reduced the jarring elements into just order and proportion. Let speculative reasoners dispute how far this beneficent Being extends his care, and whether he prolongs our existence beyond the grave, in order to bestow on Virtue its just reward, and render it fully triumphant. The man of morals, without deciding any thing on so dubious a subject, is satisfied with that portion which is marked out to him by the Supreme Disposer of all things. Gratefully he accepts of that farther reward prepared for him ; but if disappointed, he thinks not Virtue an empty name, but justly esteeming it its own reward, he gratefully acknowledges the bounty of his Creator, who by calling him forth into existence, has thereby afforded him an opportunity of once acquiring so invaluable a possession.

Hume.

S E C T. II.

The most genuine and reasonable source of Honour.

T H E R E are but few men who are not ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the nation or country where they live, and of growing considerable among those with whom they converse. There is a kind of grandeur and respect, which the meanest and most insignificant part of mankind endeavour to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintance. The poorest mechanic, nay the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his set of admirers, and delights in that superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some respects beneath him.

All superiority and pre-eminence that one man can have over another, may be reduced to the notion of *quality*, which, considered at large, is either that of fortune, body, or mind. The first is that which consists in birth, title, or riches ; and is the most foreign to our natures, and what we can the least call our own, of any of the three kinds of quality. In relation to the body, quality arises from health, strength, or beauty ; which are nearer to us, and more a part of ourselves than the former. Quality, as it regards the mind, has its rise from Knowledge or Virtue ; and is that which is more essential to us, and more intimately united with us than either of the other two.

As Virtue is the most reasonable and genuine source of honour, we generally find in titles an
intimation

intimation of some particular merit that should recommend men to the high stations they possess. Holiness is ascribed to the pope ; Majesty to kings ; Serenity or Mildness of Temper to princes ; Excellence or Perfection to ambassadors ; Grace to archbishops ; Honour to peers ; Worship or Venerable Behaviour to magistrates ; and Reverence, which is of the same import as the former, to the inferior clergy.

The death-bed shews the emptiness of titles in a true light. A poor dispirited sinner lies trembling under the apprehensions of the state he is entering on ; and is asked by a grave attendant how his Holiness does ? Another hears himself addressed to under the title of Highness or Excellency, who lies under such mean circumstances of mortality as are the disgrace of human nature. Titles at such a time look rather like insults and mockery than respect.

The truth of it is, honours are in this world under no regulation ; true quality is neglected, Virtue is oppressed, and Vice triumphant. The last day will rectify this disorder, and assign to every one a station suitable to the dignity of his character ; ranks will be then adjusted, and precedence set right.

Men in scripture are called *strangers* and *sojourners upon earth*, and life a *pilgrimage*. Several heathen as well as christian authors, under the same kind of metaphor, have represented the world as an inn, which was only designed to furnish us with accommodations in this our passage. It is therefore very absurd to think of setting up our rest before we come to our journey's end, and not rather to take
care

care of the reception we shall there meet, than to fix our thoughts on the little conveniences and advantages which we enjoy one above another in the way to it.

Epictetus makes use of another kind of allusion, which is very beautiful, and wonderfully proper to incline us to be satisfied with the post in which Providence has placed us. We are here, says he, as in a theatre, where every one has a part allotted to him. The great duty which lies upon a man is to act his part in perfection. We may indeed say, that our part does not suit us, and that we could act another better. But this (says the philosopher) is not our business. All that we are concerned in is to excel in the part which is given us. If it be an improper one, the fault is not in us, but in him who has cast our several parts, and is the great disposer of the drama.

The part that was acted by this philosopher himself was but a very indifferent one, for he lived and died a slave. His motive to contentment in this particular receives a very great enforcement from the above-mentioned consideration, if we remember that our parts in the other world will be new cast, and that mankind will be there ranged in different stations of superiority and pre-eminence, in proportion as they have here excelled one another in Virtue, and performed in their several posts of life the duties which belong to them.

There are many beautiful passages in the little apocryphal book, entitled, The Wisdom of Solomon, to set forth the vanity of honour, and the like temporal blessings which are in so
great

great repute among men, and to comfort those who have not the possession of them. It represents in very warm and noble terms this advancement of a good man in the other world, and the great surprize which it will produce among those who are his superiors in this. "Then shall the righteous man stand in great boldness before the face of such as have afflicted him, and made no account of his labours. When they see it, they shall be troubled with terrible fear, and shall be amazed at the strangeness of his salvation, so far beyond all that they looked for. And they repenting and groaning for anguish of spirit, shall say within themselves, This was he whom we had some time in derision, and a proverb of reproach. We fools accounted his life madness, and his end to be without honour. How is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot among the saints!"

If the reader would see a description of a life that is passed away in vanity, and among the shadows of pomp and greatness, he may see it very finely drawn in the same place. In the mean time, since it is necessary in the present constitution of things, that order and distinction should be kept in the world, we should be happy, if those who enjoy the upper stations in it, would endeavour to surpass others in Virtue as much as in rank, and by their humanity and condescension make their superiority easy and acceptable to those who are beneath them; and if, on the contrary, those who are in meaner posts of life, would consider how they may better their condition hereafter,

after, and by a just deference and submission to their superiors, make them happy in those blessings with which Providence has thought fit to distinguish them.

Spectator.



C H A P. IV.

V I R T U O S O.

S E C T. I.

The dishonesty of Virtuoso's ridiculed.

MOST people are masters of a kind of logic, by which they argue their consciences to sleep, and acquit themselves of doing what is wrong. The country 'squire, of confirmed honesty in all other respects, thinks it very fair to over-reach you in the sale of an horse; and the man of pleasure, who would scorn to pick your pocket, or stop you on the road, regards it as rather gallantry than baseness, to intrigue with your wife or daughter. In the same manner the Virtuoso does not look on his thefts as real actions of felony; but while he owns that he would take any pains to steal an old rusty piece of brass, boasts that you may safely trust him with untold gold; though he would break open your cabinet for
a shell

a shell or a butterfly, he would not attempt to force your escrutoire or your strong box ; nor would he offer the least violence to your wife or daughter, though perhaps he would run away with the little finger of the Venus de Medicis. Upon these principles he proceeds, and lays hold of all opportunities to increase his collection of rarities : and as Mahomet established his religion by the sword, the Connoisseur enlarges his museum, and adds to his store of knowledge, by fraud and petty larceny.

If the libraries and cabinets of the curious were, like the daw in the fable, to be stripped of their borrowed ornaments, we should in many see nothing but bare shelves and empty drawers. I know a medalist, who at first set up with little more than a paltry series of English coins since the Reformation, which he had the good luck to pick up at their intrinsic value. By a pliant use of his fingers, he soon became possessed of most of the Traders ; and by the same slight of hand, he, in a short time after, made himself master of great part of the Cæsars. He was once taken up for coining ; a forge, a crucible, and several dies being found in his cellar : but he was acquitted, as there was no law which made it high treason to counterfeit the image of a Tiberius or a Nero ; and the coin which he imitated was current only among Virtuoso's.

Connoisseur.

SECT.

S E C T. II.

The character of a Virtuoso distinctly drawn and exposed.

I SUPPOSE it will not be necessary to solicit your good-will by any formal preface or apology, when I have informed you, that I have long been known in the world of learning, as the most laborious and zealous Virtuoso that the present age has had the honour of producing, and that the inconveniences which I now suffer, have been brought upon me by an unextinguishable ardour of curiosity, and an unshaken perseverance in the acquisition of all the productions of art and nature.

It was observed, from my entrance into the world, that I had something uncommon in my disposition, and that there appeared in me very early tokens of genius superior to the bulk of mankind. I was always an enemy to trifles; the play-things which my mother bestowed upon me I immediately broke, that I might discover the method of their structure, and the causes of their motions; of all the toys with which children are delighted I valued only my coral, and as soon as I could speak, asked, like Peiresc, innumerable questions which the maids about me could not resolve. As I grew older, I was more thoughtful and serious, and instead of amusing myself with puerile diversions, made collections of natural rarities, and never walked into the fields without bringing home stones of remarkable forms, or insects of some uncommon species. I never

ver entered an old house, from which I did not take away the painted glass, and often lamented that I was not one of that happy generation who demolished the convents and monasteries, and broke windows by law.

Being thus early possessed by a taste for solid knowledge, I passed my youth with very little disturbance from passions and appetites, and having no pleasure in the company of boys and girls, who talked of plays, politicks, fashions, or love, I carried on my enquiries with incessant diligence, and had amassed more stones, mosses, and shells, than are to be found in many celebrated collections, at an age in which the greatest part of young men are studying under tutors, or endeavouring to recommend themselves to notice by their dress, their air, and their levities.

When I was two-and-twenty years old, I became, by the death of my father, possessed of a small estate in land, with a very large sum of money in the public funds, and must confess that I did not much lament him, for he was a man of mean parts, bent rather upon growing rich than wise. He once fretted at the expence of only ten shillings, which he happened to over-hear me offering for the sting of a hornet, though it was a cold moist summer, in which very few hornets had been seen. He often recommended to me the study of physics, in which, said he, you may at once gratify your curiosity after natural history, and increase your fortune by benefiting mankind. I heard him with pity, and as there was no prospect of elevating a mind formed to grovel, suffered him to please himself with
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hoping that I should sometime follow his advice. For you know that there are men, with whom, when they have once settled a notion in their heads, it is to very little purpose to dispute.

Being now left wholly to my own inclinations, I very soon enlarged the bounds of my curiosity, and contented myself no longer with such rarities as required only judgment and industry, and when once found, might be had for nothing. I now turned my thoughts to exoticks and antiques, and became so well known for my generous patronage of ingenious men, that my levee was crowded with visitants, some to see my museum, and others to increase its treasures, by selling me whatever they had brought from other countries.

I had always a contempt for that narrowness of conception, which contents itself with cultivating some single corner of the field of science; I took the whole region into my view, and wished it of greater extent. But no man's power can be equal to his will. I was forced to proceed by slow degrees, and to purchase what chance or kindness happened to present. I did not, however, proceed without some design, or imitate the indiscretion of those, who begin a thousand collections, and finish none. Having been always a lover of geography, I determined to collect the maps drawn in the rude and barbarous times before any regular surveys, or just observations; and have, at a great expence, brought together a volume, in which, perhaps, not a single country is laid down according to its true situation, and by which he that desires to know the errors of the antient geographers, may be amply informed.

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I did not suffer myself, however, to neglect the products of our own country ; but as Alfred received the tribute of the Welch in wolves-heads, I allowed my tenants to pay their rents in butterflies, till I had exhausted the papilionaceous tribe. I then directed them to the pursuit of other animals, and obtained, by this easy method, most of the grubs and insects which land, air, or water can supply. I have three species of earth-worms not known to the naturalists, have discovered a new ephemera, and can shew four wasps that were taken torpid in their winter-quarters. I have from my own ground the longest blade of grass upon record, and once accepted, as a half year's rent for a field of wheat, an ear containing more grains than had been seen before upon a single stem.

One of my tenants so much neglected his own interest, as to supply me, in a whole summer, with only two horse-flies, and those of little more than the common size ; and I was upon the brink of seizing for arrears, when his good fortune threw a white mole in his way, for which he was not only forgiven, but rewarded.

These, however, were petty acquisitions, and made at small expence ; nor should I have ventured to rank myself among the virtuosi without better claims. I have suffered nothing worthy the regard of a wise man to escape my notice : I have ransacked the old and the new world, and been equally attentive to past ages and the present. For the illustration of ancient history, I can shew a marble, of which the inscription, though it is not now legible, appears from some broken remains of the letters,

to have been Tuscan, and therefore probably engraved before the foundation of Rome. I have two pieces of porphyry found among the ruins of Ephesus, and three letters broken off by a learned traveller from the monuments of Persepolis; a piece of stone which paved the Areopagus of Athens, and a plate without figures or characters which was found at Corinth, and which I therefore believe to be that metal which was once valued before gold. I have sand gathered out of the Granicus; a fragment of Trajan's bridge over the Danube; some of the mortar which cemented the water-course of Tarquin; a horse-shoe broken on the Flaminian way; and a turf with five daisies dug from the field of Pharsalia.

I do not wish to raise the envy of unsuccessful collectors, by too pompous a display of my scientific wealth, but cannot forbear to observe, that there are few regions of the globe which are not honoured with some memorial in my cabinets. The Persian monarchs are said to have boasted the greatness of their empire by being served at their tables with drink from the Ganges and the Danube: I can shew one phial, of which the water was formerly an icicle on the crags of Caucasus, and another that contains what once was snow on the top of Atlas; in a third is dew brushed from a Banana in the gardens of Ispahan; and in another, brine that once rolled in the Pacific Ocean. I flatter myself that I am writing to a man who will rejoice at the honour which my labours have procured to my country, and therefore I shall tell you that Britain can by my care boast of a snail that has crawled upon
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the wall of China ; a humming-bird which an American princess wore in her ear ; the tooth of an elephant who carried the queen of Siam ; the skin of an ape that was kept in the palace of the Great Mogul ; a ribbon that adorned one of the maids of a Turkish sultana ; and a scy-meter once wielded by a soldier of Abas the great.

In collecting antiquities of every country, I have been careful to chuse only by intrinsic worth, and real usefulness, without regard to party or opinions. I have therefore a lock of Cromwell's hair in a box turned from a piece of the royal oak ; and keep, in the same drawers, sand scraped from the coffin of king Richard, and a commission signed by Henry VII. I have equal veneration for the ruff of Elizabeth and the shoe of Mary of Scotland ; and should lose with like regret, a tobacco-pipe of Raleigh, and a stirrup of King James. I have paid the same price for a glove of Lewis, and a thimble of queen Mary ; for a fur-cap of the Czar, and a boot of Charles of Sweden.

You will easily imagine that these accumulations were not made without some diminution of my fortune, for I was so well known to spare no cost, that at every sale, some bid against me for hire, some for sport, and some for malice ; and if I asked the price of any thing, it was sufficient to double the demand. For curiosity, trafficking thus with avarice, the wealth of India had not been enough ; and I, by little and little, transferred all my money from the funds to my closet. Here I was inclined to stop, and live upon my estate in literary leisure, but the sale of the Harleian collection

collection shook my resolution ; I mortgaged my land, and purchased thirty medals, which I could never find before. I have at length bought till I can buy no longer, and the cruelty of my creditors has seized my repository ; I am therefore condemned to disperse what the labour of an age will not reassemble. I submit to that which cannot be opposed, and shall, in a short time, declare a sale. I have, while it is yet in my power, sent you a pebble picked up by Tavernier on the bank of the Ganges ; for which I desire no other recompence than that you will recommend my catalogue to the public.

Rambler.

S E C T. III.

Reflections on the excellencies and defects of this character.

TO collect the productions of art and examples of mechanical science or manual ability is unquestionably useful, even when the things themselves are of small importance, because it is always advantageous to know how far the human powers have proceeded, and how much experience has shewn to be within the reach of diligence. It is natural for idleness and timidity to despair without being overcome, and to forbear attempts for fear of being defeated ; and we may promote the invigoration of faint endeavours, by being able to prove what has been already performed ; for though it may sometimes happen that the greatest instances of ingenuity have been exerted in trifles, yet the same principles and the same expedients may
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be applied to more important purposes, and the movements which put into action machines of no other use but to raise the wonder of ignorance, may be employed to drain fens, or manufacture metals, to assist the architect, or preserve the sailor.

For the utensils, arms, or dresses of foreign nations, which make the greatest part of many collections, I have no great regard, when they are valuable only because they are foreign, and can suggest no improvement of our own practice. Yet they are not all equally useless, nor can it be always safely determined, which should be rejected or retained; for they may sometimes unexpectedly contribute to the illustration of history, to the knowledge of the natural commodities of the country, or of the genius and customs of its inhabitants.

There is one sort of rarities of a yet lower rank, which owe their value merely to accident, and which can convey no information, nor satisfy any rational desire. Such are many fragments of antiquity, as urns and pieces of pavement; and things which are held in veneration only for having been once the property of some eminent person, as the armour of king Henry; or for having been used on some remarkable occasion, as the lanthorn of Guy Faux. The loss or preservation of these seems to be a thing indifferent, nor can I perceive why the possession of them should be coveted. Yet, perhaps, even this curiosity is implanted by nature; and when I find Tully confessing of himself, that he could not forbear at Athens to visit the walks and houses which the old philosophers had frequented or inhabited, and

recollect the reverence which every nation, civil and barbarous, has paid to the ground where merit has been buried, I am afraid to declare against the general voice of mankind, and am inclined to believe, that this regard, which we involuntarily pay to the meanest relique of a man great and illustrious, is intended as an incitement to labour, and an encouragement to expect the same renown, if it be sought by the same virtues.

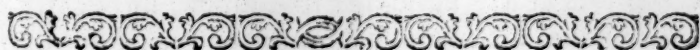
The Virtuoso therefore cannot be censured, as contributing nothing to the increase of knowledge, but perhaps may be sometimes justly culpable for confining himself to business below his genius, losing in trifling amusements and petty speculations, those hours which he might have spent in nobler studies, and in which he might have given new life to the intellectual world. It is indeed never without grief, that I find a man capable of ratiocination or invention, enlisting himself in this secondary class of learning; for when he has once discovered a method of gratifying his desire of eminence by expence rather than by labour, and known the sweets of a life blest at once with the ease of idleness, and the reputation of knowledge, he will not easily be brought to undergo again the toil of thinking, or leave his toys and his trinkets for arguments and ideas, arguments which require circumspection and vigilance, and ideas which cannot be obtained but by the drudgery of meditation. He will gladly shut himself up forever with his shells and medals, like the companions of Ulysses, who having tasted the fruit of Lotos, would not even by the hope of seeing their

their own country be tempted again to the dangers of the sea.

Collections of this kind are of use to the learned, as heaps of stone and piles of timber are necessary to the architect. But to dig the quarry or search the field, requires not much of any quality, beyond stubborn perseverance; and though genius must often lie inactive without this humble and neglected assistance, yet this can claim little praise, because every man can afford it.

To mean understandings, it is indeed sufficient honour to be numbered amongst the lowest labourers of learning; but surely different abilities must find different tasks. To hew stone would have been unworthy of Palladio, and to have rambled in search of shells and flowers had but ill suited with the capacity of Newton.

Rambler.



CHAP. V.

V I S I O N.

A beautiful one, enforcing contentment with our lot.

THE sun, says an eastern sage, was sinking behind the western hills, and with departing rays gilded the spires and turrets of Golconda,

conda, when the captive Selima from the window of the son of Nouradin's seraglio, casting a mournful look at the country which she saw at a distance beyond the boundary of her confinement, fixed her eyes on some cottages which she could distinguish by the thin smoke ascending from them, and seemed to envy the humble condition of the lowly inhabitants; she longed to exchange her own situation for that of innocent poverty and chearful tranquility. Little by little the envied prospect faded on her sight, and she listened with horror to the crashing of iron bars, and the closing gates that surrounded her; till at length all was hushed, all became quiet as the hours of night, and stillness advanced; she then burst forth into the following soliloquy:

“ And was I formed a reasonable being (she cried) for this; To be excluded for ever from society, and doomed to add one more to the slaves of the monarch of the East? Have I deserved this at the hand of Providence, or exacted this unequal lot from the genius of distribution? Did I ever turn mine ears from the cries of the needy, or shut the open hand of mercy from the poor? Why then am I punished in this manner? Why for ever denied the blessings of mutual love, and fated to weep in vain to the walls of a prison-house? While I was a child, the angel of death closed the eyes of my parents, when as yet I knew not their loss; a few moons ago the same minister of terror bore from my arms a sister whom I loved, to the land of silence and shadows; the rest of those that were dear to me groan under the bonds of servitude in the mines of Agar, or traverse the great waters in the ships
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of India ; some happier few, who have found grace in the eyes of the Sultan, live only to shew me the difference between what I was, and what I am. Yet the remembrance of those I lost, I bore with resignation ; I wept, indeed, and retired, but as yet repined not ; but to know no end of misery, to be kept as a witness to the luxury of those who were once our equals, is surely the worst that can be inflicted. I have said to the slaves, Why will not my lord the sultan dismiss the maid whom he thinks unworthy his embraces, and whose presence will rather cast a cloud over his pomp than encrease it ? But they treat my tears and my remonstrances with scorn, nor are their hearts melted in them with pity. Night and silence are over all the seraglio ; even the horrid guards, to whose care we are resigned, are fast locked up in sleep. When, O ! when shall I enjoy that sweet oblivion ? Discontent and perpetual uneasiness of mind banish from my eyes all propensity to rest ; the night only affords me an opportunity to vent my complaints ; and my greatest happiness is this hour of universal repose, when I can undisturbed and unmolested give utterance to the sorrow of my heart."

As she was speaking these last words, the shades of darkness were suspended on a sudden, and a light diffused around her like the flash of mid-day : she looked up, and beheld, when Azazel the angel of reproof became visible to her sight ; she bowed her head in the dust, and humbled herself before him. " Selima (he cried), arise, thou misguided child of affliction : I am that genius who was with thee when thou wast as yet a child, and in my book were thy

future fortunes written ; I was with the angel whose ministry it was to seal the eyes of thy parents, and who laid his hands on thy sister ; under my influence wert thou brought as a captive unto Amurath from the banks of the Oxus, and immured in the walls of his seraglio. Thou hast complained of thy fate ; thou hast said that the eye of thy genius frowned on thy birth, and that Misfortune has marked thee for her daughter : but I am come to clear thy doubts, and to direct thee where thou mayst find the mansions of rest ; let my words sink deep in thee, and gravethem in living characters on thy heart. I will take away the mist from before thine eyes, for thou knowest not what thou hast said. Thou hast lamented the fate of thy sister, who is happier by far than thou art, and who has her station assigned her in the realms of bliss. The situation of thy companions who have appeared pleasing to the sultan, has been the object of thine envy ; but alas ! thine is a paradise to theirs :—
* Thou hast repined at that solitude which, hadst thou made a right use of, it would have taught thee to know thyself ; and hast grieved that thou wert not born to that beauty which thousands never possess, and which would have been to thee as a punishment instead of a blessing. I will now shew thee what, but for my interposition, would have been thine own destiny, had this thy last, thy presumptuous wish been crowned with success ; hadst thou been bidden in thy turn to deck with oriental pomp the bed of Amurath, and repose on the silken pavilions in the inner chambers of the palace : turn thyself to the east, and view there what I shall explain to thee.”

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She turned and beheld a woman seated on a throne, surrounded with every circumstance of eastern magnificence ; she was fair as one of the Houries, and sparkling as the gold of Indostan and the diamonds of Surat ; in her presence every mouth was dumb, every knee bended with fear, and every eye fixed on the ground ; yet she seemed to receive the adorations of the crowd with coldness, nor was her heart glad at the approach of her lord ; she seemed alone as to herself, tho' amidst wondering thousands, and ten thousands at her feet.——“ View her yet again, (he said) Selima, as the crowd retiring leaves her in her closet, and what happiness does she seem possessed of that thou wishest to be thine ? Does not that gloom that hangs on her brow owe its being to fear ? Is she not conscious that treachery or chance can in a moment bring her licentious happiness to an end ? and guilt, that viper in her bosom, destroys all relish for pleasures, and points out to her the vanity of all joys which have not virtue for their foundation.——But see the guards rush in at this moment to seize her, and accuse her of having conspired the death of her lord.——Mark, how the splendid apartments and alcove of pleasure disappear, and in their stead the joyless gloom and grated windows of a prison —Now she is hurried in, they throw the black robe of death upon her ; in vain does she now think of command, in vain wave that hand which a few hours before would have stilled the raging of the people, and humbled the rulers of the world ; she now begs to be heard, and has recourse, as her last aid, to entreaty, tears, and prostration, but in vain : she is dragged down on the rocky
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pavement by the hands of slaves, who offer her the different alternatives of the poisoned cup, or the sabre.——She drinks, and see she sinks yet and yet paler to the earth.——See the last convulsive struggle——the dying gasp, and the sigh that rends the heart in the last agony:——scarce is there a pause;——they strip the yet warm body, denied to be joined in burial with the queens of the land, and expose it for a prey to the eagle and vulture.

“Such, short-sighted maid, would have been thy latest hour; and thy end would have resembled her’s: bear then thy present fate without repining, nor dash the cordial which Hope presents thee with to the ground, but wait with patience for a happier hour: their lot only may be called miserable, whose faces were never covered with shame, and who go down unrepenting to the grave.——Hope is yet thine, which can turn the walls that confine thee to the tower of Content; then say not in thine heart that thy portion here is with the wretched, nor by wishing to alter the allotment of Providence, provoke the rage of a power infinitely greater than mine, which can crush thee to atoms at a blow.”

When he had spoke these words, he stretched out his arm over her, and she sunk down on a sofa into the arms of sleep, from which she awoke in the morning with a conviction of her late unjust repinings, and with a perfect resignation to the lot which her genius had assigned her in the terrestrial abode of life. *Smollett.*

C H A P. VI.

V U L G A R E R R O R S.

Some new ones discovered.

THE world is indebted to that ingenious inquirer after truth, the famous Sir Thomas Brown, for an excellent treatise, in which he has refuted several idle ridiculous opinions that prevailed in his time; to which work he has very properly given the title of *Vulgar Errors*. Among others, of no less importance, he has taken great pains to explode the common notion, that a witch can make a voyage to the East-Indies in an egg-shell, or take a journey of two or three hundred miles across the country on a broom-stick: an assertion maintained by that wise monarch King James the first, who even condescended to commence author in support of it. He has also refuted the generally received opinion, that the devil is black, has horns upon his head, wears a long curling tail, and a cloven stump; nay, has even denied, that wheresoever he goes, he always leaves a smell of brimstone behind him; and has no less seriously endeavoured to shew the absurdity of the supposition, that Adam and Eve were born into the world without navels. But all these mistaken notions, though they might possibly obtain belief in former times of superstition and

ignorance, could never have been countenanced in this more enlightened age. So far from acknowledging the power of witchcraft, we even doubt of the existence of the witch of Endor: that illustrious personage the devil is only looked upon as a mere bugbear: and the lowest mechanics have been taught at the Robin-Hood Society, that the whole account of our first parents is nothing but a fiction and an old woman's story.

Since the days of Sir Thomas Brown, such strange revolutions have happened among us, in the arts and sciences, in religion, in politics, and in common life, that I cannot but think a work intended as a supplement to the above-mentioned treatise of *Vulgar Errors*, would be highly acceptable to the public; since it is notorious, that many tenets, which were then thought indisputable truths among all ranks of people, are now proved to be erroneous, and are only credited by the uninformed vulgar. A work of this nature it is my intention shortly to publish: in the mean time, I shall content myself with laying the following specimen of the performance before my readers.

The ignorance of the multitude has hitherto pronounced it "to be absolutely impossible that a maid can be with child." But it is well known to the learned, that in these later times there have been many instances of maiden-mothers: though, whether they are impregnated by the west-wind, like Virgil's mares, or, as it was said of Juno, by eating a fallad; whether they bring forth, as Dutch ladies do, *Sooterkins*; whether they conceive by intuition, or the operation of the fancy; or by what other cause, has

has not been ascertained. Several instances have been recorded, among the Roman Catholics, of Nuns and Lady-Abbeſſes, who have miraculoſly proved with child: and here in England we have more than once heard of the pregnancy of a Maid of Honour. I myſelf know a lady, almoſt approaching to the verge of an old maid, who was very much bloated and puffed up with the wind-colic; for relief of which ſhe went into the country for a month, and was unexpectedly ſeized with the pangs of child-birth. I have been told of another, a virgin of the moſt unſpotted character, who very unaccountably fell into labour, juſt as they were going to tap her for the dropſy. An eminent man-midwife of my acquaintance was in the beginning of his practice called to a virgin, who, to his great ſurpriſe, brought forth an embryo, in form and appearance exactly reſembling a mandrake. This he conſidered as a moſt wonderful *Lufus Naturæ*; and had actually drawn up an account of it (with a figure of the monſter) to be laid before the Royal Society: but in leſs than a twelve-month he delivered the ſame lady, who ſtill continued in a ſtate of virginity, of another falſe conception, like the former; and for many years after this prodigy of a virgin had ſeveral other monſtrous and preternatural births of the ſame kind. He further aſſures me, that he has ſince very frequently met with theſe phænomena; and that the only difference between maids and married women in this point is, that the former do not manifeſt the ſigns of pregnancy ſo fully in their waſts, nor do they cry out ſo very vehemently in their labour-pains;

and it is remarkable, that they never chuse to suckle their children.

It is vulgarly supposed, that "the events of gaming are regulated by blind chance and fortune;" but the wise and polite, that is, the Knowing Ones cannot but smile at the absurdity of this notion; though even the sagacious Hoyle and Demoivre themselves, by the nicety of their calculations of chances, seem to have adopted this ridiculous doctrine. The professors of Arthur's and the experienced adepts in the mysteries of Gaming, kindly condescend to give lessons, at reasonable rates, to those novices, who imagine that the events of play, like those of war, are uncertain: and so cogent is their method of instruction, that they never fail to convince their pupils, that success at dice, as well as bowls, depends upon a skilful management of the bias, and that the cards are not shuffled by the blind hand of fortune.

It is a notion confined only to the vulgar, that "Matrimony brings people together:" but it is notorious that in higher life a marriage is the most effectual method to keep them asunder. It is impolite for a man and his wife even to be seen together in public; and a person of quality had rather enjoy a *tête-à-tête* with any body's wife but his own in private. Genteel couples have separate amusements, pay separate visits, keep separate company, lie in separate beds, and (like the man and woman in a weather-house) are never seen together: nay more, if they are very genteel indeed, the lady has her separate maintenance. On the contrary, if a man of fashion has a *tendre* for an unmarried lady, they reside in the same house, partake

partake of the same diversions, and observe every other article of the strictest cohabitation. The surest way of dissolving a connection of this sort is to marry. Sir John Brute bluntly declares, that if he was married to a hog'shead of claret, the thought of matrimony would make him hate it. Thus in general, the very names of Wife and Husband are sufficient to destroy all affection : and it was but a day or two ago that I met with a sprightly young gentleman much of the same opinion with Sir John ; who being reproached for neglecting his lady for a mistress, and reminded that man and wife were one flesh, replied, that it was very true, and what pleasure could he have in touching his own flesh ? Modern wedlock, therefore, may be rather said to divide, than unite : at least, if matrimony ever brings folks together for a time, it is only to separate them more effectually ; as, according to the principles of action and re-action, where two bodies are drawn together by a violent attraction, they immediately fly off, and are driven back again from each other, by the principle of repulsion.

It may be well called a vulgar error, since none but the vulgar think so, that " the Sabbath is a day of rest." It is, as experience teaches us, a day of business with some, of pleasure with others, but of rest with none. It is true, indeed, that a cessation from worldly occupations, together with roast beef and plum-pudding, were formerly the characteristics of the Sabbath in England : but these inactive principles are now entirely out of fashion ; nor do I know any person who is strictly debarred from exercising his employment on that day,
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except the sheriff's officer. The exact citizen, nicely calculating the damages he would sustain, *on an average*, by the loss of a seventh part of his time, defrauds the sabbath of its due rights, as he cheats his customers, *in the way of trade*. As to people of quality, they, I suppose, (duly considering how prodigal they are of their lives by adhering to the polite system) are willing to husband the little time allotted them, by adding "night to day, and Sunday to the week."

If Old Woman was not a term frequently made use of by the perverse and impolite multitude, I should hardly attempt to prove so clear and obvious a proposition, as that "there is no such thing in the creation as an Old Woman." Old Women are, indeed, mentioned by some few writers; but I have always looked upon their existence to be as chimerical, as that of the Brobdignags or the Yahoos; and I do not believe, that there has ever been such an animal in nature since the flood. In the present distant period we are unable to conceive the least idea of such a creature, as the same appearance of youth, the same lillies and roses bloom on the faces of the whole sex. For a proof of this, if we look round at the opera, the play-house, a lady's rout, or any other assembly, we may observe that all our girls, whether of a smaller or of a larger growth, assume the same air of gaiety and intrigue, and wear the same complexions. A limner of great business has often declared to me, that though he has had several mothers, and grand-mothers, and great-grand-mothers fit to him, he never yet drew the picture of an Old Woman. Medea

is said to have renewed the youth and vigour of her father Æson by boiling him, with certain magic herbs, in a cauldron : but I will not presume to say, that our ladies are preserved from old age by stewing in a copper, or that, according to a more modern notion, Old Women are ground young again by a mill. This, however, is certain ; That youth, as well as beauty, is the perpetual prerogative of the female sex ; and that age, though it sits venerably on a man, would no more become a lady than a beard.

In an age so enlightened as the present, when we have thrown off all other mean prejudices of nature and education, it is no wonder, that we should discard the Gospel ; and I am almost in doubt, whether I should mention the belief of it as a vulgar error, since it daily loses its credit among us. Wherefore, if I may not be allowed to set down the belief in a God, a Saviour, a future state, the immortality of the soul, &c. &c. as prevailing errors, I cannot omit so fair an opportunity of congratulating my cotemporaries on their having overcome them. Nor can I better conclude this paper, than by a hint to my friends, the Freethinkers, cautioning them to consider, whether, if we were made by chance, the world was made by chance, and every thing else was made by chance, there may not also be an hell made by chance.

Connoisseur.

B O O K XXII.

C H A P. I.

WESTMINSTER-HALL.

Reviewed, in a Persian letter.

I WENT with my friend the other day to a great hall; where all the courts of law were sitting together. "Behold, said he, the Temple of Justice, the sanctuary of privilege and right, which our mightiest monarchs have not been able to violate with impunity. Behold the lowest of our commons contending here with the highest of our nobles, unawed by their dignity or power. See those venerable sages on the bench, whose ears are deaf to solicitations, and their hands untainted with corruption. See also those twelve men, whom we call the Jury, the great bulwark of our property and freedom. But then cast your eyes on those men in black, that swarm on every side. These are the Priests of the Temple, who, like most other priests, have turned their ministry into a trade: they have perplexed, confounded, and encumbered law, in order to make themselves more necessary, and to drain the purses of the people." "I have heard, said I, that the laws of England are wisely framed and impartially administered." "The old Gothic pile
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we are now in, replied my friend, will give you a just idea of their structure. The foundations of it are deep, and very lasting ; it has stood many ages, and with good repairs may stand many more ; but the architecture is loaded with a multiplicity of idle and useless parts : when you examine it critically, many faults and imperfections will appear ; yet, upon the whole, it has a mighty awful air, and strikes you with reverence. Then, as to the administration of our laws, the difference between us and other countries is little more than this, that there they sell Justice in the gross, and here we sell it by retail. In Persia the Cadi passes sentence for a round sum of money : in England the judge indeed takes nothing, but the attorney, the advocate, every officer and retainer of the court, raise treble that sum upon the client. The condition of Justice is like that of many women of quality. They themselves are above being bought, but every servant about them must be feed, or there is no getting at them. The disinterested spirit of the lady is of no advantage to the suitor ; he is undone by the rapine of her dependants.

Lord Lyttelton,

C H A P. II.

W I C K E D N E S S.

Less pardonable in strong talents.

IT is said by Florus of Catiline, who died in the midst of slaughtered enemies, That his death had been illustrious, had it been suffered for his country. Of the Wits who have languished away life under the pressures of poverty, or in the restlessness of suspense, who have been caressed and rejected, flattered and despised, as they were of more or less use to those who stiled themselves their patrons, it might be observed, That their miseries would enforce compassion, had they been brought upon them by honesty and religion.

The wickedness of a profane or libidinous writer is more atrocious and detestable than that of the giddy libertine, or drunken ravisher, not only because it extends its effects wider ; as a pestilence that taints the air is more destructive than poison infused in a draught ; but because it is committed with cool deliberation. By the instantaneous violence of desire, a good man may sometimes be surprised before reflection can come to his rescue ; and when the appetites have strengthened their influence by habit, they are not easily resisted or suppressed ; but for the frigid villainy of studious lewdness,
for

for the calm and meditated malignity of laboured impiety, what plea can be invented? What punishment can be adequate to the crime of him who retires to solitude for the refinement of debauchery; who tortures his fancy, and ransacks his memory, only that he may leave the world less virtuous than he found it, that he may intercept the hopes of the rising generation, and spread snares for the soul with more dexterity?

What were their motives, or what their excuses, is below the dignity of reason to examine. If they had extinguished in themselves the distinction of right and wrong, and were insensible of the mischief which they promoted, they deserved to be hunted down by general hatred, as apparent nuisances to social beings; if they were influenced by the corruption of their patrons or their readers, and sacrificed their own convictions to vanity or interest, they were at least to be abhorred with more acrimony than he that robs by profession, or murders for pay, since they committed greater crimes without greater temptations.

Of him to whom much is given, much shall be required. Those to whom God has granted superior faculties, and more extensive capacities, and made eminent for quickness of intuition, and accuracy of distinction, will certainly be regarded as culpable in his eye, for defects and deviations which in souls less exalted and enlightened, may be guiltless. But, surely, none can think without horror on that man's condition, who has been more wicked in proportion as he has had more means of excelling

celling in virtue, and used the light imparted from heaven only to embellish folly, and to palliate crimes.

Rambler.



C H A P. III.

W I L L.

What a man should consider in making his last Will and Testament.

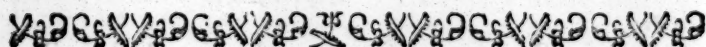
IT is said by an old poet, That no man's life can be called happy or unhappy till his death : in like manner, I have often thought, that no words or actions are a better comment on a person's temper and disposition, than his last will and testament. This is a true portraiture of himself, drawn at full length by his own hand, in which the painting is commonly very lively, and the features very strongly marked. In the discharge of this solemn act, people sign and seal themselves either wise and good characters, or villains and fools ; and any person that makes a ridiculous will, and bequeaths his money to frivolous uses, only takes a great deal of pains, like Dogberry in the play, " that he may be set down an ass."

The love of fame governs our actions more universally than any other passion. All the rest gradually

gradually drop off, but this runs through our whole lives. This perhaps is one of the chief inducements that influences wealthy persons to bequeath their possessions to ostentatious uses; and they would as willingly lay out a considerable sum in buying a great name (if possible) at their deaths, as they would bestow it on the purchase of a coat of heraldry, during their lives. They are pleased with leaving some memorial of their existence behind them, and to perpetuate the remembrance of themselves by the application of their money to some vain-glorious purposes; though the good gentlemen never did one act to make themselves remarkable, or laid out a single shilling in a laudable manner, while they lived. If an Apothecosis were to be bought, how many rich scoundrels would be deified after their deaths! Not a *plum* in the city but would purchase this imaginary god-ship, as readily as he paid for his freedom at his first setting up; and I doubt not but this fantastical distinction would be more frequent on an escutcheon than a coronet.

The disposal of our fortunes by our last will should be considered as the discharge of a sacred trust, which we should endeavour to execute in a just manner; and, as we have had the enjoyment of rich possessions, we ought carefully to provide, that they may devolve to those, who have the most natural claim to them. They who may first demand our favour, are those who are allied to us by the ties of blood: next to those, stand those persons to whom we are connected by friendship; and, next to our friends and relations, mankind

kind in general. But the humanity of a testator will not be thought very extensive, though it reaches to posterity, or includes the poor in general, if it neglects the objects of charity immediately under his eye, or those individuals who have the best title to his benevolence. Virgil has placed those rich men who bestowed none of their wealth on their relations, among the chief personages in his hell. Wherefore I would advise my readers first to consider whether he has not some poor relation, starving perhaps in some distant part of the kingdom : after that, let him look round, whether he has not some friends, whom he may possibly relieve from misery and distress. But if he has no relation, nor any person in the world that has any regard for him, before he begins to endow a college, or found an hospital, I should take it as a particular favour if he would will his money to me, and I will promise to immortalize his memory in the *Connoisseur*.



C H A P. IV.

W I T.

S E C T. I.

Its nature in writing.

THE composition of all poems is, or ought to be, of Wit ; and Wit in poetry, or Wit-writing (if you will give me leave to use a school-

a school-distinction) is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble spaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory, till it springs the quarry it hunted after ; or, without a metaphor, which searches over all the memory for the species or ideas of those things which it designs to represent. Wit written is that which is well defined, the happy result of thought, or product of imagination. But to proceed from Wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper Wit of an heroic or historical poem ; I judge it chiefly to consist in the delightful imagination of persons, actions, passions, or things. 'Tis not the jerk or sting of an epigram, nor the seeming contradiction of a poor antithesis (the delight of an ill-judging audience in a play of rhyme) nor the gingle of a more poor Paranomasia ; neither is it so much the morality of a grave sentence, affected by Lucan, but more sparingly used by Virgil ; but it is some lively and apt description, dressed in such colours of speech, that it sets before your eyes the absent object as perfectly and more delightfully than nature. So then the first happiness of a poet's imagination, is properly invention, or finding of the thought ; the second is fancy, or the variation, dressing or moulding of that thought, as the judgment represents it, proper to the subject ; the third is elocution, or the art of cloathing and adorning that thought, so found and varied, in apt, significant, and sounding words : the quickness of the imagination is seen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and accuracy in the expression. For the first of these,

Ovid

Ovid is famous amongst the poets ; for the latter, Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary passions, or extremely discomposed by one. His words therefore are the least part of his care ; for he pictures nature in disorder, with which the study and choice of words is inconsistent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or discourse, and consequently of the drama, where all that is said is to be supposed the effect of sudden thought ; which though it excludes not the quickness of Wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent allusions, or use of tropes, or, in fine, any thing that shews remoteness of thought or labour in the writer. On the other side, Virgil speaks not so often to us in the person of another, like Ovid, but in his own : he relates almost all things as from himself, and thereby gains more liberty than the other to express his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confess as well the labour as the force of his imagination. Though he describes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her passions, yet he must yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althæa, of Ovid ; for as great an admirer of him as I am, I must acknowledge, that if I see not more of their souls than I see of Dido's, at least I have a greater concernment for them : and that convinces me, that Ovid has touched those tender strokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when actions or persons are to be described, when any such image is to be set before us, how bold, how masterly

masterly are the strokes of Virgil ! We see the objects he presents us with in their native figures, in their proper motions ; but so we see them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them so beautiful in themselves. We see the soul of the poet, like that universal one of which he speaks, informing and moving through all this pictures :

———— *Totamque infusa per artus*
Mens agitat molem, & magno se corpore miscet.

We behold him embellishing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her son Eneas.

————— *lumenque juventæ*
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores :
Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
Argentum Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro.

See his Tempest, his Funeral Sports, his Combats of Turnus and Eneas ; and in his Georgics, which I esteem the divinest part of all his writings, the Plague, the Country, the Battle of the Bulls, the Labour of the Bees, and those many other excellent images of nature, most of which are neither great in themselves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up ; but the words wherewith he describes them are so excellent, that it might be well applied to him, which was said by Ovid, *Materia superabat opus* : the very sound of his words has often somewhat that is connatural to the subject ; and while we read him, we sit, as in a play, beholding the scenes of what he represents. To perform this, he made frequent

use of tropes, which you know change the nature of a known word, by applying it to some other signification ; and this is it which Horace means in his epistle to the Piso's :

*Dixeris egregiè notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum —————*

Dryden.

S E C T. II.

But little understood.

T H E R E seems nothing to be so much talked of, and so little understood, as Wit; and if one considers how very differently most authors that have wrote upon this topic, define it, it is not surprising. All those since Mr. Locke agree with him in his distinction between Wit and Judgment, and as I would not be particular in this respect from the rest, I shall take the liberty of quoting the passage :

————— “ Thence, perhaps, may be given some reason of that common observation, That men who have a great deal of Wit and prompt memories, have not always the clearest judgment and deepest reason : for Wit lies most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy : Judgment, on the contrary, lies on the other side, in separating carefully,

carefully, one from another, ideas, wherein can be found the least difference, thereby to avoid being misled by similitude, and by affinity to take one thing for another. This is a way of proceeding quite contrary to metaphor and allusion; wherein for the most part lies that entertainment and pleasantry of Wit, which strikes so lively on the fancy, and is therefore so acceptable to all people."

So far, I say, they all coincide in their opinions, but do not long continue; for although they allow there is this distinction between Wit and Judgment, they immediately contradict themselves, and tell you Wit cannot be defined; or that it is opportunity and circumstance. Others assert Wit is sense, consequently Judgment. Mr. Dryden says,

Wit is fine language to advantage dress,
What's oft been thought—but ne'er so well express.

Which of these is right?—or, are they not all wrong? Mr. Addison seems to approach the nearest defining what appears Wit to me; and yet, pardon my arrogance, he seems to have mistook his own meaning, in saying, That anagrams and acrostics are false Wit, according to his definition of it: for to say, that they do not consist of ideas, must be an error—what is it that does not create them in us of some species or other?

I am very apt to think, that a compound of these various definitions of it would come pretty near an entire definition, and that to try whether Wit be false or true, sense (supposing a

criterion for it) should be the standard. Were we to try it accordingly, I am very sorry to say, that but few of our modern productions would bear the test. What pieces can we boast of that are not really dull and insipid, or that do not please by a kind of lustre borrowed from false humour or parody? I would not exclude these in their perfection, from coming under the denomination of Wit, though but of an inferior value; they bearing that proportion to metaphor and allegory, as drapery and painting does to likeness.

Were I to assign a reason for this degeneracy of Wit, I should paraphrase the words of our modern journalist-patriots, when they inform you of the reason of the decay of commerce. They say it is owing to the importation of French commodities; so in this it is occasioned by the introducing French Wit. Modern French Wit chiefly consists in double entendre. Their fashions we generally follow to a nicety, nay, even make improvements in them; but in Wit we fall far short, for we degenerate double entendre into pun. Few make the material distinction between double entendre and pun: the difference is, the first never infringes upon grammar or spelling; the latter always upon one, sometimes both.

Though the complexion of this gay nation, and the peculiar genius of their language, will admit of numerous conceits this way, I am sensible our's will not; but this is far from an argument in favour of puns, which are infinitely more despicable. Notwithstanding a writer is very culpable for larding his lucubrations

tions with this originally exotic force-meat, still his readers are more to blame than him : for the fondness of a writer for this species of Wit, would be of no longer date than the fondness of the reader. But this age, which has produced the resurrection of punning, that was buried from the time of James the First, likes more to be dazzled and surprized than instructed and improved. The moderns love to have their imaginations warmed, more than nourished.—Like epicureans, they fall on those morsels that require the least chewing, in hopes of the sooner enjoying others as delicious that they have in view.

I shall not trouble my reader in this place with the definitions of the various species of Wit, as Allegory, Metaphor, Simile, Irony, &c. he is, as I apprehend, and would willingly believe, already acquainted with their signification ; but shall take notice here, that fashion seems as prevalent in regard to Wit as any ornament of dress. From riddles we jumped to acrostics, stuck a long while at rebusses, and conundrums were universally worn for a short time. Then parody was brought again into fashion, and puns are now become catholics. Nor is it surprising that it should be so, for I look upon punning to be infinitely more an epidemical distemper, than that which sometimes rages among the horned cattle ; and it is confidently reported, that in case this distemper should spread, and to prevent anti-ministerial wits grinding any more stones, or building new castles upon their foundation, a bill will be brought in next session, to entirely prohibit it in the three kingdoms, under very

severe penalties, in hopes of putting an end to the contagion.

What surprizes me not a little is, that all those authors that have ranked punning among false Wit, as well as some other kinds, have been far from being the last in introducing among their productions a great quantity of the species they decry. The defects of others we perceive, note, and ridicule ; our own we see in quite a different medium, and fancy they are excellencies, though of the very same nature as those we before censured.

Let the faults of the greatest writers be in some measure a palliation of my guilt. If I were to argue any thing else in my favour, it would be the depravity of the times that prefer romances, and the Wit they abound with, to reason and the pursuit of nature, a knowledge of phænomena, or improvements in science.

Centinel.

S E C T. III.

A talent never to be indulged or cultivated by women.

HAVING mentioned Wit, let me proceed to warn you against the affectation and the abuse of it. Here our text from the Colossians comes in with propriety, *Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt.* These remarkable words were addressed to Christians in general. They are considered by the best commentators, as an exhortation to that kind of converse, which, both for matter and manner, shall appear most graceful, and prove most acceptable ;
being

being tempered by courteousness and modesty, seasoned with wisdom and discretion, that like salt will serve, at the same instant, to prevent its corruption and heighten its flavour. How beautiful this precept in itself ! How useful and pleasing in the practice ! How peculiarly fit to be practised by you, my female friends, on the turn of whose conversation and deportment so much depends to yourselves, and all about you ! From what I have now to offer, it will be found likewise to come, with advantage, in aid of our leading doctrine ; since there are not perhaps many worse foes to that sobriety of spirit, which we would still inculcate, than the abuse and affectation already mentioned.

It is not my design to gather up, if I could, the profusion of flowers that have been scattered by innumerable hands on this tempting theme ; and by which those very hands have, in their own case, shown how difficult it is to resist the temptation. I would only observe, that the dangerous talent in question has been well compared to the dancing of a meteor, that blazes, allures, and misleads. Most certainly it alone can never be a steady light ; and too probably it is often a fatal one. Of those who have resigned themselves to its guidance, how few has it not betrayed into great indiscretions at least, by inflaming their thirst of applause ; by rendering them little nice in their choice of company ; by seducing them into strokes of satire, too offensive to the persons against whom they were levelled, not to be repelled upon the authors with full vengeance ; and finally, by making them, in consequence of that heat which produces, and that vanity which fosters

it, forgetful of those cool and moderate rules that ought to regulate their conduct !

A very few there may have been, endowed with judgment and temper sufficient to restrain them from indulging “ the rash dexterity of Wit,” and to direct it to purposes equally agreeable and beneficial. But one thing is certain, that witty men for the most part have had few friends, though many admirers. Their conversation has been courted, while their abilities have been feared, or their characters hated, or both. In truth, the last have seldom merited affection, even when the first have excited esteem. Sometimes their hearts have been so bad, as at length to bring their heads into disgrace. At any rate, the faculty termed Wit is commonly looked upon with a suspicious eye, or as a two-edged sword, from which not even the sacredness of friendship can secure. It is especially, I think, dreaded in women. In a *Mrs. Rowe*, I dare say, it was not. To great brilliancy of imagination that female angel joined yet greater goodness of disposition ; and never wrote, nor, as I have been told, was ever supposed to have said, in her whole life, an ill-natured, or even an indelicate thing. Of such a woman, with all her talents, none could be afraid. In her company, it must have been impossible not to feel respect ; but then it would be like that, which the pious man entertains for a ministering spirit from heaven, a respect full of confidence and joy. If aught on earth can present the image of celestial excellence in its softest array, it is surely an accomplished woman, in whom purity and meekness, intelligence and modesty, mingle their charms.

charms. But when I speak on this subject, need I tell you, that men of the best sense have been usually averse to the thought of marrying a witty female?

You will probably tell me, they were afraid of being outshone; and some of them perhaps might be so. But I am apt to believe, that many of them acted on different motives. Men who understand the science of domestic happiness, know that its very first principle is ease. Of that indeed we grow fonder, in whatever condition, as we advance in life, and as the heat of youth abates. But we cannot be easy, where we are not safe. We are never safe in the company of a critic; and almost every wit is a critic by profession. In such company we are not at liberty to unbend ourselves. All must be the straining of study, or the anxiety of apprehension: how painful! Where the heart may not expand and open itself with freedom, farewell to real friendship, farewell to convivial delight! But to suffer this restraint at home, what misery! From the brandishings of Wit in the hand of ill-nature, of imperious passion, or of unbounded vanity, who would not flee? But when that weapon is pointed at a husband, is it to be wondered if from his own house he takes shelter in the tavern? He sought a soft friend; he expected to be happy in a reasonable companion. He has found a perpetual satyrist, or a self-sufficient prattler. How have I pitied such a man, when I have seen him in continual fear on his own account, and that of his friends, and for the poor lady herself; lest, in the run of her discourse, she should be guilty of some petulance, or some in-

L 5

discretion,

discretion, that would expose her and hurt them all ! But take the matter at the best ; there is still all the difference in the world between the entertainer of an evening, and a partner for life. Of the latter a sober mind, steady attachment, and gentle manners, joined to a good understanding, will ever be the chief recommendations ; whereas the qualities that sparkle will be often sufficient for the former.

As to the affectation of Wit, one can hardly say, whether it be most ridiculous or hurtful. The abuse of it, which we have been just considering, we are sometimes, perhaps too often, inclined to forgive, for the sake of that amusement which in spite of all the improprieties mentioned it yet affords. The other is universally contemptible and odious. Who is not shocked by the flippant impertinence of a self-conceited woman, that wants to dazzle by the supposed superiority of her powers ? If you, my fair ones, have knowledge and capacity ; let it be seen, by your not affecting to shew them, that you have something more valuable, humility and wisdom.

- “ Naked in nothing should a woman be,
- “ But veil her Wit with modesty.
- “ Let man discover, let not her display,
- “ But yield her charms of mind with sweet delay.”

Fordyce's Sermons to Young Women.

C H A P. V.

W O M E N.

S E C T. I.

Their follies owing to improper education.

GIRLS formerly were not allowed to go to public places, unless attended by some discreet matron ; but now they are permitted to range round the whole circle of vanity, with no other company than their own giddy acquaintance. It was esteemed an unbecoming behaviour in a man to attempt to stare a lady out of countenance ; but the indecency is now reversed. Circumstances seemingly trifling, often lead to fatal errors ; and I am inclined to think, that the loose mode of dress among the ladies has no small influence on their behaviour. From affecting to look like courtezans they are insensibly led to act like them ; and the transition is not unnatural.

If Fanny Murray chuses to vary the fashion of her apparel, immediately every Lucretia in town takes notice of the change, and modestly copies the chaste original. If Fanny shews the coral center of her snowy orbs—Miss, to out-strip her, orders her stays to be cut an inch or two lower ; and kindly displays the whole lovely circumference : nay, I have seen women of the strictest virtue approach so near

this standard of impudicity, that Clodio himself has been puzzled to determine whether they were lawful game. Indeed I can foresee one advantage which will attend this extravagant imitation ; and I do not doubt but that in a few years, the sight of a snowy bosom will be as great a treat, as in the days of queen Bess : for I observe, that as modest women expose the nakedness of their persons, the courtizans artfully conceal theirs.

But this depravation of manners is to be imputed to the negligence of parents, who, instead of checking the first appearance of indecency, encourage its progress. Modesty of manners cannot be too early inculcated. The happiness of posterity depends on our serious attention to this important point. As women are educated themselves, they will for the most part train up their children ; and if the mother has not imbibed the principles of chastity, she cannot transmit the divine blessing to her daughters. It is easier to secure them from all opportunities of temptation, than to teach them fortitude to resist the occasion ; and parents who permit them to go where they please, and in what manner they please, are accountable for all the fatal consequences of their indiscreet behaviour.

There are few so ignorant, as not to be sensible of these irresistible truths ; and they are ready to charge the failings of the imprudent fair to the improvident management of her parents ; and yet cannot discern, that they are leading their own daughters into the same errors, by the like blameable inattention. But a blind partiality and overweening fondness deceives them : they foolishly think their daughters

ters an exception to all general rules ; and vainly expect them to pursue virtuous ends, without having the means to attain them. But if they swerve from the rugged paths which lead to Innocence, they cruelly abandon them as a prey to vice, and with unrelenting rage they furnish them for crimes, which it was once, perhaps, in their power to have prevented.

But admitting that parents have fully discharged their duty, and that their children have slighted their instructions and frustrated their paternal care, yet they are still their children ; and though fallen, yet Nature directs them to stretch forth the hand of affection, if possible, to raise them from the abject state into which vice has plunged them.

Whatever Passion suggests, Reason dictates this behaviour. How can we expect that forgiveness from the Father of all Beings, which we deny to our children ? Indeed to reinstate them in our affections is impossible, unless we forget : but to forgive, so far as to lend them our assistance, is in our power ; and it is Godlike to exert it. Why, instead of endeavouring to reclaim them from evil, should we yield them up a sacrifice to vice and misery ? Why, because a daughter has fallen a victim to the cruel artifice of one man, should we compel her to wanton with a score ? Why, because she has resigned her body to pollution, why should we drive her among the herd of prostitutes to debauch her mind ?

Though it may seem a bold assertion, yet we need not scruple to affirm, that incontinence is not always a proof of unchastity. Many
unhappy

unhappy fair ones, won by soothing solicitations, have confided in false promises, and devoted their persons to an indiscreet affection, who have nevertheless retained their chastity, and been unpolluted in their minds.

They indeed who court their shame, and by their indiscreet behaviour and wanton allurements tacitly invite the authors of their ruin, they must be thoroughly abandoned ; and before their persons are stained, their minds must have been corrupted.

Passion and prejudice will not allow this distinction ; but if we divest ourselves of prepossession, calm reflection will force us to acknowledge that it is just.

Some urge the necessity of exercising this rigorous cruelty to deter others from the offence : but allowing it to have this effect, yet we may venture to say, that this distant motive never sways the rigid individual : but I deny that it produces the supposed effect ; for daily experience teaches us, that nothing can restrain a feverish affection, nursed by temptation, and matured by opportunity : yet, though it cannot prevent the crime, it will aggravate the consequences ; for when they know that they are cut off from all hopes of forgiveness, they give way to despair ; and many have been confirmed in vice by an ill-timed severity, who, by gentle and rational usage, might have been made proselytes to virtue.

Centinel.

S E C T. II.

What conversation pleases most in Women.

PERHAPS you imagine we want to preclude every degree of conversation which passes under the name of trifling. You are mistaken. We do not expect that women should always utter grave sentences, nor men neither. It were inconsistent with the state of mankind. It cannot be expected from philosophers of the first rank ; nor if it could, do I know that it would be desirable. I am even inclined to believe, that they who understand the art of what has been termed trifling agreeably, have gained a very considerable point. The frailty of human nature, and the infelicity of human life, require to be relieved and soothed. There are many occasions, on which this is not to be done by sage admonitions, or solemn reflexions. These, to well disposed minds, are often highly solacing ; but to dwell on them always were to strain the machine beyond its powers. Besides, in fact, a seasonable diversion to anxiety, a temporary forgetfulness of grief, is frequently a far better method to remove it, than any direct application or laboured remedy. To change the metaphor ; when the road proves rugged, or is in danger of growing tedious, one successful method of beguiling it is for the travellers to cheer and amuse one another by the play of fancy, and the facetiousness of mirth. But then the end of the journey must not be forgotten. Because we are weak, there is no reason why we should be
silly.

filly. The brow of care may surely be smoothed without converting it into the laugh of folly. While we indulge the recreation necessary for mortals, let us maintain the temper requisite in immortal beings. To reconcile these two things, and to blend them happily, seems the proper science of creatures on their progress through time to eternity. From you, my gentle friends, we look for every thing that, next to the diviner influence of religion, can soften the inequality, and animate the dulness of the way.

We wish to see you often smile ; but we would not have you smile always, if it were possible. There are many scenes that demand a grave deportment ; there are not few that call for a mournful one. She that cannot distinguish between laughter and happiness, never knew what the latter means. She that cannot “ weep with them that weep,” as well as “ rejoice with them that rejoice,” is a stranger to one of the sweetest sources of enjoyment, no less than to one of the noblest lessons of Christianity. Those are the happiest dispositions, which are the best. Benevolence is the supreme perfection of the ever-blessed Deity. He is infinitely removed from every painful impression. Yet scripture, in the style of accommodation, ascribes to him all the guiltless emotions of humanity : and we know that our Saviour was formerly on earth, and is now in heaven, “ touched with the feelings of our infirmities.” With the character of a Christian Woman nothing, methinks, can better correspond than a propensity to melt into affectionate sorrow. It becomes alike her religion and her sex.

sex. Never, my fair auditory, never do your eyes shine with a more delightful effulgence, than when suffused with all the trembling softness of grief for virtue in distress, or of solicitude for friendship in danger. Believe me, if the gaiety of conversation gave place somewhat oftner to the tender tale of woe, you would not, to such at least of your male acquaintance as have hearts, appear at all the less lovely. The sigh of compassion stealing from a female breast, on the mention of calamity, would be rather more musical in their ears, than the loud bursts of unmeaning laughter, with which they are often entertained. Let me add here, that the charms of innocence and sympathy appearing in your discourse will, to every discerning man, spread around you a lustre which all the jewels in the world cannot bestow.

The diamond's and the ruby's blaze
 Disputes the palm with beauty's queen ;
 Not beauty's queen commands such praise,
 Devoid of virtue if she's seen.

But the soft tear in Pity's eye
 Outshines the diamond's brightest beams ;
 But the sweet blush of Modesty
 More beauteous than the ruby seems.

Fordyce's Sermons to Young Women.

S E C T. III.

The character of a good wife.

T H E good wife is one, who, ever mindful of the solemn contract which she hath entered into, is strictly and conscientiously virtuous,

tuous, constant, and faithful to her husband ; chaste, pure, and unblemished in every thought, word and deed : *she* is humble and modest from reason and conviction, submissive from choice, and obedient from inclination : what *she* acquires by love and tenderness, *she* preserves by prudence and discretion : *she* makes it her business to serve, and her pleasure to oblige her husband ; as conscious, that every thing which promotes his happiness, must in the end, contribute to her own : her tenderness relieves his cares, her affection softens his distress, her good humour and complacency lessen and subdue his afflictions, *she openeth her mouth, as Solomon says, with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness : she looketh well to the ways of her husband, and eateth not the bread of idleness : her children rise up and call her blessed : her husband also, and he praiseth her.* Lastly, as a good and pious christian, *she* looks up with an eye of gratitude to the Great Dispenser and Disposer of all things, to the husband of the widow, and father of the fatherless, intreating his divine favour and assistance in this and every other moral and religious duty, well satisfied, that if *she* duly and punctually discharges her several offices and relations in this life, *she* shall be blessed and rewarded for it in another.

Francklin's Sermons.

C H A P. VI.

W O R D S.

S E C T. I.

Examples that Words may affect without raising images.

I FIND it very hard to persuade several that their passions are affected by words from whence they have no ideas ; and yet harder to convince them, that in the ordinary course of conversation we are sufficiently understood without raising any images of the things concerning which we speak. It seems to be an odd subject of dispute with any man, whether he has ideas in his mind or not. Of this at first view, every man, in his own forum, ought to judge without appeal. But strange as it may appear, we are often at a loss to know what ideas we have of things, or whether we have any ideas at all upon some subjects. It even requires some attention to be thoroughly satisfied on this head. Since I wrote these papers I found two very striking instances of the possibility there is, that a man may hear words without having any idea of the things which they represent, and yet afterwards be capable of returning them to others, combined in a new way, and with great propriety, energy, and instruction. The first instance is that of Mr. Blacklock, a poet blind from his birth. Few men blessed with the most perfect sight can describe visual objects with
more

more spirit and justness than this blind man ; which cannot possibly be owing to his having a clearer conception of the things he describes than is common to other persons. Mr. Spence, in an elegant preface which he has written to the works of this poet, reasons very ingeniously, and I imagine for the most part very rightly, upon the cause of this extraordinary phenomenon ; but I cannot altogether agree with him, that some improprieties in language and thought which occur in these poems have arisen from the blind poet's imperfect conception of visual objects, since such improprieties, and much greater, may be found in writers even of an higher class than Mr. Blacklock, and who, notwithstanding, possessed the faculty of seeing in its full perfection. Here is a poet doubtless as much affected by his own descriptions as any that reads them can be ; and yet he is affected with this strong enthusiasm by things of which he neither has, nor can possibly have any idea further than that of a bare sound ; and why may not those who read his works be affected in the same manner that he was, with as little of any real ideas of the things described ? The second instance is of Mr. Saunderson, professor of mathematics in the university of Cambridge. This learned man had acquired great knowledge in natural philosophy, in astronomy, and whatever sciences depend upon mathematical skill. What was the most extraordinary, and the most to my purpose, he gave excellent lectures upon light and colours ; and this man taught others the theory of those ideas which they had, and which he himself undoubtedly had not. But the truth is, that the
words

words red, blue, green, answered to him as well as the ideas of the colours themselves ; for the ideas of greater or lesser degrees of refrangibility being applied to these words, and the blind man being instructed in what other respects they were found to agree or to disagree, it was as easy for him to reason upon the words, as if he had been fully master of the ideas. Indeed it must be owned he could make no new discoveries in the way of experiment. He did nothing but what we do every day in common discourse. When I wrote this last sentence, and used the words *every day* and *common discourse*, I had no images in my mind of any succession of time ; nor of men in conference with each other ; nor do I imagine that the reader will have any such ideas on reading it. Neither when I spoke of red, blue, and green, as well as of refrangibility, had I these several colours, or the rays of light passing into a different medium, and there diverted from their course, painted before me in the way of images. I know very well that the mind possesses a faculty of raising such images at pleasure ; but then an act of the will is necessary to this ; and in ordinary conversation or reading it is very rarely that any image at all is excited in the mind. If I say, “ I shall go to Italy next summer,” I am well understood. Yet I believe nobody has by this painted in his imagination the exact figure of the speaker passing by land or by water, or both ; sometimes on horseback, sometimes in a carriage ; with all the particulars of the journey. Still less has he any idea of Italy, the country to which I proposed to go ; or of the greenness

greenness of the fields, the ripening of the fruits, and the warmth of the air, with the change to this from a different season, which are the ideas for which the word *summer* is substituted; but least of all has he any image from the word *next*; for this word stands for the idea of many summers, with the exclusion of all but one: and surely the man who says *next summer*, has no images of such a succession, and such an exclusion. In short, it is not only those ideas which are commonly called abstract, and of which no image at all can be found, but even of particular real beings, that we converse without having any idea of them excited in the imagination; as will certainly appear on a diligent examination of our own minds.

Bourke on the Sublime.

S E C T. II.

The abuse of them.

THE use of language is the ready communication of our thoughts to one another. As we cannot produce the objects which raise ideas in our minds, we use words, which are made signs of those objects. No man could otherwise convey to another the idea of a table or chair, without pointing to those pieces of furniture; as children are taught to remember the names of things by looking at their pictures. Thus, if I wanted to mention king Charles on horse-back, I must carry my companion to Charing-Cross; and would I next tell him of the statue of Sir John Barnard, we must

must trudge back again, and he must wait for my meaning 'till we got to the Royal-Exchange. We should be like the sages of Laputa, who (as Gulliver tells us) having substituted *things* for *words*, used to carry about them such *things* as were necessary to express the particular business they were to discourse on. "I have often beheld (says he) two of those sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us; who when they met in the streets, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together; and then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burthens, and take their leave." In these circumstances, a man of the fewest words could not, indeed, talk without carrying about him a much larger apparatus of conversation, than is contained in the bag of the noted Yeates, or any other slight-of-hand artist: he could not speak of a chicken or an owl, but it must be ready in his pocket to be produced. In such a case we could not say we heard, but we saw the conversation of a friend; as in the epistolary correspondence, carried on by those pretty hieroglyphic letters (as they are called), where the picture of a *deer* and a *woman finely dressed* is made to stand for the expression of *dear lady*.

But the invention of words has removed these difficulties; and we may talk not only of any thing we have seen, but what neither we, nor the persons of whom we speak, ever saw. Thus we convey to another the idea of a battle without being reduced to the disagreeable necessity of learning it from the cannon's mouth:

mouth : and we can talk of people in the world of the moon, without being obliged to make use of Bishop Wilkins's artificial wings to fly thither. Words, therefore, in the ordinary course of life, are like the paper-money among merchants ; invented as a more ready conveyance by which the largest sum can be transmitted to the most distant places with as much ease as a letter ; while the same specie would require bags and chests, and even carts or ships to transport it. But however great these advantages are, the use of language has brought along with it several inconveniences, as well as paper-money : for as this latter is more liable to miscarry, more easily concealed, carried off, or counterfeited than bullion, merchants have frequent cause to complain, that the convenience of this sort of cash is not without its alloy of evil ; and we find, that in the use of language there is so much room for deceit and mistake, that though it does not render it useless, it is much to be wished some remedy could be contrived.

Men are so apt to use the same words in different senses, and call the same thing by different names, that oftentimes they cannot understand others, or be themselves understood. If one calls that thing black which another calls green, or that prodigality which another calls generosity, they mistake each other's meaning, and can never agree, till they explain the words. It is to this we owe so much wrangling in discourse, and so many volumes of controversy on almost every part of literature. I have known a dispute carried on with great warmth, and when the disputants have come

to explain what each meant, it has been discovered they were both of a side : like the men in the play, who met and fought first, and, after each had been heartily beaten, found themselves to be friends. What should we say, if this practice of calling things by a wrong name was to obtain among tradesmen ? If you was to send your haberdasher for a hat, you might receive a pair of stockings ; or instead of a cordial julep from your apothecary, be furnished with a cathartic or a clyster.

It would be needless to insist on the inconveniences arising from the misuse or misapprehension of terms in all verbal combats ; whether they be fought on the spot by word of mouth, or (like a game of chess) maintained, even though lands and seas interpose, by the assistance of the press. In our ordinary conversation it is notorious, that no less confusion has arisen from the wrong application or perversion of the original and most natural import of words. I remember, when I commenced author, I published a little pamphlet, which I flattered myself had some merit, though I must confess it did not sell. Conscious of my growing fame, I resolved to send the first-fruits of it to an uncle in the country, that my relations might judge of the great honour I was likely to prove to the family : but how was I mortified, when the good man sent me word, “ that he was sorry to find I had *ruined* myself, and had wrote a book ; for the parson of the parish had assured him, that authors were never worth a farthing, and always died in a gaol.” Notwithstanding this remonstrance, I have still persisted in my *ruin* ; which at present I cannot

say is quite compleated, as I can make two meals a day, have yet a coat to my back, with a clean shirt for Sundays at least, and am lodged somewhat below a garret. However, this prediction of my uncle has often led me to consider, in how many senses, different from its general acceptation, the word *ruined* is frequently made use of. When we hear this word applied to another, we should naturally imagine the person is reduced to a state worse than he was in before, and so low that it is scarce possible for him to rise again : but we shall often find, instead of his being undone, that he has rather met with some extraordinary good fortune ; and that those, who pronounce him *ruined*, either mean you should understand it in some other light, or else call him undone, because he differs from them in his way of life, or because they wish him to be in that situation. I need not point out the extreme cruelty, as well as injustice, in the misapplication of this term ; as it may literally *ruin* a man, by destroying his character : according to the old English proverb, “ give a dog an ill name, and hang him.”

Connoisseur.

CHAP.

C H A P. VII.

W O R L D.

Of the knowledge of it.

WE, whose business it is to write loose essays, and who never talk above a quarter of an hour together on any one subject, are not expected to enter into philosophical disquisitions, or engage in abstract speculations : but it is supposed to be our principal aim to amuse and instruct the reader, by a lively representation of what passes round about him. Thus, like those painters who delineate the scenes of familiar life, we sometimes give a sketch of a Marriage à-là-môde, sometimes draw the outlines of a modern midnight conversation, at another time paint the comical distresses of itinerant tragedians in a barn, and at another give a full draught of the rake's or harlot's progress. Sometimes we divert the publick by exhibiting single portraits ; and when we meet with a subject where the features are strongly marked by nature, and there is something peculiarly characteristic in the whole manner, we employ ourselves in drawing the piece at full length. In a word, we consider all mankind as fitting for their pictures, and endeavour to work up our pieces with lively traits, and embellish them with beautiful colouring : and though perhaps they are not always highly finished, yet they seldom fail of pleasing some

few, at least, of the vast multitude of criticks and connoisseurs, if we are so happy as to hit off a striking likeness.

There is perhaps no knowledge more requisite, and certainly none at present more ardently sought after, than the Knowledge of the World. In this science we are more particularly expected to be adepts, as well as to initiate, or at least improve our readers in it. And though this knowledge cannot be collected altogether from books, yet (as Pope says) "Men may be read, as well as books, too much;" and it is to be lamented, that many, who have only consulted the volume of life, as it lay open before them, have rather become worse, than better, by their studies. They, who have lived wholly in the world without regarding the comments on it, are generally tainted with all its vices; to which the gathering part of their instructions from books would perhaps have proved an antidote. There, indeed, though they would have seen the faults and foibles of mankind fairly represented, yet vice would appear in an odious, and virtue in an amiable light: but those, who unwarned go abroad into the world, are often dazzled by the splendor with which wealth gilds vice and infamy; and, being accustomed to see barefoot honestly treated with scorn, are themselves induced to consider it as contemptible. For this reason, I am a good deal offended at the ingenious contrivance of our modern novelists and writers of comedy, who often gloss over a villainous character with the same false varnish, that lickers so many scoundrels in real life; and while they are exhibiting a fellow, who debauches your daughter, or lies with your wife,

wife, represent him as an agreeable creature, a man of gallantry, and a fine gentleman.

The world, even the gayest part of it, may be painted like itself, and yet become a lesson of instruction. The pieces of Hogarth (to recur to the illustration I first made use of) are faithful delineations of certain scenes of life, and yet vice and folly always appear odious and contemptible. I could wish it were possible to learn the Knowledge of the World, without being "hackneyed in the ways of men;" but as that is impracticable, it is still our duty so to live in it, as to avoid being corrupted by our intercourse with mankind. We should endeavour to guard against fraud, without becoming ourselves deceitful, and to see every species of vice and folly practised round about us, without growing knaves and fools. The villainy of others is but a poor excuse for the loss of our own integrity: and though, indeed, if I am attacked on Hounslow-Heath, I may lawfully kill the highwayman in my own defence; yet I should be very deservedly brought to the gallows, if I took a purse from the next person I met, because I had been robbed myself.

The knowledge of the world, as it is generally used and understood, consists not so much in a due reflection on its vices and follies, as in the practices of them; and those who consider themselves as best acquainted with it, are either the dupes of fashion, or slaves of interest. It is also supposed to lie within the narrow compass of every man's own sphere of life, and receives a different interpretation in different stations. Thus, for instance, the

man of fashion seeks it no where but in the polite circle of the *beau-monde* ; while the man of business looks no farther for it than the *Alley*. *Connoisseur.*



C H A P. VIII.

W R I T E R.

S E C T. I.

His essential qualifications.

THE present age, if we consider chiefly the state of our own country, may be stiled with great propriety, “The Age of Authors ;” for, perhaps, there never was a time, in which men of all degrees of ability, of every kind of education, of every profession and employment, were posting with ardour so general to the press. The province of writing was formerly left to those, who by study, or appearance of study, were supposed to have gained knowledge unattainable by the busy part of mankind ; but in these enlightened days, every man is qualified to instruct every other man ; and he that beats the anvil, or guides the plough, not contented with supplying corporal necessities, amuses himself in the hours of leisure with providing intellectual pleasures for his countrymen.

It

It may be observed, that of this, as of other evils, complaints have been made by every generation : but though it may, perhaps, be true, that at all times more have been willing than have been able to write, yet there is no reason for believing, that the dogmatical legions of the present race were ever equalled in number by any former period ; for so widely is spread the itch of literary praise, that almost every man is an author, either in act or in purpose ; has either bestowed his favours on the public, or with-holds them, that they may be more seasonably offered, or made more worthy of acceptance.

In former times, the pen, like the sword, was considered as consigned by nature to the hands of men ; the ladies contented themselves with private virtues and domestic excellence, and a female writer, like a female warrior, was considered as a kind of excentric being, that deviated, however illustriously, from her due sphere of motion, and was, therefore, rather to be gazed at with wonder, than countenanced by imitation. But as the times past are said to have seen a nation of Amazons, who drew the bow and wielded the battle-ax, formed encampments and wasted nations ; the revolution of years has now produced a generation of Amazons of the pen, who with the spirit of their predecessors have set masculine tyranny at defiance, asserted their claim to the regions of science, and seem resolved to contest the usurpations of virility.

Some, indeed, there are of both sexes, who are authors only in desire, but have not yet

attained the power of executing their intentions ; whose performances have not arrived at bulk sufficient to form a volume, or who have not the confidence, however impatient of nameless obscurity, to solicit openly the assistance of the printer. Among these are the innumerable correspondents of public papers, who are always offering assistance which no man will receive, and suggesting hints that are never taken, and who complain loudly of the perverseness and arrogance of authors, lament their insensibility of their own interest, and fill the coffee-houses with dark stories of performances by eminent hands, which have been offered and rejected.

To what cause this universal eagerness of writing can be properly ascribed, I have not yet been able to discover. It is said, that every art is propagated in proportion to the rewards conferred upon it ; a position from which a stranger would naturally infer, that literature was now blessed with patronage far transcending the candour or munificence of the Augustan age, that the road to greatness was open to none but authors, and that by writing alone riches and honour were to be obtained.

But since it is true, that writers, like other competitors, are very little disposed to favour one another, it is not to be expected, that at a time, when every man writes, any man will patronize ; and accordingly, there is not one that I can recollect at present, who professes the least regard for the votaries of science, invites the addresses of learned men, or seems to hope for reputation from any pen but his own. The

The cause, therefore, of this epidemical conspiracy for the destruction of paper, must remain a secret ; nor can I discover, whether we owe it to the influences of the constellations, or the intemperature of seasons ; whether the long continuance of the wind at any single point, or intoxicating vapours exhaled from the earth, have turned our nobles and our peasants, our soldiers and traders, our men and women, all into wits, philosophers, and writers.

It is, indeed, of more importance to search out the cure than the cause of this intellectual malady ; and he would deserve well of his country, who, instead of amusing himself with conjectural speculations, should find means of persuading the peer to inspect his steward's accounts, or repair the rural mansion of his ancestors, who could replace the tradesman behind the counter, and send back the farmer to the mattock and the flail.

General irregularities are known in time to remedy themselves. By the constitution of antient Egypt, the priesthood was continually increasing, till at length there was no people beside themselves ; the establishment was then dissolved, and the number of priests was reduced and limited. Thus among us, writers will, perhaps, be multiplied, till no readers will be found, and then the ambition of writing must necessarily cease.

But as it will be long before the cure is thus gradually effected, and the evil should be stopped, if it be possible, before it rises to so great a height ; I could wish that both sexes would fix their thoughts upon some salutary considerations, which might repress their ardour for

that reputation which not one of many thousands is fated to obtain.

Let it be deeply impressed and frequently recollected, that he who has not obtained the proper qualifications of an author, can have no excuse for the arrogance of writing, but the power of imparting to mankind something necessary to be known. A man uneducated or unlettered may sometimes start an useful thought, or make a lucky discovery, or obtain by chance some secret of nature, or some intelligence of facts, of which the most enlightened mind may be ignorant, and which it is better to reveal, though by a rude and unskilful communication, than to lose for ever by suppressing it.

But few will be justified by this plea ; for of the innumerable books and pamphlets that have overflowed the nation, scarce one has made any addition to real knowledge, or contained more than a transposition of common sentiments and a repetition of common phrases.

It will be naturally enquired, when the man who feels an inclination to write, may venture to suppose himself properly qualified : and since every man is inclined to think well of his own intellect, by what test he may try his abilities without hazarding the contempt or resentment of the public.

The first qualification of a writer is a perfect knowledge of the subject which he undertakes to treat ; since we cannot teach what we do not know, nor can properly undertake to instruct others while we are ourselves in want of instruction. The next requisite is, that he be master of the language in which he delivers his sentiments ; if he treats of science and demon-
stration,

stration, that he has attained a stile clear, pure, nervous, and expressive; if his topics be probable and perswasory, that he be able to recommend them by the superaddition of elegance and imagery, to display the colours of varied diction, and pour forth the music of modulated periods.

If it be again enquired, upon what principles any man shall conclude that he wants these powers, it may be readily answered, that no end is attained but by the proper means; he only can rationally presume that he understands a subject, who has read and compared the writers that have hitherto discussed it, familiarized their arguments to himself by long meditation, consulted the foundations of different systems, and separated truth from error by a rigorous examination.

In like manner, he only has a right to suppose that he can express his thoughts, whatever they are, with perspicuity or elegance, who has carefully perused the best authors, accurately noted their diversities of stile, diligently selected the best modes of diction, and familiarised them by long habits of attentive practice.

No man is a rhetorician or philosopher by chance. He who knows that he undertakes to write on questions which he has never studied, may without hesitation determine, that he is about to waste his own time and that of his reader, and expose himself to the derision of those whom he aspires to instruct: he that without forming his stile by the study of the best models, hastens to obtrude his compositions on the public, may be certain, that whatever

hope or flattery may suggest, he shall shock the learned ear with barbarisms, and contribute, wherever his work shall be received, to the depravation of taste and the corruption of language.

Adventurer.

S E C T. II.

Journey through a Writer's head. A Dream.

THE sixth book of the Eneid has always been a favourite with me, for the noble sentiments of morality and the inimitable strain of poetry which run through it.—I frequently read it with the most transporting pleasure; and after finishing it, I cannot but look down very much upon the degenerate state of poetry among the moderns: for the strong nervous thought and natural expression, they have substituted pretty conceit, quaint phrases, turns, strokes, and I know not what, tending to a general depravity of taste among us. Filled with these thoughts, I lately retired to rest, when queen Mab immediately appeared to me, and from the mixture of ideas fluctuating in my mind, she dressed up the following scene to my imagination.

I thought she commanded me to set out on a journey through the head of a modern writer, which I instantly agreed to, and the goddess accordingly took me in her chariot. In a short time we arrived at the apartment, where the bard sat, sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. At my first approach towards the intellectual regions, a terrible effluvium, "proceeding,"

ceeding," as Shakespear has it, "from the heat-oppressed brain," struck my senses; but I was soon diverted from that uneasy station by a personage who offered to be my guide. From a conscious simper, a careless disposition of his person, and the tenor of his discourse, I knew him to be Vanity, and accepted the compliment. Our way was through a thick skull, of which we at once took possession, and plunged into the abyss.

At our first entrance a confused noise assailed our ears, and we were instantly beset by a number of phantoms placed round the portal. The god Somnus lay stretched at full length, diffusing round him vapours and insensibility; a group of wild dreams and reveries hovered over him, and below flowed the river of animal spirits, dull, slow, and lazy. Numbers were gathered round the banks, begging a passage into this gloomy world; but the Charon of the place, a torpid decrepid fellow, known there by the name of Perception, gave a few of them a tardy admittance, and to the greater part he was entirely deaf. Among those whom he rejected, I perceived a train which I took for the Nine Muses, but was informed they never had attempted to pass that way; and, upon a nearer view, I found they were the amiable band of Moral Virtues, who seemed to be extremely dejected at meeting with a repulse from any human being. They gave me to understand, that it is now become fashionable to discard them every where, at which I expressed my uneasiness, begged a more intimate acquaintance with them, and advanced towards the boatman, Perception, who with the help of his spectacles

at length descried me, and received me into his care.

The river had a great many turnings and windings (for "ductile dullness new mæanders takes"); but after some trouble we at length reached the opposite bank. An uncultivated tract lay before us, dreary and dark; no ray of light to break through the mist; impenetrable obscurity involved the scene, and vapours rolling over vapours made every thing an universal blot. I pursued my journey with all possible expedition, and arrived at the Repository of Ideas, as it is here called, the key of which was kept by Memory. I addressed him in the politest terms, and as I supposed this to be a store-house of universal knowledge, I begged to be favoured with a view of the several acquisitions he had made. I desired he would produce some occult qualities, of which I had no manner of notion; I begged to be favoured with the sight of an idea; and I called for several of the metaphysical train too tedious to enumerate.—In divinity I remembered several things, of which I never could attain a clear conception, and I have not arithmetic enough to recount the multitude of the mathematical species which I wanted.—The debates which I have heard in Westminster-hall, gave me occasion to enquire for many of the legal band; and I was curious after an infinite multitude of the Parnassian tribe, mentioned in a pompous style in several modern poets. I longed to see an envenomed shaft taking its fatal aim, winds wafting prayers on rosy wings to heaven, &c. and though no pains was spared to gratify my request, I must
own,

own, that I remained as much in the dark as ever.

The next place we came to was the *Lugentes Campi*, or the Mournful Fields, sacred to Venus; and I was shocked in a very sensible manner to find such a prodigious waste in the human frame. I met with nothing here but Cupid's darts, consuming fires, and all the modern train of Love's artillery. As I was sufficiently acquainted with these, from a constant and unwearied perusal of our modern tragedies, and other poetical productions, I hastened to the seat where Judgment presided.

Judgment seldom made any decisions of his own, but was biassed in all his decrees by several that surrounded him, with so much authority, that I supposed they were in the commission. The chief of these was Pride, with a lofty air and supercilious brow, which called to my mind the excellent remark in the *Essay on Criticism*;

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide his mind,
Which the weak head with surest biases rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

Next in place was Ill-nature, callous and hardened to every gentle sensation of humanity, and quite a stranger to that delicacy of elegant minds, which beholds the merit of another with pleasure; but on the contrary, every thing shining with the smallest degree of lustre is the object of his aversion, and he is never pleased but with the misfortunes of his neighbours. Prejudice also seemed to have no small influence with the court; and Venality, with itching palm, frequently

frequently gave a new turn to every thing, being ready to engage on either side in politics, to abuse a worthy character in satire, or exalt a base one in dedicatory panegyric.

From these principles I could easily imagine to myself what kind of opinions were likely to arise, and therefore hastened towards Elysium. In my way I perceived a desolate tract, which may be called the Region of Tortures. Here I saw Grief, Despair, Envy, Revenge, and all the agonizing cares that made this place worse than what the poets fable of their Tartarus. In one part was to be seen Ambition falling back, like the stone of Sisyphus; in another place Hunger was tantalized with the hopes of a supper, but the worst of fiends, Cruel Want, forbids the touch. Here stood a pillory, with Defamation nailed to it by the ears; there a blanket stretched out, and a Bard going to be tossed in it.—Here a tumultuous playhouse at the damnation of a virgin muse; the sneering beaux in the boxes display their false teeth; the pit rises enraged, the gallery opens its rude throats, and nothing is to be heard but “throw him over—won’t y’ ha’ some orange chips—won’t y’ ha’ some nonpareils—off the stage, off, off;” till at length the catcall whizzes, and the poor poet in the mean time is ready to expire, and pangs as bad as hell torment him.

Had I all the pens of all the scribblers of the age, I should not be able to relate every occurrence in my adventures, and I was by this time admonished by my guide that we were arrived at the seat of happiness. Here we found Invention happy in a review of all his airy beings, that were fluttering round him in a variegated dress,

dress, pressing and crowding upon each other, as if to force a passage into open day. I stood for a time wondering at this mighty bustle, and then enquired what was the cause of it. To which Invention replied, "That bright band which you behold so eagerly gathering about the gates of life, are the chosen few to whom Apollo has appointed a new birth into the world, and they are now impatiently waiting till proper bodies are prepared for them by those poetical midwives, commonly called booksellers. They were all in the beginning wafted over by Perception, whom you have seen, and were thence conveyed to the Repository of Ideas in the care of Memory, till in the various course of human contingencies, they are again called forth, and by my skill arranged in proper order for their appearance among the sons of men."

Thus having said, he led me round the whole extent of Elysium, gave me a complete view of all his intellectual train, and at length dismissed me through the ivory gate to breathe the vital air, to which I was highly pleased to find myself restored; and the joy occasioned by this reflection operated so strongly on my spirits, that I felt myself in some agitation, and was instantly wakened out of my dream. *Smollett.*

S E C T. III.

The characteristics of such Writers as profess criticism considered.

THERE are few books on which more time is spent by young students than on treatises which deliver the character of authors; nor any
which

which oftener deceive the expectation of the reader, or fill his mind with more opinions which the progress of his studies and the encrease of his knowledge oblige him to resign.

Baillet has introduced his collection of the decisions of the learned, by an enumeration of the prejudices which mislead the critic, and raise the passions in rebellion against the judgment. His catalogue, though large, is imperfect; and who can hope to complete it? The beauties of writing have been observed to be often such as cannot in the present state of human knowledge be evinced by evidence, or drawn out into demonstrations; they are therefore wholly subject to the imagination, and do not force their effects upon a mind preoccupied by unfavourable sentiments, nor overcome the counter-action of a false principle or of stubborn partiality.

To convince any man against his will is hard, but to please him against his will is justly pronounced by Dryden to be above the reach of human abilities. Interest and passion will hold out long against the closest siege of diagrams and syllogisms, but they are absolutely impregnable to imagery and sentiment; and will for ever bid defiance to the most powerful strains of Virgil or Homer, though they may give way in time to the batteries of Euclid or Archimedes.

In trusting therefore to the sentence of a critic, we are in danger not only from that vanity which exalts writers too often to the dignity of teaching what they are yet to learn, from that negligence which sometimes steals upon the most vigilant caution, and that fallibility to which the condition of nature has subjected every human

man understanding; but from a thousand extrinſick and accidental cauſes, from every thing which can excite kindneſs or malevolence, veneration or contempt.

Many of thoſe who have determined with great boldneſs upon the various degrees of literary merit, may be juſtly ſuſpected of having paſſed ſentence, as Seneca remarks of Claudius,

*Una tantum parte audita,
Sæpe et nulla,*

without much knowledge of the cauſe before them; for it will not eaſily be imagined of Langbaine, Borrichius or Rapin, that they had very accurately peruſed all the books which they praiſe or cenſure; or that even if nature and learning had qualified them for judges, they could read for ever with the attention neceſſary to juſt criticiſm. Such performances, however, are not wholly without their uſe; for they are commonly juſt echoes to the voice of fame, and tranſmit the general ſuffrage of mankind when they have no particular motives to ſuppreſs it.

Criticks, like all the reſt of mankind, are very frequently miſled by intereſt. The bigotry with which editors regard the authors whom they illuſtrate or correct, has been generally remarked. Dryden was known to have written moſt of his critical diſſertations only to recommend the works upon which he then happened to be employed; and Addiſon is ſuſpected to have denied the expediency of poetical juſtice, becauſe his own Cato was condemned to periſh in a good cauſe.

There

There are prejudices which authors, not otherwise weak or corrupt, have indulged without scruple; and perhaps some of them are so complicated with our natural affections, that they cannot easily be disentangled from the heart. Scarce any can hear with impartiality a comparison between the writers of his own and another country; and though it cannot, I think, be charged equally on all nations, that they are blinded with this literary patriotism, yet there are none that do not look upon their authors with the fondness of affinity, and esteem them as well for the place of their birth, as for their knowledge or their wit. There is, therefore, seldom much respect due to comparative criticism, when the competitors are of different countries, unless the judge is of a nation equally indifferent to both. The Italians could not for a long time believe, that there was any learning beyond the mountains; and the French seem generally persuaded that there are no wits or reasoners equal to their own. I can scarcely conceive that if Scaliger had not considered himself as allied to Virgil, by being born in the same country, he would have found his works so much superior to those of Homer, or have thought the controversy worthy of so much zeal, vehemence, and acrimony.

There is, indeed, one prejudice, and only one, by which it may be doubted whether it is any dishonour to be sometimes misguided. Criticism has so often given occasion to the envious and ill-natured of gratifying their malignity, that some have thought it necessary to recommend the virtue of candour without limits or restriction,

striction, and to preclude all future ages from the liberty of censure. Writers possessed with this opinion are continually enforcing the duties of civility and decency, recommending to the criticks the proper diffidence of themselves, and inculcating the veneration due to celebrated names.

I am not of opinion that these professed enemies of arrogance and severity, have much more benevolence or modesty than the rest of mankind; or that they feel in their own hearts, any other intention than to distinguish themselves by their softness and delicacy. Some are modest because they are timorous, and some are lavish of praise because they hope to be repaid.

There is indeed some tenderness due to living writers, when they attack none of those truths which are of importance to the happiness of mankind, and have committed no other offence than that of betraying their own ignorance or dullness. I should think it cruelty to crush an insect who had provoked me only by buzzing in my ear; and would not willingly interrupt the dream of harmless stupidity, or destroy the jest which makes its author laugh. Yet I am far from thinking this tenderness universally necessary; for he that writes may be considered as a kind of general challenger, whom every one has a right to attack; since he quits the common rank of life, steps forward beyond the lists, and offers his merit to the publick judgment. To commence author is to claim praise, and no man can justly aspire to honour, but at the hazard of disgrace.

But

But whatever be decided concerning contemporaries, whom he that knows the treachery of the human heart, and considers how often we gratify our own pride or envy under the appearance of contending for elegance and propriety, will find himself not much inclined to disturb; there can surely be no exemptions pleaded to secure them from criticism, who can no longer suffer by reproach, and of whom nothing now remains but their writings and their names. Upon these authors the critick is, undoubtedly, at full liberty to exercise the strictest severity, since he endangers only his own fame, and, like Eneas when he drew his sword in the infernal regions, encounters phantoms which cannot be wounded. He may indeed pay some regard to established reputation; but he can by that show of reverence consult only his own security, for all other motives are now at an end.

The faults of a writer of acknowledged excellence are more dangerous, because the influence of his example is more extensive; and the interest of learning requires that they should be discovered and stigmatized, before they have the sanction of antiquity conferred upon them, and become precedents of indisputable authority.

It has, indeed, been advanced by Addison, as one of the characteristicks of a true critick, that he points out beauties rather than faults. But it is rather natural to a man of learning and genius, to apply himself chiefly to the study of writers who have more beauties than faults to be displayed; for the duty of criticism

ticism is neither to depreciate nor dignify by partial representation; but to hold out the light of Reason, whatever it may discover; and to promulgate the determinations of truth, whatever she shall dictate. *Ranbler.*



C H A P. IX.

W R I T I N G.

Grace in it, what.

I WILL not undertake to mark out with any sort of precision that idea which I would express by the word *Grace*; and, perhaps, it can no more be clearly described, than justly defined. To give you, however, a general intimation of what I mean when I apply that term to compositions of genius, I would resemble it to that easy air, which so remarkably distinguishes certain persons of a genteel and liberal cast. It consists not only in the particular beauty of single parts, but arises from the general symmetry and construction of the whole. An author may be just in his sentiments, lively in his figures, and clear in his expression; yet may have no claim to be admitted into the rank of finished writers. Those
several

several members must be so agreeably united as mutually to reflect beauty upon each other : their arrangement must be so happily disposed as not to admit of the least transposition without manifest prejudice to the entire piece. The thoughts, the metaphors, the allusions, and the diction, should appear easy and natural, and seem to arise like so many spontaneous productions, rather than as effects of art or labour.

Whatever therefore is forced or affected in the sentiments, whatever is pompous or pedantick in the expression, is the very reverse of Grace. Her mien is neither that of a prude nor a coquet ; she is regular without formality, and sprightly without being fantastical. Grace, in short, is to good writing, what a proper light is to a fine picture ; it not only shews all the figures in their several proportions and relations, but shews them in the most advantageous manner.

As gentility (to resume my former illustration) appears in the minutest action, and improves the most inconsiderable gesture ; so grace is discovered in the placing even of a single word, or the turn of a mere expletive. Neither is this inexpressible quality confined to one species of composition only, but extends to all the various kinds ; to the humble pastoral as well as to the lofty epic ; from the slightest letter to the most solemn discourse.

I know not whether Sir William Temple may not be considered as the first of our prose authors, who introduced a graceful manner into our language ; at least that quality does not seem to have appeared early, or spread far, amongst us. But wheresoever we may look for

its

its origin, it is certainly to be found in its highest perfection in the late essays of a gentleman whose writings will be distinguished so long as politeness and good sense have any admirers. That becoming air which Tully esteemed the criterion of fine composition, and which every reader, he says, imagines so easy to be imitated, yet will find so difficult to attain, is the prevailing characteristic of all that excellent author's most elegant performance. In a word, one may justly apply to him what Plato, in his allegorical language, says of Aristophanes; that the Graces having searched all the world round for a temple wherein they might forever dwell, settled at last in the breast of Mr. Addison.

Fitzosborne's Letters.

B O O K XXII.

C H A P. I.

YAMODIN and TAMIRA.

A TALE.

IN the reign of Yamodin the magnificent, the kingdom of Golconda was depopulated by a pestilence ; and after every other attempt to propitiate the gods had failed, it was believed, according to the superstition of the country, that they required the sacrifice of a virgin of royal blood.

It happened that at this time there was no virgin of the royal blood, but Tamira the daughter of Yamodin, whom he had betrothed to one of the princes of his court, intending that he should succeed to the throne ; for Yamodin had no son, and he was not willing that his empire should descend to a woman.

Yamodin considered himself not less the father of his people, than of Tamira ; and therefore, with whatever reluctance, determined to relieve the life of the public, with that of the individual. He prostrated himself in the temple, and invoked his principal idol as the fountain of life : “ From thee, said he, I have derived my being, and the life which I have propagated

propagated is thine : when I am about to restore it, let me remember with gratitude, that I possessed it by thy bounty ; and let thy mercy accept it as a ransom for my people."

Orders were given for the sacrifice on the next day, and Tamira was permitted to dispose of the interval as she pleased. She received the intimation of her father's pleasure, without much surprize ; because, as she knew the custom of her country, she scarce hoped that the demand of her life would have been delayed so long : she fortified herself against the terrors of death, by anticipating the honours that would be paid to her memory ; and had just triumphed over the desire of life, when, upon perceiving her lover enter the apartment, she lost her fortitude in a moment and burst into tears.

When they were alone, after his eyes had like her's overflowed with silent sorrow, he took her hand, and with a look of inexpressible anxiety and tenderness, told her that one expedient was yet left, by which her life might be preserved ; that he had bribed a priest to his interest, by whom the ceremonies of marriage might be immediately performed ; then on the morrow, as she would be no longer a virgin, the propitiation of gods could not be effected by her death ; and that her father, tho' for political purposes he might appear to be displeased, would yet secretly rejoice at an event, which without his concurrence, had delivered him from the dreadful obligation of sacrificing an only child, through whom he hoped to transmit dominion to posterity.

To this proposal, Tamira, whose attachment to life was now strengthened by love, and in whose bosom the regret of precluded pleasure had succeeded to the hope of glory, at length consented ; but she consented with all the timidity, reluctance and confusion, which are produced by a consciousness of guilt ; and the prince himself introduced the man, who was to accomplish the purpose, both of his ambition and his love, with apparent tremor and hesitation.

On the morrow, when the priest stood ready at the altar to receive the victim, and the king commanded his daughter to be brought forth, the prince produced her as his wife. Yamodin stood some moments in suspense ; and then dismissing the assembly, retired to his palace. After having remained about two hours in private, he sent for the prince. “ The gods, said he, though they continue the pestilence, have yet in mercy rescued my people from the oppression of a tyrant, who appears to consider the life of millions as nothing in competition with the indulgence of his lust, his avarice, or his ambition.” Yamodin then commanded him to be put to death, and the sentence was executed the same hour.

Tamira now repented in unutterable distress of a crime, by which the pleasures not only of possession but hope were precluded ; her attachment to life was broken, by the very means which she had taken to preserve it ; and as an atonement for the forfeit of her virginity, she determined to submit to that law of marriage, from which as a prince's only she was exempted

empted to, and to throw herself on the pile by which the body of her husband was to be consumed. To this her father consented : their ashes were scattered to the winds, and their names were forbidden to be repeated.

If by these events it is evident, that Yamodin discerned no law, which would have justified the preservation of his daughter ; and if it is absurd to suppose his integrity to be vicious ; because he had less power and opportunity to obtain knowledge than Plato ; it will follow, that, by whatever rule the oblation of human sacrifice may be condemned, the conduct of Yamodin which would have produced such sacrifice was morally right, and that of the prince which prevented it was morally wrong ; that the consent of Tamira to the marriage was vicious, and that her suicide was heroic virtue, though in her marriage she concurred with a general law of nature, and by her death opposed it : for moral right and wrong are terms that are wholly relative to the agent by whom the action is performed, and not to the action itself considered abstractedly, for abstractedly it can be right or wrong only in a natural sense. It appears therefore, that revelation is necessary to the establishment even of natural religion, and that it is more rational to suppose it has been vouchsafed in part than not at all.

It may, perhaps, be asked of what use then is conscience as a guide of life, since in these instances it appears not to coincide with the divine law, but to oppose it, to condemn that which is enjoined and approve that which is

270 YAMODIN and TAMIRA.

forbidden : but to this question the answer is easy.

The end which conscience approves is always good, though she sometimes mistakes the means : the end which Yamodin proposed, was deliverance from a pestilence ; but he did not nor could know, that this end was not to be obtained by human sacrifice : and the end which conscience condemns, is always ill ; for the end proposed by the prince, was private gain by public loss. By conscience, then, all men are restrained from intentional ill, and directed in their choice of the end though not of the means : it infallibly directs us to avoid guilt, but is not intended to secure us from error ; it is not, therefore, either useless as a law to ourselves, nor yet sufficient to regulate our conduct with respect to others ; it may sting with remorse, but it cannot cheer us with hope. It is by revelation alone, that virtue and happiness are connected : by revelation, “ we are led into all truth ;” conscience is directed to effect its purpose, and repentance is encouraged by the hope of pardon. If this sun is risen upon our hemisphere, let us not consider it only as the object of speculation and injury ; let us rejoice in its influence, and walk by its light ; regarding rather with contempt than indignation, these who are only solicitous to discover, why its radiance is not farther diffused ; and wilfully shut their eyes against it, because they see others stumble, to whom it has been denied.

It is not necessary to enquire, what would be determined at the Great Tribunal, concerning a heathen who had in every instance obeyed

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the dictates of conscience, however erroneous ; because, it will readily be granted, that no such moral perfection, was ever found among men : but it is easy to ascertain the fate of those, “ who love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil ; ” who violate the law that has been written upon the heart, and reject that which has been offered them from above ; who though their sins are as scarlet, cavil at the terms on which they might be white as snow ; and though their iniquities have been multiplied without number, revile the hand that would blot them from the register of heaven.

Adventurer.



C H A P. II.

Y A R I C O.

An affecting story.

MR. Thomas Inkle, of London, aged twenty Years, embarked in the Downs on the good ship called the Achilles bound for the West-Indies, on the 16th of June, 1674, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandise. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of

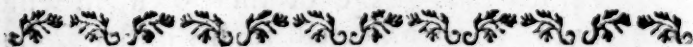
numbers, and consequently giving a him quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened in the course of the voyage, that the Achilles, in some distress put into a creek on the main of America, in search of provisions. The youth, who is the hero of my story, among others went ashore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and was intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired, and breathless, on a little Hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him. After the first surprize, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces, of the naked American ; the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion and shape of an European, covered from head to foot : the Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous for his preservation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst of these good offices

offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour to that of her fingers : then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it, she was it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress, of the most beautiful shells, bugles, and beads. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her, so that his cave was adorned with the spotted skins of beasts, and party coloured feathers of fowls, which that part of the world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening or by the favour of the moon-light to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and to shew him where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters, and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him asleep in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and awake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the youth communicated to his mistress, how happy he should be to have her in his country, where she should be cloathed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and carried in Houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind or weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when Yarico, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she made signals ; and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's

crew of his countrymen bound for Barbadoes. (When a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians, and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.)

To be short Mr. Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect on his loss of time, and to weigh with himself, how many days interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. This thought made the young man very pensive, and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which consideration, the avaricious young man sold Yarico to a Barbarian merchant; notwithstanding that the poor girl, to incline him to commiserate her condition, told him that she was with child by him: but he only made use of that information to rise in his demand upon the purchaser.

Beauties.



C H A P. III.

Y E A R S.

How their increase affects the constitution.

VIRGIL wrote his Georgics in the full strength and vigour of his age, when his judgment was at the height, and before his fancy was

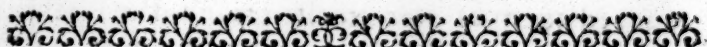
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was declining. He had (according to our homely saying) his full swing at this poem, beginning it at the age of thirty-five; and scarce concluding it before he arrived at forty. 'Tis observed both of him, and Horace, and I believe it will hold out in all great poets; that though they wrote before with a certain heat of genius which inspired them, yet that heat was not perfectly digested. There is a required continuance of warmth to ripen the best and noblest fruits. Thus Horace in his first and second book of Odes, was still rising, but came not to his meridian till the third. After which his judgment was an overpoise to his imagination: he grew too cautious to be bold enough, for he descended in his fourth by slow degrees, and in his satires and epistles, was more a philosopher and a critic than a poet. In the beginning of summer the days are almost at a stand, with little variation of length or shortness, because at that time the diurnal motion of the sun partakes more of a right line, than of a spiral. The same is the method of nature in the frame of man. He seems at forty to be fully in his summer tropic; somewhat before and somewhat after, he finds in his soul but small increases or decays. From fifty to threescore the balance generally holds even, in our colder climates: for he loses not much infancy; and judgment, which is the effect of observation, still increases: his succeeding years afford him little more than the stubble of his own harvest: yet if his constitution be healthful, his mind may still retain a decent vigour and the gleanings of that Ephraim, in com-

parison with others, will surpass the vintage of Abiezer. I have called this somewhere by a bold metaphor, a Green Old Age, but Virgil has given me his authority for the figure.

Jam senior ; sed cruda Deo, viridisque senectus.

Dryden.



C H A P. IV.

Y O U T H.

S E C T. I.

Its warmth exposes to deceit.

IT is impossible without pity and contempt, to hear a youth of generous sentiments and warm imagination, declaring in the moment of openness and confidence his designs and expectations. Because long life is possible, he considers it as certain, and therefore promises himself all the changes of happiness, and provides gratifications for every desire. He is, for a time, wholly given up to frolick and diversion, to range the world in search of pleasure, to delight every eye, to gain every heart, and to be celebrated equally for his pleasing levities and solid attainments, his deep reflections, and his
sparkling

sparkling repartees. He then elevates his views to nobler enjoyments, and finds all the scattered excellencies of the female world united in a woman, who prefers his addresses to wealth and titles ; he is afterwards to engage in business, to dissipate difficulty, and over-power opposition ; to climb by the mere force of merit to fame and greatness ; and reward all those who countenanced his rise, or paid due regard to his early excellence. At last he will retire in peace and honour ; contract his views to domestic pleasures ; from the manners of children like himself ; observe how every year expands the beauty of his daughters, and how his sons catch ardour from their father's history ; he will give laws to the neighbourhood, dictate axioms to posterity, and leave the world an example of wisdom and of happiness.

With hopes like these, he sallies jocund into life : to little purpose is he told, that the condition of humanity admits no pure and unmingled happiness ; that the exuberant gaiety of Youth ends in poverty or disease ; that uncommon qualifications and contrarieties of excellence, produce envy equally with applause ; that whatever admiration and fondness may promise him, he must marry a wife like the wives of others, with some virtues and some faults, and be as often disgusted by her vices, as delighted by her elegance ; that if he adventures in the circle of action, he must expect to encounter men as artful, as daring, as resolute as himself ; that of his children, some may be deformed, and others vicious ; some may disgrace him by their follies, some offend him by their insolence, and soon exhaust him
by

by their profusion. He hears all this with obstinate incredulity, and wonders by what malignity old age is influenced, that it cannot forbear to fill his ears with predictions of misery.

Among other pleasing errors of young minds, is the opinion of their own importance. He that has not yet remarked, how little attention his cotemporaries can spare from their own affairs, conceives all eyes turned upon himself, and imagines every one that approaches him to be an enemy or a follower, an admirer or a spy. He therefore lives in perpetual constraint, and considers his ~~same~~ as involved in the event of every action. Many of the virtues and vices of Youth proceed from this quick sense of reputation. This it is that gives firmness and constancy, fidelity, and disinterestedness, and it is this that kindles resentment for slight injuries, and dictates all the principles of sanguinary honour.

But as time brings him forward into the world, he soon discovers that he only shares fame or reproach with innumerable partners; that he is left unmarked in the obscurity of the croud; and that what he does, whether good or bad, though it may produce a short commotion, soon gives way to new objects of regard. He then easily sets himself free from the anxieties of reputation, and considers praise or censure as a transient breath, which while he hears it, is passing away without any lasting mischief or advantage.

In Youth, it is common to measure right and wrong by the opinion of the world, and in age to act without any measure but interest, and to lose shame without substituting virtue.

Such

Such is the condition of life, that something is always wanting to happiness. In Youth we have warm hopes which are soon blasted by rashness and negligence, and great designs which are defeated by inexperience. In age we have knowledge and prudence without spirit to exert, or motives to prompt them; we are able to plan schemes and regulate measures, but have not time remaining to bring them to completion.

Rambler.

S E C T. II.

A time of enterprize and hope.

IT has been observed, by long experience, that late springs produce the greatest plenty. The delay of blooms and fragrance, of verdure and breezes, is for the most part liberally recompenced by the exuberance and fecundity of the ensuing season; the blossoms which lie concealed till the year is advanced, and the sun is high, escape those chilling blasts and nocturnal frosts, which are often fatal to early luxuriance, prey upon the first smiles of vernal beauty, destroy the feeble principles of vegetable life, intercept the fruit in the gem, and beat down the flowers unopened to the ground.

I am afraid there is little hope of persuading the young and sprightly part of my readers, upon whom the spring naturally forces my attention, to learn from the great process of nature, the difference between diligence and hurry, between speed and precipitation; to prosecute

prosecute their designs with calmness, to watch the concurrence of opportunity, and endeavour to find the lucky moment which they cannot make. Youth is the time of enterprize and hope ; having yet no occasion of comparing our force with any opposing power, we naturally form presumptions in our own favour, and imagine that obstruction and impediment will give way before us. The first repulses rather inflame vehemence than teach prudence ; a brave and generous mind is long before it suspects its own weakness, or submits to sap the difficulties which it expected to subdue by storm. Before disappointments have forced the dictates of philosophy, we believe it in our power to shorten the interval between the first cause and the last effect ; we laugh at the timorous delays of plodding industry, and fancy that by encreasing the fire, we can at pleasure accelerate the projection.

At our entrance into the world, when health and vigour give us fair promises of time sufficient for the regular maturation of our schemes, and a long enjoyment of our acquisitions, we are eager to seize the present moment ; we pluck every gratification within our reach, without suffering it to ripen into perfection, and crowd all the varieties of delight into a narrow compass ; but age seldom fails to change our conduct ; we grow negligent of time in proportion as we have less remaining, and suffer the last part of life to steal from us in languid preparations for future undertakings, or slow approaches to remote advantages, in weak hopes of some fortuitous occurrence, or drowsy equilibrations of undetermined counsel.

Whether

Whether it be that the aged, having tasted the pleasures of man's condition, and found them delusive, become less anxious for their attainment ; or that frequent miscarriages have depressed them to despair, and frozen them to inactivity ; or that death shocks them more as it advances upon them, and they are afraid to remind themselves of their decay, or to discover to their own hearts, that the time of trifling is past.

A perpetual conflict with natural desires seems to be the lot of our present state. In youth we require something of the tardiness and frigidity of age ; and in age, we must labour to recall the fire and impetuosity of youth ; in youth we must learn to expect, and in age to enjoy.

The torment of expectation is, indeed, not easily to be borne at a time when every idea of gratification fires the blood, and flashes on the fancy ; when the heart is vacant to every fresh form of delight, and has no rival engagements to withdraw it from the importunities of a new desire. Yet since the fear of missing what we seek must always be proportionable to the happiness expected from possessing it, the passions, even in this tempestuous state, might be somewhat moderated by frequent inculcation of the mischief of temerity, and the hazard of losing that which we endeavour to seize before our time.

He that too early aspires to honours, must resolve to encounter not only the opposition of interest, but the malignity of envy. He that is too eager to be rich, generally endangers his fortune in wild adventures, and uncertain projects ;

jects ; and he that hastens too speedily to reputation, often raises his character by artifices and fallacies, decks himself in colours which quickly fade, or in plumes which accident may shake off, or competition pluck away.

The danger of early eminence has been extended by some, even to the gifts of nature ; and an opinion has been long conceived, that quickness of invention, accuracy of judgment, or extent of knowledge, appearing before the usual time, presage a short life. Even those who are less inclined to form general conclusions, from instances which by their own nature must be rare, have yet been inclined to prognosticate no suitable progress from the first sallies of rapid wits ; but have observed, that after a short effort they either loiter or faint, and suffer themselves to be surpassed by the even and regular perseverance of slower understandings.

It frequently happens, that applause abates diligence. Whoever finds himself to have performed more than was demanded, will be contented to spare the labour of unnecessary performances, and sit down to enjoy at ease his superfluities of honour. He whom success has made confident of his abilities, quickly claims the privilege of negligence, and looks contemptuously on the gradual advances of a rival, whom he imagines himself able to leave behind whenever he shall again summon his force to the contest. But long intervals of pleasure dissipate attention, and weaken constancy ; nor is it easy for him that has sunk from diligence into sloth to rouse out of his lethargy, to recollect his notions, rekindle his curiosity, and engage

gage with his former ardour in the toils of study.

Even that friendship which intends the reward of genius, too often tends to obstruct it. The pleasure of being caressed, distinguished, and admired, easily seduces the student from literary solitude. He is ready to follow the call which summons him to hear his own praise, and which perhaps, at once flatters his appetite with certainty of pleasures, and his ambition with hopes of patronage ; pleasures which he conceives inexhaustible, and hopes which he has not yet learned to distrust.

These evils, indeed, are by no means to be imputed to nature, or considered as inseparable from an early display of uncommon abilities. They may be certainly escaped by prudence and resolution, and must therefore be recounted rather as consolations to those who are less liberally endowed, than as discouragements to such as are born with uncommon qualities. Beauty is well known to draw after it the persecutions of impertinence, to incite the artifices of envy, and to raise the flames of unlawful love ; yet among the ladies whom prudence or modesty have made most eminent, who has ever complained of the inconveniences of an amiable form ? or would have purchased safety by the loss of charms ?

Neither grace of person, nor vigour of understanding, are to be regarded otherwise than as blessings, as means of happiness indulged by the Supreme Benefactor ; but the advantages of either may be lost by too much eagerness to obtain them. A thousand beauties in their first blossom, by an imprudent exposure

sure to the open world, have suddenly withered at the blast of infamy; and men who might have subjected new regions to the empire of learning have been lured by the praise of their first productions from academical retirement, and wasted their days in vice and dependence. The virgin who too soon aspires to celebrity and conquest, perishes by childish vanity, ignorant credulity, or guiltless indiscretion. The genius who catches at laurels and preferment before his time, mocks the hopes that he had excited, and loses those years which might have been more usefully employed, the years of youth, of spirit, and vivacity.

It is one of the innumerable absurdities of pride, that we are never more impatient of direction, than in that part of life when we need it most; we are in haste to meet enemies whom we have not strength to overcome, and to undertake tasks which we cannot perform: and as he that once miscarries does not easily persuade mankind to favour another attempt, an ineffectual struggle for fame is often followed by perpetual obscurity. *Rambler.*

B O O K XXIII.

C H A P. I.

Z E N O.

His doctrine.

ZENO the founder of the Porch, followed the mode, in writing of laws, and a republic. Agreeable to this part of his character, we find, by Lactantius, that he taught a future state of rewards and punishments in the very terms of Plato: *Esse inferer Zeno stoicus docuit; & sedes piorum ab impiis esse discretas; & illos quidem quietas ac delectabiles incolere regiones, hos vero tuere penas in tenebrosis locis atque in cœni voraginibus horrendis.* Yet, we know that he and the whole Porch held that God governed the world only by his general providence, which did not extend either to individuals, cities or people: and, not to insist that his follower Chrysippus laughed at these things as the most childish of all terrors; we know too, that the philosophic principle of his school was, that the soul died with the body. Indeed to compliment their wise man, the Stoics taught that his soul held it out till the general conflagration: by which, when we come to speak

Speak of their opinion concerning the nature and duplicity of the soul, we shall find they meant just nothing.

However, it was not long before the stoics quite laid aside the legislative character; for which their master appears to have had no talents, as we may judge by what he lays down in his republic, that states should not busy themselves in erecting temples; for we ought not to think there is any thing holy, or sacred, or that deserves any real esteem, in the work of masons and labourers. The good men had forgot that he was writing laws for a people; and so turned impertinently enough to philosophise with the stoical sage. The truth is, this sect had never any name for legislation; and therefore as we say, in no long time, laid the study of it quite aside; after which they wrote without the least reserve, against a future state of rewards and punishments.

Thus Epictetus, a thorough stoic, if ever there was any, speaking of death, says, "But whether do you go? no where to your hurt; you return from whence you came: to a friendly consociation with your kindred elements: what there was of the nature of fire in your composition, returns to the element of fire; what there was of earth, to earth; what of air, to air; and of water, to water. There is no hell, nor acheron, cocytus, nor pyriphlegethon."

In another place he says, "The hour of death approaches. Do not endeavour to aggravate, and make things worse than they really are, represent them to yourself in their true light. The time is now come when the materials of which you are compounded will be resolved

solved into the elements from which they were originally taken. What hurt or cause of terror is there in this? or what is there in the world that absolutely perisheth?"

Antoninus says, "He who fears death, either fears that he shall be deprived of all sense, or that he shall experience different sensations. If all sensations cease, you will be no longer subject to pain and misery; if you be invested with senses of another kind, you will become another creature, and will continue to exist as such."

Seneca, in his consolation to Marcia, daughter of the famous Cremutius Cordus the stoic, is not at all behind him in the frank avowal of the same principles. *Cogita, nullis defunctum malis affici: illa quæ nobis inferos faciunt terribiles, fabulam esse: nullas imminere: mortuis tenebras, nec carcerem, nec flumina flagrantia igne, nec oblivionis amnem, nec tribunalia & reos & in illa libertate tam laxa ullos iterum tyrannos. Luserunt ista poetæ & vanis nos agitavere terroribus. Mors omnium dolorum & solutio est, & finis: ultra quam mala nostra non exeunt, quæ nos in illam tranquillitatem. In qua antequam nasceremur, jacuimus repenit.*

Lucian, who, of all the ancients, best understood the intrigues and intricacies of ancient philosophy, appears to have had the same thoughts of the Stoics upon the point in question. In his *Jupiter Tragicus*, or *Discourse on Providence*, Damis the epicurean, arguing against Providence, silences the stoic, Timocles, when he comes to the inequality of events; because the author would not suffer his stoic to bring in a future-state to remove the difficulty. And, that nothing but decorum, or the keeping each set to
his

his own principles, made him leave the Stoic embarrassed, appears from his Jupiter confuted, or Discourse on Destiny; where when Cyniscus presses Jupiter with the same arguments against Providence, Jupiter easily extricates himself: "you appear by this, Cyniscus, to be ignorant what dreadful punishments await the quick after this life, and what abundant happiness, is reserved for the good."

I will only observe in taking leave of this subject, that the famous stoical renovation, (which hath been opposed to what is here represented) seems to have been conceived on the natural metempsychosis of Pythagoras. Origen gives the following account of it: "The generality of the stoics not only subject every thing mortal to these renovations, but the immortals likewise, and the very gods themselves. For after the conflagration of the universe which hath happened already, and will happen hereafter, in infinite successions, the same face and order things hath been and even will be preserved from the beginning to the end." It is true, the men of this school to ease a little the labouring absurdity, contend for no more than the most exact resemblance of things in one renovation, to those of another. Thus the next Socrates was not individually the same with the last, but one exactly like him, with exactly such a wife as Xantippe, and such accusers as Anytus and Militus.

Warburton.



